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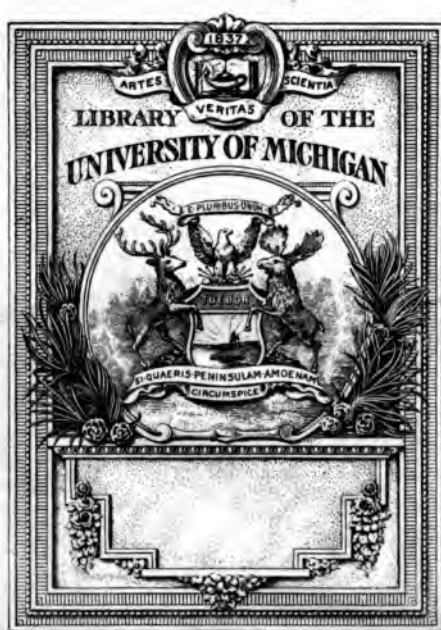
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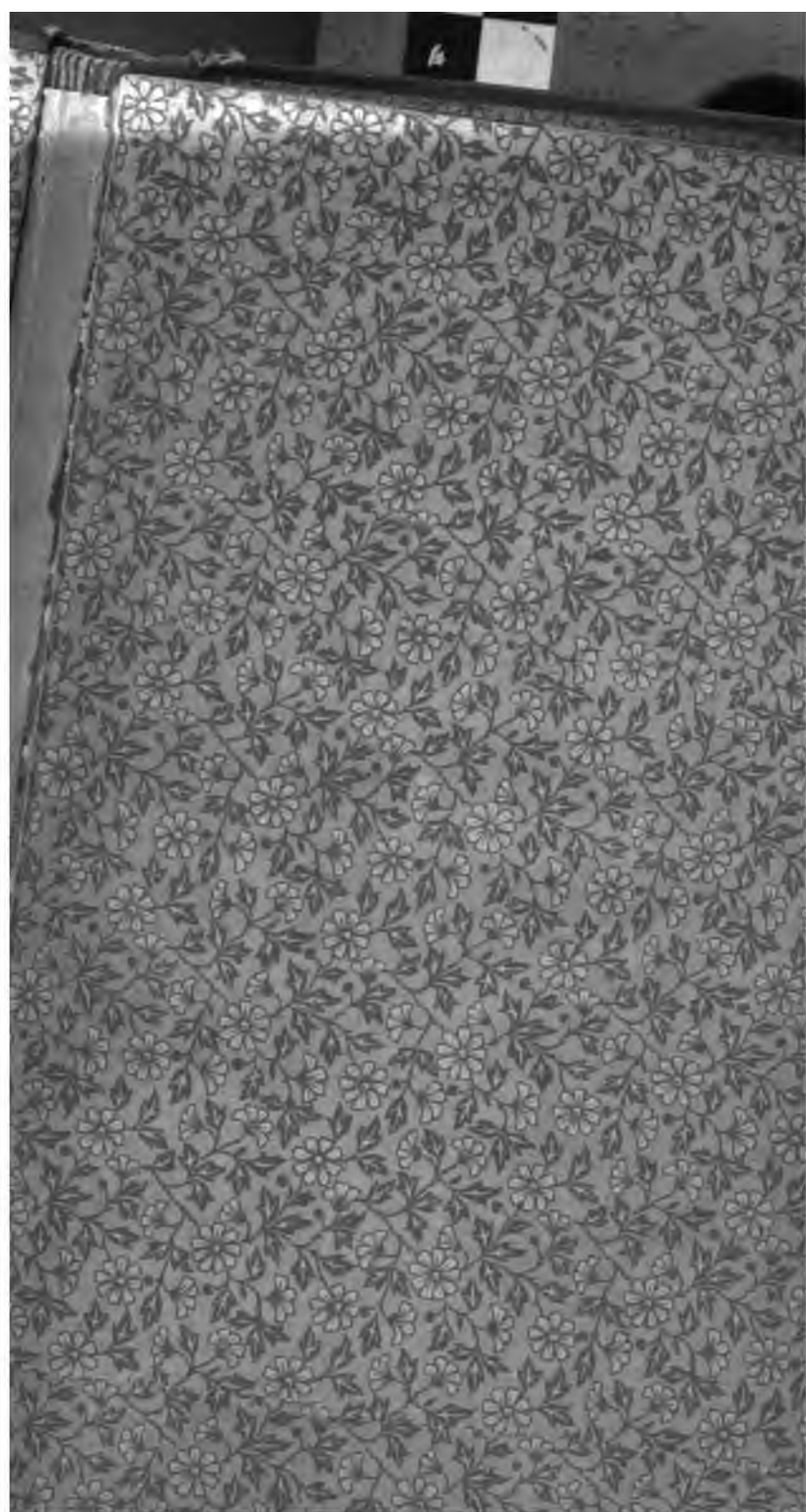
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CRUISE  
OF THE  
BLUE WING

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THE WONDERLAND.




CAMPING  
AND  
CRUISING  
IN  
FLORIDA

BY  
JAMES A. HENSHALL, M.D.  
AUTHOR OF BOOK OF THE BLACK BASS

Illustrated

CINCINNATI  
ROBERT CLARKE & CO  
1884



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**By J. A. HENSHALL**

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TO THE  
Cincinnati Canoe Club,

*In token of my sincere regard and friendship for its members, and in  
remembrance of many happy hours, afloat and ashore,  
this book is*

**AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,**

*by their comrade,*

THE AUTHOR.



## PREFACE.

---

In the following pages of personal adventure I have endeavored to give a faithful account of two winters spent in Southern Florida, as viewed from the standpoint of an angler, a sportsman, a yachtsman, a naturalist, and a physician.

While every incident described, and every scene depicted, is strictly true, they are in some instances toned down, and in certain others a few dashes of color are added, in order to make them more acceptable to the general reader. Indeed, there is a greater necessity for condensation, and selection, of actual occurrences and observations afforded by a cruising and camping tour in that land of wonders, than for the employment of the inventive or imaginative faculties, in writing up the log. I mention this, particularly, as the book is intended, in one sense, to serve as a guide to future tourists in the region described.

The sketches were originally published in the columns of the *Forest and Stream* and the *American Field*; and, by the courtesy of the proprietors of those popular and valuable journals, they are now presented in a more elaborate, convenient, and enduring form, and with many emendations and additions.

The chapter initials, and most of the other illustrations, are original pen-drawings by Mr. George W. Potter, of Lake Worth, Florida, formerly of Cincinnati, O.

JAMES A. HENSHALL.

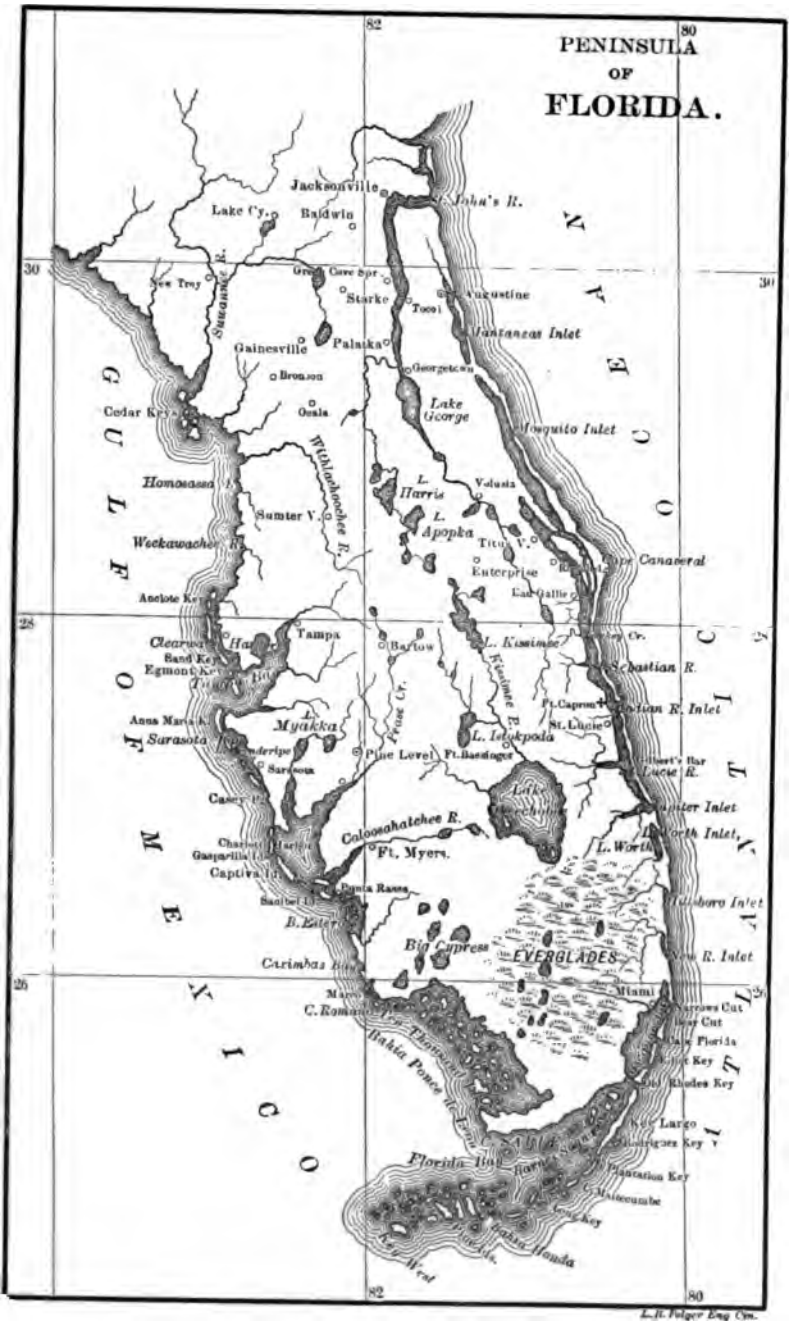
CYNTHIANA, KY.,  
June, 1884.

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THE BLUE WING OFF JUPITER LIGHT.

# CRUISE OF THE BLUE WING.

## CHAPTER I.

*Avant propos.*—Blue Grass gastronomy.—The omnipotent frying-pan.—My patients.—Nature's remedies.—Seeking information.—The plan.—Preparations for the cruise.—The outfit.—The crew.—Off for Florida.—Discouraging accounts.—The mosquito as a sanitarian.—Along shore.—The saurian witness.—Indian River oranges.—The south-east coast at all hazards.—Jacksonville.—Its beauties and business.—Oranges and lumber.—Steam and sail.—Impedimenta.—Peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of the crew.—The Volusia.—The St. Johns.—Its remarkable features.—Its appearance.—Guide to the river.—The Ocklawaha.—Birds and alligators.—Snake Creek.—Salt Lake.—The mules.—Wooden tramway.



THE "Blue Grass" region of Kentucky, famous for its beautiful women, fast horses, fine cattle, and Bourbon whisky, is proverbial for "good living" and accomplished housekeepers. Its matrons, old and young, vie with each other in producing the most inviting and appetizing gastronomic "spreads." Piping-hot soda biscuits, steaming corn fritters, fried bacon, fried chicken (and nowhere else is the art of frying chicken so well understood), coffee, jams, jellies, pickles, and marmalades are the regular and standard features of the morning, noon, and evening meals. To these are added such other delicacies and substantials as the ingenuity and re-



sources of the housekeeper can suggest or command; and as it is especially in cakes, pies, puddings, and pastry generally that the Kentucky matron exhibits her great culinary skill and matchless epicurean genius, these additional products of the *cuisine* are forthcoming on the slightest provocation, and regardless of expense, on every convenient occasion.

But what has all this to do with Florida?

My dear reader, it has every thing to do with Florida as portrayed in these pages, for I might truly say that the conception, inception, realization, and fulfillment of the events chronicled in the log of the "Cruise of the Blue Wing" are due, solely and alone to the frying-pan!

During the fall of 1878 I had, among other chronic patients, several young men who were improving but slowly, owing to the fickle climate and the too generous and imprudent mode of living common to Central Kentucky. Their graves were being dug, slowly but surely, by the frying-pan. It became my duty, then, both as a physician and a friend, to take them into voluntary exile for a brief season.

Knowing that a plain diet, pure air, bright sunshine, and varied exercise would work wonders toward their restoration to health, I advised them to accompany me on my trip to Florida during the ensuing winter. To this they readily agreed, as I assured them that by hunting, fishing, and living in the open air, they would not only enjoy themselves to the top of their bent, but that in no other way could they secure so fully and agreeably the benefits of nature's great restoratives—air, sunshine, exercise, and sound sleep. I was certain that in no other climate could an open-air life be indulged in with such perfect impunity as in South-east Florida, whose balmy atmosphere and

genial climate can not be surpassed, if, indeed, it can be equaled, even by the vine-clad hills of Southern France, or the sunny slopes of Italy; and certainly, better opportunities for enjoying the sports of flood and field exist nowhere else.

As I had never been farther south in Florida than Palatka and St. Augustine, I recalled to my mind all that had been related to me by friends who had visited South-east Florida, and studied the maps and read up every thing I could procure in relation to Indian River and the south-east coast, but the information I obtained from these various sources was so meager that I determined to write up our experiences on my return, for the benefit and guidance of future tourists to Southern Florida.

Having been accustomed to "camping out" and sailing from boyhood, my plans were soon formed. I decided to proceed at once by rail and steamboat to Titusville, at the head of Indian River, there to obtain a suitable boat, and sail down the east coast to Bay Biscayne and the Florida Keys, and returning over the same route to sail down the St. Johns River to Jacksonville, if time would permit.

About the beginning of December I began my preparations for the journey. As our boat would be used only as a means of transportation, and most of our time would be spent ashore, I procured two A or wedge tents, made of the best ten-ounce duck. Each tent being nine and a half feet square on the ground, would comfortably accommodate three persons—there being six of us in the party. As my companions had not had my experience in "roughing it," I advised each of them to take, in addition to shot gun or rifle, and hunting-knife, two old suits of woolen clothing, two flannel shirts, a change of undercloth-

ing, three pairs of woolen socks, two old felt hats, a pair of boots, a pair of brogans, two pairs of woolen blankets, a rubber blanket, a rubber poncho, and a huswife—containing needles, thread, pins, buttons, wax, etc.

My own immediate outfit was similar to the others, with the addition of a box of assorted fishing tackle, a bundle of rods, my twelve-gauge "Parker," and a hammock, with the further addition of a ten-gallon can of alcohol, for preserving specimens of Florida fish fauna. My *armamentarium medicamentum* consisted of a few leading remedies, a pocket surgical case, some adhesive and isinglass plasters, a couple of pairs of tooth-forceps, together with a dissecting-case, and several pounds of arsenic for taxidermic purposes.

Our party, comprising two dyspeptics, one incipient consumptive, one bad liver, one nasal catarrh, myself and my setter puppy Gipsy Queen (Royal Duke—Queen), left Cynthia, Ky., on the morning of December 16th, amidst a flurry of snow, and arrived at Cincinnati at noon, where we embarked on the mailboat for Louisville in the afternoon. We left Louisville on the morning of December 17th, and arrived in Jacksonville, Fla., on the bright, warm, and balmy morning of the 19th.

I at once called on Dr. C. J. Kenworthy, better known to readers of horticultural and sportsman's journals as "Al Fresco." I found him in his garden superintending the planting of some sub-tropical fruit trees. Repairing to his library, we discussed my projected cruise over a bottle of Florida orange wine, which, by the way, equaled old Madeira in body, bouquet, and flavor.

To my regret, the Doctor informed me that he had never been in the Indian River country, though he had visited nearly every other portion of Florida. He endeavored to dissuade me from

my contemplated trip to that region—said we would be devoured by fleas, sand-flies, and mosquitoes; that the Indians had killed off all the game, and that the fishing was not so good as on the south-west coast. He advised me, by all means, to go to Cedar Keys, and cruise down the gulf coast to Charlotte Harbor, Galivan's Bay, Whitewater Bay, etc., to Cape Sable.

But I was dead set for Indian River and beyond; my tiller was lashed, and, like Barney O'Reirdon, the Irish navigator, I would be turned from my "*sou-aist coorse*" by no man. I simply argued that for obvious reasons I invariably found game and fish more abundant where black-flies, sand flies, or mosquitoes were thickest. Besides, it would do my patients no harm to relieve them of a little of their bad blood—thus could I vicariously practice phlebotomy, which of late years has grown to be as unpopular as it is said to be unnecessary. Then, again, the mosquito might be a blessing in disguise to those who frequent malarious districts, for, according to the late theory of some savant, the poison that he injects with his delicate hypodermic syringe is analogous to quinine, and acts as an efficient prophylactic to malarial fevers!

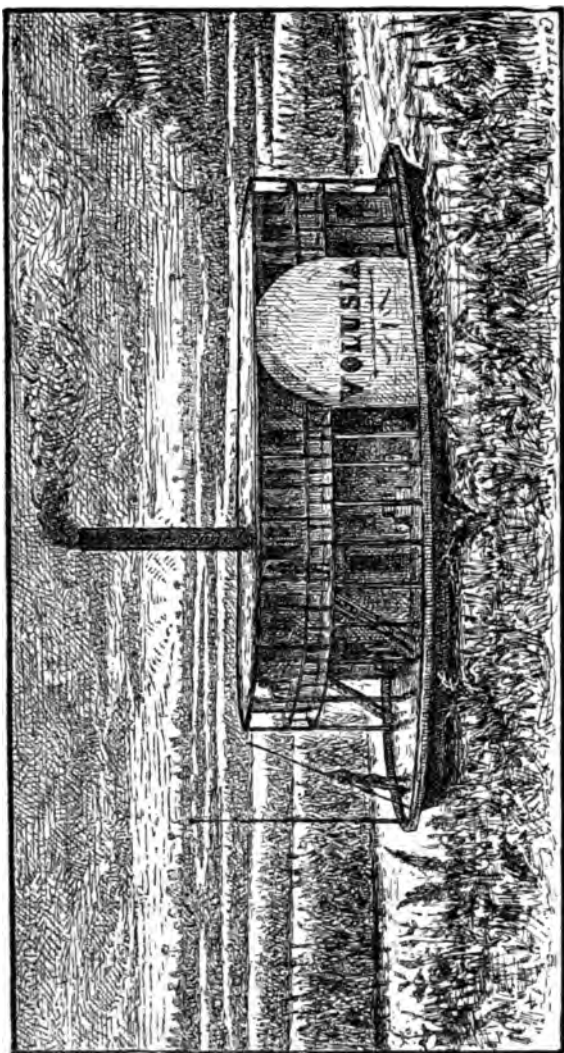
The Doctor, seeing that I was rash and determined, started down to the river with me to look at the sail-boats. I found quite a number of yacht-built boats of light draught, center-boarders, sloop and cat-rigged, and of the flat-iron model. I found one that suited me, which the Doctor was to ship to Titusville, provided I could find none at the latter place. While on our tour of inspection, the Doctor showed me his little yacht, the *Doni*, only sixteen feet long, in which he made a cruise from Key West to Cedar Keys. She was hauled out and being "fixed up" for another cruise. He showed me where a shark struck

her while anchored in Shark River, starting one of the butts of her planking, and startling the Doctor out of his nap. She was as trim and taut a little craft as one would desire to see.

Observing a crowd on one of the docks, we went over and saw a huge alligator lashed to a plank being taken from one of the steamers. They said he was twelve feet long and was from Indian River. This was encouraging. I merely glanced at the Doctor and said nothing, thinking that the saurian had mouth enough to speak for himself, and was certainly of age. Turning the corner on to Bay street, I noticed that all of the fruit stores displayed conspicuous signs bearing the legend, "Indian River Oranges." Here was more encouragement, and food for thought and stomach too. The Doctor merely smacked his lips and said nothing. After introducing me to some "old salts," steamboat captains, and merchants with whom I would have some subsequent business transactions, he left me, cordially wishing me *bon voyage*, hoping I would change my mind as to my destination. But I knew it was useless to hope against fate and bade him "good-by."

Jacksonville is a quiet, lovely city, with wide sandy streets and plank sidewalks, shaded by magnificent water-oaks, whose wide-spreading evergreen branches are draped with festoons and streamers of long gray Spanish moss. The residences are quite tasteful and pleasing in design, and are surrounded by well-kept grounds and gardens, in which are numerous varieties of semi-tropical trees, shrubs, and flowering plants, prominent and conspicuous among which are the orange, lemon, and banana. A number of commodious and well-appointed hotels were being put in order for the reception of winter guests—the St. James, the Windsor, the Duval, the Carleton, the National, the Metropolitan, and others.





Snake Creek (Upper St. Johns).

The stores were being tastefully arranged and their wares attractively displayed. The curiosity stores were already thronged by visitors, admiring the beautiful display of sea-shells, corals, ornaments of orange-wood, crab-wood, satin-wood, and mangrove, and the charming and curiously constructed jewelry of sea-beans, alligator teeth, boar's tusks, and fish scales. The chief commercial products seemed to be pine lumber and oranges.

Newly-painted steamers were moored to the wharves or plying on the broad river amidst numerous sailing craft. The large schooner yacht, *Ambassadors*, owned by Wm. B. Astor, of New York, was anchored in mid-stream, as trim and ship-shape, and as thoroughly disciplined as a man-o'-war.

I now busied myself laying in our supplies of groceries, provisions, ammunition, fishing tackle, lantern, ax, spade, hatchet, etc., which were ordered to be well boxed and shipped to Titusville via Salt Lake. Saturday, December 21st, was the day set for our departure from Jacksonville on the good steamer *Volusia*, Isaac Hall, master.

I proceeded to look up my companions, and found Ben in a canemaker's shop, intently watching the man carving alligators on the tops of orange-wood canes—Ben has a penchant for canes. He then had in his hand a young hickory with a huge knotted head, which he had cut before leaving "Old Kentuck." He would have had this knot carved into some grotesque figure, but I dragged him away.

From my knowledge of their proclivities, I found Frank and Ed where I expected—at the gun store. Frank was looking lovingly upon the guns and rifles ranged along the wall, while Ed was gazing abstractedly at a fine display of salt-water fishing tackle. Frank can never see a gun but he must handle it,



try the locks, bring it up to his shoulder, and bore some imaginary object through and through. I've no doubt he had handled every gun in the store. Ed seemed particularly taken with a shark hook and its chain and swivel. He is a monument of patience—will sit all day long under a shady tree in fond anticipation of the "bite" he may never get.

I discovered Marion, who has an eye for mechanics, watching a machine hulling rice, while his brother Henry was trying to devour the contents of a fruit store near by. Henry, of course, was one of my dyspeptics. I told them to get their baggage down to the boat at once. An hour later and I was waiting for them aboard the steamer. They came at last, one at a time—they are never in a hurry. I observed that Ben came up smiling and swinging his cane, the top of which he had had carved into some sort of a head, either of a pointer dog or a pantomime clown, I could not tell which. Ed had the shark hook sticking out of his pocket, while Marion was examining his latest purchase, a hollow handle, containing all manner of awl blades, chisels, gimlets, etc.; he was vainly trying to get them all back into the handle again. The last to arrive was Henry, in great haste too, his pockets full of oranges and bananas, and his mouth moving faster than his legs.

The little *Volusia* steamed out shortly afterward, and went puffing up the St. Johns against a strong head-wind.

In some respects the St. Johns is the most remarkable river in the United States. One peculiar feature is its course, flowing nearly due north, so that while one is sailing *up* the river he is going *down* into Florida. From its mouth to near the head of tide-water, Palatka—some seventy-five miles—it varies from a mile to five miles in width, and in its whole course, from its

source in the Cypress Belt to its mouth, some three hundred miles, it has a fall of but twelve feet. Above Palatka it is really a succession of lakes with a narrow connecting stream, though this is somewhat characteristic of the entire river, hence its Indian name—We-la-ka—"a chain of lakes."

It is extremely probable that at one time the St. Johns was an arm of the sea, or sound, similar to Halifax and Indian rivers, and that the lowland lying eastward of its course was formed by accretion. This view seems more plausible in connection with the fact that the land between the river and the Atlantic coast nowhere exceeds an elevation greater than the fall of the river, say twelve or fifteen feet, while west of its entire course there exists quite a ridge, extending north and south, which varies in different localities from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet above the sea level. Then again its largest tributaries are from the west, while those from the east are small streams, usually the outflow of small lakes or large springs. No doubt but the Halifax and Indian rivers would in time become true rivers, in like manner, but for the opposing influence now brought to bear upon the coast by the Gulf Stream.

The banks of the St. Johns are green to the water's edge, and clothed with successive groups of palmetto or "cabbage" trees, live-oaks, pines, water-oaks and swamp-maples, with here and there an orange grove. While the banks are low, they seem much lower than they really are, owing to the wide expanse of water and the absence of a background of hills or highlands. Many charming villas and cosy cottages adorn the lower St. Johns, with an occasional hotel or winter resort. As this river has been so often described I will not dwell upon it here, but will merely give the following table of distances of the various landings

from Jacksonville. Those marked by an asterisk (\*) are upon the west bank of the river:

	MILES.		MILES.
Arlington.....	2	Fort Gates*.....	106
St. Nicholas.....	2	Georgetown.....	113
Riverside*.....	3	Pelham Park.....	112
Black Point*.....	10	Racemo.....	112
Mulberry Grove*.....	12	Lake George.....	115
Mandarin.....	15	Orange Point.....	113
Orange Park*.....	15	Drayton Island*.....	116
Fruit Cove.....	19	Salt Springs*.....	119
Hibernia*.....	23	Benella*.....	120
New Switzerland.....	23	Seville.....	120
Remington Park.....	25	Yellow Bluff*.....	121
Magnolia*.....	28	Spring Garden*.....	122
Green Cove Spring*.....	30	Spring Grove.....	126
Orange Dale.....	34	Lake View.....	132
Hogarth's Landing.....	38	Volusia.....	134
Picolata.....	44	Astor, St. J. & L. E. Railway.....	134
Tocol.....	49	Fort Butler*.....	138
Federal Point.....	58	Manhattan*.....	136
Orange Mills.....	63	Orange Bluff.....	140
Cook's Landing.....	65	Bluffton.....	140
Dancy's Wharf.....	66	St. Francis*.....	155
Russell's Point.....	67	Old Town*.....	156
Whetstone*.....	68	Crow's Landing*.....	159
Russell's Landing.....	69	Hawkinsville*.....	160
Palatka*.....	75	Cabbage Bluff.....	162
Hart's Orange Grove.....	75	De Land's Landing.....	162
Rawleston.....	78	Lake Beresford.....	163
San Mateo.....	79	Cabbage Bluff.....	165
Edgewater.....	80	Blue Spring.....	168
Buffalo Bluff*.....	87	Wekiva.....	184
Horse Landing*.....	94	Manuel Landing.....	185
Smith's Landing.....	96	Shell Bank.....	193
Nashua.....	95	Sanford*.....	193
Welaka.....	100	Mellonville*.....	195
Beecher.....	101	Enterprise.....	200
Norwalk.....	103	Lake Jessup.....	210
Mt. Royal.....	105	Lake Harney.....	225
Fruitlands.....	105	Salt Lake.....	275

A mile above Welaka is the mouth of the Ocklawaha River, a narrow and tortuous stream, which is navigated by small stern-wheel steamboats to Okahumkee, two hundred and fifty miles above its mouth. Above Lake Monroe, on which are situated Sanford, Mellonville, and Enterprise, the St. Johns is quite

narrow, more tropical in appearance than the lower river, and more picturesque. Alligators begin to appear, and the small boy with his pistol, and the boy of larger growth with his rifle, are correspondingly happy. White herons, egrets, blue herons, water turkeys, ducks, and coots also put in a frequent appearance, to the delight of the aforesaid small and large boys, and to the waste of a large amount of ammunition.

On Tuesday morning, the third day after leaving Jacksonville, we left the St. Johns a few miles above Lake Harney, and entered Snake Creek, whose tortuous windings we followed for a few hours, and arrived at Salt Lake about eleven o'clock. This is the present head of navigation, and is two hundred and seventy-five miles above Jacksonville. We were transferred to the shore in a lighter, or I should say to a car, which stood some hundred yards from the shore in the shallow water, which but barely covered the track. There is a wooden tramway seven miles in length, extending from Salt Lake to Titusville. The car is drawn by two mules who travel outside of the track, one on each side, and entirely independent of each other—each having a pair of lines to himself—like a Mississippi steamboat with two engines, which can be forged ahead with one wheel while being backed by the other. We arrived at Titusville in time for dinner.

## CHAPTER II.

Titusville.—Sand Point.—Products of the country.—Hotels and Stores.—La Grange.—Game and fish.—Merritt's Island.—Florida staple.—Indian River.—Boats and boatmen.—Wanted, a sharpie.—Balmy weather.—The "Blue Wing."—No skipper need apply.—Advice gratis.—An interesting colloquy.—An oracle vanquished.—Roughing it.—"He knows the ropes."—Christmas night.—Mirth and music.—The doctor, sailor, and fiddler.—The Nine Little Pigs.—The power of music.—Off with the o'd love; on with the new.—"All aboard!"—Now we're off.—Beginning of the cruise.



TITUSVILLE, though a small village, is a place of considerable importance in East Florida, being the emporium for the entire country south for a distance of two hundred miles. Its former name was Sand Point, which it is still called by the boatmen and lower country people. A long, sandy point, projecting into the river a quarter of a mile above, gave it this name. It is now known as Titusville in honor of Colonel H. T. Titus, one of its pioneer residents, and whose enterprise gave it its initiative impulse of activity and importance. It has now two hotels and a half-dozen stores, and is the distributing and shipping point for South-east Florida.

The products of the country, such as oranges, limes, pineapples, bananas, cane syrup, early vegetables, green turtle, oysters, venison, skins, hides, etc., are shipped to Jacksonville via Salt Lake, while the return cargoes consist of groceries,



INDIAN RIVER.





provisions, clothing, household goods, etc. Its wooden tramway will probably be extended to Lake Harney—some twenty miles—before long, which will add greater facilities for trade and travel. Mr. S. J. Fox is the principal owner and manager of this road, and sportsmen and tourists will find him genial, jolly, and fully alive to their interests.

The hotels are the "Titus Hotel" and the "Lund House," the former owned by Colonel Titus, and the latter by Captain Lund, of the Jacksonville and Salt Lake Line of steamers. Both are good houses. The "Titus" was kept last winter by Messrs. Bodine and McCarty, and the "Lund" by S. A. Merrill, Esq., of Lynn, Mass. Mr. Merrill expects to "run it" again another year, and I can cheerfully recommend it to the notice of tourists. It is charmingly located near the river beach, and is a most comfortable hostelry. Mr. M. "knows how to keep a hotel," as he has had an experience of twelve years in conducting a summer house on the Massachusetts beach. He intends introducing a novel and desirable feature next winter. He will have several yachts, in charge of competent skippers, who will take parties of guests on camping and fishing excursions down the river, at no additional expense to the regular per diem rate of the hotel.

There are a number of places of interest in the immediate vicinity of the village. About a mile north-west from Titusville is quite a large and thrifty settlement, called La Grange. The settlers are engaged in the culture of oranges and early vegetables. About eight miles above, on the same side of the river, is the settlement called Aurantia. From Titusville to the head of Indian River is fourteen miles; to the Haulover Canal, con-



necting Indian River with Mosquito Lagoon, is ten miles, and the celebrated Dummit's orange grove is in that vicinity.

Opposite Titusville is the head of Merritt's Island, which is a wedge-shaped island about thirty miles long, bounded on the north by Banana Creek, on the east by Banana River, and on the west by Indian River. It is ten miles wide on the northern end, and runs to a point at its southern extremity, opposite Eau Gallie. At the head of the island there are plenty of deer, and on Banana Creek, the mouth of which is five and a half miles east from Titusville, the gunner will find good wild fowl and snipe shooting. The fishing is all that can be desired, and the angler will need no guide to find the best places, for fish will be found wherever there is water. Quail are plentiful, and one can hear them cheerfully piping "bob-white" in the palmetto scrub among the pines, not two hundred yards from the hotel.

At the several stores every thing in the way of "grub" can be obtained at reasonable rates. Self-raising flour, bacon, coffee, sugar, canned goods of every description, and the great Florida staple, hominy, or "grits," can be purchased at about Jacksonville prices; but the sportsman must take his ammunition and fishing tackle with him, or at least procure them in Jacksonville.

Indian River is an extensive but shallow sheet of water, one hundred and fifty miles in length, and above the Narrows varies from a mile to five miles in width. It is not a river, properly speaking, but a shallow salt water lagoon, or sound, with two inlets from the sea—one opposite Fort Capron and the other at its extreme southern end, at Jupiter River. From Jupiter Narrows to the head of the river there is no current, and the mean rise and fall of the tides is but three inches. From Jupiter Inlet to the Narrows there is a strong derivative tide-wave of

greater mean. The general course of the river is N. N. W. and S. S. E. The variation of the compass at Titusville is 2 deg., 54 sec., E. It is a magnificent body of water, separated from the Atlantic by a narrow strip of land, generally from a fourth to a half mile in width, though in places the intervening strip is not more than from seventy-five to two hundred yards wide.

Being so near the sea, there is a good sailing breeze almost every day, and with an easterly or westerly wind one can lay his course either up or down the river. While the breezes are almost always fresh, gales are very infrequent during the winter season. "Northers" are dreaded most, chiefly on account of their coolness, but a "sou-wester" is the most treacherous, baffling, and squally wind that blows on Indian River.

The entire carrying or freighting business is done by small yachts and sail-boats; consequently there are plenty of boats and experienced boatmen that can be chartered to convey parties or individuals to any portion of East Florida. These boatmen are, as a rule, intelligent and accommodating. An Indian River boatman is *sui generis*; a peculiar and unique combination of sailor, fisherman, hunter, guide, cook, woodman, and philosopher; an animated Salmagundi, full of all kinds of expedients for all kinds of emergencies.

The boats are necessarily of light draught, and center-boarders. There are the "skimming-dish," the "pumpkin-seed," and the "flat-iron" models, all half-round yacht-built boats, broad and beamy, cat-rigged or sloop-rigged; they all pound and spank in a sea-way, and are very wet. Then there is the "skip-jack," a much superior model for sailing; "will go to windward much better, but, as they are built very flat, with little or no sheer, and with chubby bows, they are also wet. There are a few ships'

boats, picked up on the beach, mostly, built over and usually schooner-rigged; they do very well sailing free, but on the wind are logy. Last and best is the "batteau," of good length, little beam, and flat bottom, with "pirogue," or "periauger," rig—that is, two leg-o'-mutton sails like the "sharpie."

I will say here, that if the "sharpie" is ever introduced into East Florida, it will rapidly take the place of all other boats, for it is undoubtedly *the* boat for Florida waters, being fast, safe, weatherly, easily handled, of extremely light draught, great carrying capacity, and cheap.

The day after we arrived at Titusville was Christmas day; but it was hard to realize it with the thermometer at 75 degrees, with the birds singing merrily, and tuberoses and hyacinths blooming in the open ground; while all around were trees and shrubs luxuriant in their green and graceful foliage. Eager to begin our cruising and camping, I hastened to the river in search of a suitable boat for our party; and, by a stroke of extreme good fortune, I hit upon a "skip-jack" yacht, cat-rigged, eighteen feet long, seven feet beam, and drawing fifteen inches when loaded; she was decked over forward and aft, with a very roomy cock-pit. I examined her thoroughly and found her tight, in good order, and sound condition. She was called *Blue Wing*, and proved to be one of the fastest and safest boats on the river. I purchased her for quite a moderate sum—about one-half her real worth.

Of course, my purchase was soon "noised abroad" among the boatmen, and at night there were "all hands and the cook" mustered in the office of the hotel. With an eye to the main chance, many were quite anxious to go with me in the capacity of skipper and guide. They were quite solicitous in regard to our welfare; and I was entertained graphically with the diffi-

cultics of navigating Indian River with its intricate channels, rocky reefs, treacherous shoals, oyster bars, variable winds, and sudden squalls. I was regaled, mysteriously, with highly-colored descriptions of the best fishing grounds and hunting localities, known only to a "chosen few."

But as I deemed my past experience in sailing—ten years of my youthful life on Chesapeake Bay, and later on Long Island Sound, and still later on the Great Lakes—sufficient for Indian River, I declined their kind offices with the best grace possible, and put a bold face on the matter as the following colloquy may witness. After I had been interviewed by a number, one who appeared to be a kind of "oracle" amongst them, approached me and cast off his "jaw-tackle" in this wise:

Oracle (patronizingly)—"Doc, I'd like to sail the *Blue Wing* for you fellows, and learn you the ropes. How long will you be on the river?"

"About four months."

O. (surprised)—"Why, most parties only go down for two or three weeks; but I 'spose you'll run down to Jupiter and make long camps all the way down?"

"I shall stop but a day or two at Horse Creek and Elbow Creek; a few days on Banana River; then Crane Creek and Turkey Creek; a week on Sebastian River; through the Narrows and Capron for another week; then St. Lucie River and through Jupiter Narrows, and Hobe Sound to Jupiter River. After a few days at Jupiter I will go to Lake Worth."

O. (emphatically)—"But you can't get the *Blue Wing* through the saw-grass to Lake Worth!"

"No; I shall go over Jupiter bar, and sail outside to Lake Worth Inlet."

O. (amazed)—“But she has never been outside; and, if you'll take my advice, you won't try it.”

“And from Lake Worth I will sail to Biscayne Bay.”

O. (astonished)—“Jerusalem! Why, that's a hundred and fifty miles *outside* sailing!”

“No, only about seventy-five miles, with two good harbors between; New River and Hillsboro' River.”

O. (vanquished)—“Well, Doc, you'll excuse *me*—I do n't want any of that outside bizness in mine—not in an eighteen-foot boat, no how!”

“Then I may cruise along the Keys to Key West, and if the boys stand the racket pretty well I will sail up the west coast to Charlotte Harbor and Pease Creek, where I will sell the boat, hire an ox-cart and team, and go across the country to Lake Okechobee and come out at Fort Capron, where I will charter your boat to bring us up to Titusville, provided you are on hand.”

O. (admiringly)—“Why, Doc, you must be a regular old salt!”

“Yes, I can discount Lot's wife for saltness; I am the saltiest of the salt—saltpetre and Epsom salts—a double dose.”

O. (reflectively)—“Are the rest of your party good sailors?”

“I don't think any of them ever saw a sail-boat before they reached Jacksonville, and I am certain that none of them were ever in one.”

O. (decidedly)—“Well, they'll have a rough time of it if they follow you.”

“That's what I brought them to Florida for, to *rough* it.”

The oracle moved away and mingled with the crowd. Frank told me afterward that he heard him tell the others that “that

doctor from Kentucky had been to Indian River before, and knew the ropes like a book."

It being Christmas night, every one was now in a thoroughly good humor, and we were "swapping yarns" and retailing old jokes. Some one then suggested to Mr. Long, the shipping-clerk of the railroad, to get his violin. He readily complied, and after he and several boatmen had taken a turn at it, the "oracle" sidled up and requested me to "play a tune," observing that he knew from the "cut of my jib" that I could do so. Nothing loth, I scratched off "Devil's Dream," "Gray Eagle," "Arkansas Traveler," and other lively tunes, to the great admiration of the crowd, and especially of the "oracle" himself, whose delight seemed unbounded, and who seemed to take a patriarchal or proprietary interest in me, exclaiming:

"First you're a doctor, then you're a sailor, and now you're a fiddler!"

"Yes," said I, "I sometimes fiddle for my patients; it does them more good than medicine."

At Mr. Long's suggestion we then repaired to the parlor, when I surrendered the violin to him and accompanied him on the piano. It was not long until the "oracle" again approached me, confidentially, and asked me to "sing something," naming several of my favorite songs. I wondered a little at this, but when he called for "The Nine Little Pigs," then I knew that my party had been "giving me away." However, I accepted the situation, and with a few "forecastle songs" I sang myself right into the hearts of those rough but honest boatmen, and during my stay in Florida I had no better friends. They were always ready, and more than willing, to do me any favor in their power.

On the morning of December 27th, we doffed our "store clothes," packed them in our trunks, which were left at the hotel until our return, and arrayed ourselves in flannel shirts, "old clo'" and brogans. The rest of our camping wardrobe was made into compact bundles, with rubber blankets strapped outside to protect them from the spray. The *Blue Wing* was already loaded with our supplies, which were covered with a large tarpaulin. The guns, ammunition, flour, and sugar were snugly stowed under the forward deck. Every thing being trim and ship-shape, I sung out, "All aboard," made sail, hove anchor, and the *Blue Wing* was soon dancing merrily over the waves with a fair wind, and bound "down the river." It was a perfect day, the thermometer about 70 degrees, and the sun, shining brightly, kissed the glad waves as they reared aloft their foaming crests. We waved our hats to the boatmen on the pier, who wished us "good luck," and Titusville was soon left astern.







"OH, MOSES I' M SNAKE BIT."

## CHAPTER III.

Down the river.—Getting used to it.—“The boys.”—Rockledge.—The first camp.—Under the palms.—Fur, fin, and feather.—The cast net.—Mullets.—Oranges and sweet potatoes.—The settlers—Oleander Point.—Romantic and picturesque.—A Sunday reverie.—Fishing extraordinary.—“Oh, Moses, I’m snake-bit!”—The Spanish bayonet.—“A snolligoster.”—Red-fish.—Delightful weather.—Out of “patients.”—Farewell to Rockledge.—The saw-mill.—Very like a whale. Pines and palmettos.—Eku Gallie.—The “College.”—A “busted bubble.”—Banana River.—The pot kept boiling.—The nameless pond.



SOON after leaving Titusville we entered the broadest portion of the river, called by the boatmen “Bay of Biscay,” a fine stretch of water five miles in width and of about the same length; its southern extremity marked by a group of tall pines, apparently separated from Merritt’s Island, is known as Pine Island. The wind being abaft the beam we kept the main channel, which varies from a half mile to a mile from the western shore. The water of the channel, for a distance of fifty miles or more is from six to ten feet in depth.

I soon discovered that the *Blue Wing* was a most admirable working boat, and “the boys”—as I had unconsciously begun to designate my party—were becoming more accustomed to their new experience. Their distrust of the boat, which at first seemed but a cockle-shell in the wide waste of waters, began to give way as they saw her dash through the waves “like a thing of life.” The splashing of the spray over her bows had ceased to cause them

any uneasiness, and her occasional listing to leeward in the freshening breeze was no longer a source of alarm. They really began to enjoy the situation, and were watching the gulls and gannets skimming to and fro, and the flocks of scaup-ducks, or "blue-bills," that made way for us (invariably paddling off to windward), as we went bounding along.

Frauk soon had out his gun and was popping away at every thing within two hundred yards of the boat. He occasionally knocked down a blue-bill, which necessitated my picking it up, and gave me an opportunity to explain to the boys some of the principles of sailing. I endeavored at the same time to instruct them in the meaning of a few nautical terms.

We had passed Pine Island and were soon abreast of Jones' Point, on the mainland, ten miles below Titusville. In the bight just beyond are the residences of Dr. Holmes and several others, and five miles farther on is City Point, where there is a store and post-office. Colonel Spratt's orange grove, the best on the river, is just below City Point, and a mile or two farther on is Mrs. Dixon's grove. Opposite, on Merritt's Island, is the clearing of Mr. Martin and R. D. Hoke. We next passed Oleander Point, and a half mile below it we ran in and cast anchor. It was just noon. In three hours we had made the run of twenty miles from Titusville to Rockledge.

We anchored close to the shore and cast out a stern line, by which the stern could be hauled in near enough to the rocks to enable us to jump ashore. We were not long in getting out all necessary articles, and soon had both tents pitched in the shade of some magnificent live-oaks and cabbage-trees, while the smoke from a cheerful light-wood fire was soon curling upward through the broad fronds of the palmettos.

On the way down I had divided the party into three teams of cooks and camp-keepers, and it now devolved upon team "number one," composed of Marion and Ed, to prepare our dinner; but as this was our first camp we all lent a hand, stimulated by that peculiar sensation indigenous to this region, which we had heard of but until now had not experienced, an "Indian River appetite." Frank's ducks, which had been picked and dressed on board, were now cut up, and, with the addition of some white bacon, and an onion, were soon simmering away and exhaling the savory odor of a "hunter's stew." Dinner was ready in an hour, and the boys being sharp set, pronounced it good.

After dinner we gathered the long Spanish moss that hung in graceful festoons from the water-oaks, and made our beds. Team "number two," Ben and Henry, started down through the settlement, while "number one" washed the dishes, and put things to rights.

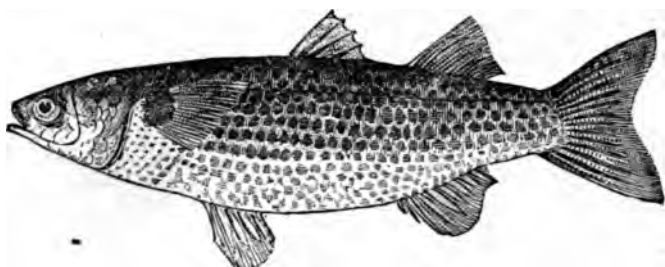
After a smoke, team "number three," Frank and myself, shouldered our guns, and struck out to provide "meat for the pot." We went through an orange grove, and, in the hedge on the further side, "Queen" soon discovered a bevy of quail, out of which we got two. We marked them down in the scrub, when we found another bevy, and soon had five more. In the same length of time, in Kentucky, we would have bagged at least a dozen out of the two beves. But I noticed then, what subsequent experience confirmed, that the quail of Florida make very short flights when flushed; that they at first rise up very quickly a few feet above the scrub, and then, by a somewhat less rapid flight, they fly in a direct line to a point on the ground from twenty to a hundred yards, according to the nature of the cover; that their

line of flight, consequently, is steadily downward, and the gunner is very apt to overshoot until he remarks this peculiarity.

Going through the pines, we came to a small pond, screened by a thick fringe of bushes. Approaching cautiously, we observed a small flock of mallards quietly feeding. We knocked down three as they rose, which Queen found for us in the thick scrub. We then started back to camp, bagging four gray squirrels on the way.

We found Marion practicing with a cast-net, under the tuition of a settler. The cast-net is a *sine qua non* in Florida. It is a circular net, from eight to twelve feet in diameter, with the lead-line running around the circumference, and loaded with ten or twelve pounds of lead, equally distributed. In the center is fastened a ring, generally the section of a cow's horn. Tucking lines are attached, at regular intervals, to the lead-line, and are united to the hand-line which passes through this ring. It is cast by means of both hands and the teeth, in a manner that must be seen to be understood. It should be spread evenly on the water, when the lead-line is carried rapidly to the bottom, and, by pulling on the hand-line, the net is drawn into a purse, which incloses the fish.

It is used for catching mullet (*Mugil albula*), a fine, fat fish, which literally swarms in countless millions in the shallow, brackish waters of Florida. It is the common food alike of man, beast, bird, reptile, and fish. It is used as a bait for all other fish; the size of the fish to be caught will determine the size of the bait, for it can be taken from an inch in length up to four or five pounds in weight. It is of good flavor when broiled; and fried mullet roe is a dish fit for an epicure.

THE MULLET—(*Mugil albul.*)

Ed was scaling and cleaning mullet for supper. Ben and Henry came in shortly, the former with several walking canes in the rough, and Henry with a sack of oranges, each still true to his bent. Frank and myself cleaned our guns, anointed them with "vaseline," and put them away. I will state here that we found vaseline and "elbow grease" effective preventives to rust during our winter's sojourn on the Florida coast; but it required constant care and extreme watchfulness to keep the guns bright. A number of settlers came into camp that night, and spent a few hours with us around the cheerful fire of pine logs. They brought us a generous supply of oranges, lemons, and sweet potatoes.

Rockledge hamak<sup>1</sup> is the best settlement for orange culture in East Florida. Its soil (which seems peculiarly adapted, and exceedingly rich in all the elements conducive to the growth of the *Citrus* family) is a dark-grayish compound of sand, humus,

<sup>1</sup> The orthography of this word varies greatly. I prefer this form of it, as it is, no doubt, of Indian derivation. It is variously spelled hammock, hommock, and hummock. In Florida it denotes land covered with hard-wood timber, in contradistinction to pine land.

and disintegrated shells. The hamak extends some four miles along the river front, and is underlaid by a bold ledge of coquina rock, with a good depth of water close up to its rocky shore. The river bank is skirted by a border of cabbage-palmettos, live-oaks, oleanders, and Spanish bayonets, through which can be obtained glimpses of the whitewashed cottages of the settlers, giving to the whole a picturesque and tropical appearance. The northern extremity of the ledge terminates in a small snow-white beach, crescentic in shape, which, running well out into the river, forms Oleander Point.

The settlers are mostly from Georgia and Alabama, and are exceptionally intelligent and enterprising. The names of some that I remember are Mrs. Delano, Gardner Hardee, Captain Bob Hardee, Allan Hardee, H. S. Williams, E. T. Hatch, C. Magruder, Captain Bob May, and Quincy Stewart. All of them have fine groves, some bearing abundantly, particularly that of Gardner Hardee, which is the oldest.

There is a good store, a post-office, a nursery of sub-tropical fruit trees, and a good school. They were soon to erect a church edifice near Oleander Point, in a grove of gigantic live-oaks that have withstood the shock of countless storms for centuries, and whose crooked and scarred arms stretch out over the glistening white beach beneath; it is truly a most romantic spot.

On some quiet, dreamy Sunday morn, when the white sails drift lazily by, and the air is heavy with the incense of orange blossoms, and quivering with the mocking-bird's song, the *Gloria in Excelsis* will be borne aloft through those grand old trees: "Glory to God on high; and on earth peace, good-will toward men;" while the whisper of the rustling leaves, the purl of the rippling waves, and the murmur of the distant sea will catch up

the strain of the *Benedicite* : “ O ye winds of God—O ye seas and floods—praise Him, and magnify Him forever ! ”

While Ben and Henry were preparing breakfast, the next morning, Ed and Marion were getting their fishing tackle ready. Ed was quite anxious to try his shark hook, but I persuaded him to use cod-fish hooks instead. They rigged up several hand-lines with heavy sinkers, about the same as used for cod-fishing. After baiting with mullet I showed them where to cast, and advised them to tie the ends to the projecting limbs of trees near the shore. While eating breakfast Ed's eye was attracted by the swaying of the limb to which his line was tied. He dropped his coffee and rushed to the fray. He ran against a Spanish bayonet in his hurry, which caused a howl of anguish :

“ Oh, Moses ! I'm snake-bit ! ”

The sword-like leaves of this plant terminate in strong and sharp needle-points, which pierce through the clothing and into the flesh upon the slightest provocation ; and one who has been “ horned ” by the spiny fin of a cat-fish will appreciate the sensation exactly. When Ed discovered the source of his suffering he did some “ cussing,” and began to step high and “ walk Spanish.” But another tug on the branch and he forgot his misery, seized his line, and began hauling in. Then it stopped short :

“ It's caught on a ro-ock ! ”

What caused Ed to split the rock into two syllables just then was a violent jerk on the line, which nearly threw him down.

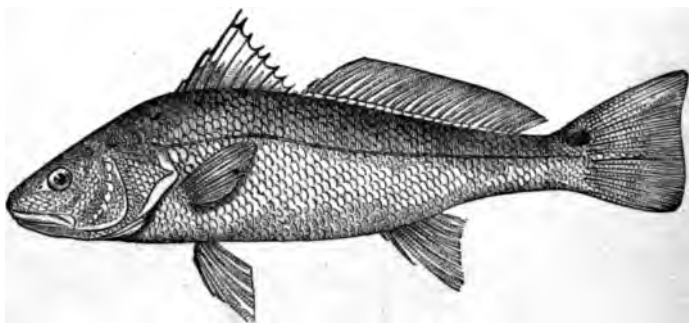
“ Put your line over your shoulder, and walk away with him,” said I ; which Ed proceeded to do, and hauled out an immense red-fish or channel bass, weighing upward of forty pounds.

“ Ge-whillikeus ! What a snolligoster ! ” shouted Ed.



And so it was—the largest we caught in Florida.

In a half hour Ed and Marion had landed six red-fish, the smallest weighing twenty pounds. The surplusage was distributed among the settlers, who seemed quite surprised to know that such fish could be caught there—but then they did their fishing with a cast net, and seldom used a hook.



THE RED-FISH—(*Sciaenidae*.)

The red-fish or channel bass (*Sciaenidae*) is exceedingly common on the coast of Florida. It belongs to the same family as the barb and whiting. It is a pretty fair table fish, though much inferior to some others in the same waters. It is of a beautiful golden red color on the back and sides, while the belly is silvery; it is very brilliant and iridescent when first out of the water. It has a large black spot, sometimes several, on each side near the tail, which gives it its specific name. The scales are quite large and firm, and are much used in Florida for making jewelry and artificial leaves and flowers.

Two or three miles back of Rockledge is a fine fresh-water lake, called Lake Poinsett, where excellent black bass fishing can be enjoyed with bait or the artificial fly. Its waters connect

with the upper St. Johns. A few miles south of this lake is another, Lake Winder, which also abounds in black bass and other fresh-water fishes. Deer are also plentiful in the vicinity of these lakes.

Our stay at Rockledge was prolonged several days, in order that the boys might become somewhat accustomed to camp-life before proceeding farther. The weather was delightful, the days warm, balmy, and hazy, and the nights cool enough to allow a thorough enjoyment of the camp fire. The boys began to improve rapidly in health, and, to use their own expression, "felt bully." Their appetites were becoming ravenous, and in consequence they began to pick up in flesh, and, as Sam Weller said of the fat boy, "began to swell wisely before my very heyes."

At length, one fair day, with a fair wind, we bid farewell to Rockledge. Five miles below, behind a long point and in a rocky cove, we passed the saw-mill which furnishes most of the lumber for Indian River. Opposite, on Merritt's Island, on quite an eminence, is the quaint cottage of Dr. Whitfeldt, the pioneer settler of this section. Just ahead of us I descried a school of porpoises, rolling, tumbling, and basking in the sunshine. I headed directly for them, to give the boys a better view of them.

"Great Cæsar!" shouted Ed, "what's that?"

"Porpoises," I replied.

"What's poor-pusses? Doc, you can't fool me, they're whales! There, see 'em spout, hear 'em blow! Doc, don't go any nearer, or I'll get out!"

I saw that Ed was really frightened, so I bore away to leeward,

while Frank gave them a parting salute with his shot gun. The boys had it on Ed, then, "bad."

Passing Otter Creek, we were soon abreast of Horse Creek. The west shore, or mainland, is now a high sandy bluff, clothed with forests of pine. The water is quite shallow for a long distance from shore, so we kept the middle of the river. Opposite here, on Merritt's Island, is the hamak of Bethel Stewart, and on the mainland the shanties of the settlers are scattered along. We soon arrived at Eau Gallie.

This place is twenty miles from Oleander Point and forty from Titusville. There is a store and post-office, and a fine building composed of coquina rock, built for the State Agricultural College, but never used as such, I believe. It was the job of a "ring," who laid out and built a fine city here, with broad avenues, parks, schools, churches, and hotels—on paper. There was to have been a canal, eight miles in length, connecting Indian River with the St. Johns, via Elbow Creek and Lake Washington. But the ring lost its influence with the state officers, its hold on the state money bags slipped, it dropped the bubble, and it "busted." Nothing remains but the nucleus of the scheme—the "College," as it is called.

The site is a beautiful one, and the location advantageous. It is opposite the foot of Merritt's Island and the confluence of the Banana and Indian rivers. There is a good depth of water close up to the rocky shore at all times. Should the contemplated railroad from Jacksonville via St. Augustine to Indian River be built, a charter for which had been already obtained, Eau Gallie will become an important point, and in my opinion will supersede Titusville, should the railroad extend to it.

We spent a few days in the vicinity of Eau Gallie very pleas-



antly. There was plenty of ducks, snipe, and plover up Banana River, and excellent black bass fishing in Horse Creek, Elbow Creek, and Crane Creek, all within three miles of Eau Gallie; while red-fish, sheepshead and mullet were abundant in Indian River. In the scrub about the head of Elbow Creek, also within three miles, the sportsman will find deer and turkeys, though the latter are becoming scarce. With a good dog, quail can be found anywhere in the settlement. In short, there was no difficulty in keeping the "pot boiling," for we always had enough and to spare.

There is a certain little fresh-water pond near the foot of the island, where the ducks come in from the large waters to drink, and where I went several times with my gun and twenty-five cartridges, my pipe and tobacco, and rubber wading boots. After making myself comfortable in a snug blind, I would light my pipe and await further developments. Pretty soon they came, two or three at a time—sometimes half a dozen—mallards and blue-bills. After shooting both barrels I would wade out and retrieve them, one or two, as the case might be, or the alligators would have saved me the trouble. Then I would resume my pipe, and my waiting and watching, and so on *ad infinitum*. As soon as I had bagged a dozen I would return to camp, but it would be no extraordinary thing for one to bag a hundred in a day, for they are coming and going all day long. This pond is not known to many, and the sportsman must find it as I did, by his own judgment and observation, and his knowledge of the habits of the game.

## CHAPTER IV.

Off again.—Elbow Creek.—One more unfortunate.—Ed's revenge.—Turkey Creek.—A snug harbor.—Oranges and bananas.—Fine fishing.—A twilight reverie.—Phosphorescent display.—“My old Kentucky home.”—The blonde mule.—Pegasus on a fox chase.—The boys and their vagaries.—A pleasant camp.—“Poor Joe.”—’Possum *a la* Kentucky.—Onward.—Grant's Farm.—A yellow pine breeze.—St. Sebastian River.—Navigation under difficulties.—Insulted by an owl.—Kane's.—Cabbage Camp.—Feathered fishers.—In the “piney woods.”—A logging camp.—Gophers.—More patients.—Deer dogs.—The biggest snore on record.—An earthquake.—A lively shake.



LEAVING Eau Gallie we soon passed Elbow Creek, at the mouth of which lives Mr. Houston, one of the oldest settlers. Three miles below is Crane Creek, where reside Mr. Fish and several negro families, among whom is Peter Wright, who is known to northern tourists as a good boatman and a sharp trader. Observing some porpoises ahead, Ed, with murderous intent and malice aforethought, got out the “alligator gun,” a Spencer carbine. As the school went rolling and tumbling by, one more unfortunate than the rest ventured too near the boat in his gambols, when Ed let drive, and the huge ball struck with an ominous thud. As it disappeared beneath the waves, leaving a crimson stain to mark the spot, Ed grinned a ghastly smile of triumph, mingled with remorse. “Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.”

We were now abreast of Turkey Creek, ten miles from Eau Gallie, and entering the beautiful little harbor at its mouth, we camped on a narrow spit of land at the entrance of the creek, on the farther side. The water here was quite deep, allowing our boat to lie close up to the sandy shore. The little land-locked bay is circular in form and about an eighth of a mile in extent. Its shores are well wooded, and in the north-west bight is a swift-running brook of clear, cold water. Its northern shore terminates in a bluff twenty feet or more in height, crowned with palmettos, and running out into Indian River forms quite a prominent headland.

On this bluff is the log cabin of Charles Creech, in the edge of a once famous orange grove, but now unfortunately it is affected with the disease called "die-back," produced, as I was told, by plowing too deeply and cutting off the surface roots. There is, however, a thrifty young grove adjoining; and between our camp and the little brook, behind the skirt of cabbage-trees and water-oaks, is a fine banana plantation. The view from our camp across the bay, toward the bluff, and out through its narrow mouth, and across Indian River to the distant strip of verdure hiding old ocean from our gaze, is one of extreme loveliness and entrancing beauty.

While Ben and Henry were gathering moss and chopping wood, Ed and Marion had knocked down several ducks, while Frank and I had bagged several brace of quail in the old field near by. Marion also soon secured a "mess of mullet" with a cast net, while Ed, appropriating some for bait, caught several sea-trout and a large sergeant-fish.

The sea-trout (*Cynoscion maculatum*) is one of the *Sciænidæ*, and belongs to the same genus as the squeteague, or weak-fish,

which it very much resembles. Its jaws are armed with very sharp and pointed teeth, and it has numerous dark spots on its back and sides. It is a very gamy fish, and when quite fresh is very palatable. The sergeant-fish (*Elacate canada*), called "snooks" in East Florida, belongs to the *Elacatidæ*, or crab-eaters. It is a handsome, silvery fish, with a jet-black stripe running along the lateral line from its head to its tail; hence, sergeant-fish. It has an elongated head, with the lower jaw projecting and armed with long, sharp teeth, similar to the pike, which it much resembles in habits. As a table fish it is rather insipid. The one Ed caught weighed not less than twenty-five pounds.

After supper I lay upon the deck of the *Blue Wing*, smoking my pipe, and idly contemplating the wreaths of blue smoke as they gracefully drifted away in the deepening twilight, and listening to the sullen roar of the breakers beyond the distant line of trees. The silent stars began to peep out, one by one, through the hazy atmosphere above the sea, sparkling and scintillating like diamonds, with ever-varying tints of red, blue, and green, like spangles from some dissolving rainbow.

A dream-like quiet pervaded the scene, disturbed only by the leap of the mullet, the plaintive twitter of the coot, and the solemn hoot of the owl. Then, as the twilight faded out of the sky, the surface of the little bay began to gleam and glimmer with a pale and lambent light, while the water-oaks on shore, draped in funereal moss, assumed a weird and ghostly aspect in the gloom of the lurking shadows. As the night grew darker the phosphorescent sheen became more luminous. The leap of the mullet produced coruscations of blazing jets and flashing drops, while the track of the red-fish and the wake of the sea-trout, in

their eager rushes for their prey, formed dazzling lines and glittering furrows, radiating in every direction upon the lustrous water.

The scene, which had begun with the film and haze of the dim, uncertain twilight, now burst forth into a refulgence of gorgeous splendor. But soon the full moon "unveiled her peerless light" above the fringe of palms across the river, and, chasing the shadows from the shore, "took up the wondrous tale." And now the piping of the frogs, and the hum of insects, and the complainings of the water-fowl began to "fill the night with music," while the fire-flies, flitting across the bay, seemed to have borrowed their light from the water beneath. I was roused from my reverie by hearing the refrain,

"We will sing one song for my old Kentucky home,  
For my old Kentucky home far away,"

which was heartily sung by the boys around the camp fire.

My pipe had gone out, so I joined the group, and finished my smoke while listening to Frank relating an experience in fox hunting: How he had been sent upon an errand on a blonde mule, and how he met a pack of hounds in full cry after a red fox, followed by a score of hard-riding huntsmen; and how he and the mule "pooled their issues," and joined the chase, and how he threw the rider off a ten-rail fence, which the mule then took at standing leap; and how, in taking a water-gap on the fly, the saddle-girth broke, and the mule threw *his* rider, and kept on after the hounds, while Frank took a flying leap into the icy water; and how he took up his saddle, and struck a cold trail for home, where, instead of the "brush," he got a brushing. We then turned in, and I dreamed of riding a pale mule—a Pegasus



with wings on his head, who took flying leaps over cabbage-trees, and who finally threw me into a thicket of Spanish bayonets and cactus plants.

We laid at Turkey Creek a day or two longer, waiting for a wind. Henry consumed, during that time, a hundred and fifty oranges by actual count, while Ben added several walking-canes to his stock, the last one being made from the green stalk of a palmetto leaf. Marion had constructed a rude model of a sugar-cane mill for a settler up the creek, while Ed had fishing enough to satisfy his piscatorial greed, and Frank found steady employment in poking his gun at the pelicans, cormorants, ospreys, and eagles that frequented the little bay. A half mile up the creek I enjoyed some fine fly-fishing for black bass.

Frank brought me one day a bird for identification, which he called a "fly-up-the-creek."

"No," said I; "it is a small, green heron, called by the crackers a 'poor-Joe,' though why poor and why Joe, I can't tell you."

Frank mused a while, and then said:

"A fat poor-Joe sat on a dead live-oak," and then suddenly disappeared into the hamak.

While fishing up the creek one day, I shot a large yellow-bellied terrapin, weighing upward of twenty pounds. He was in shallow water, near the shore, and poked up his head, which I cut in two with a ball from my pistol. He made a capital stew. Frank brought in a fine, fat 'possum one day, which he baked with sweet potatoes *a la Kentucky*. To dress and cook a 'possum in this mode, proceed as follows:

Put a pot of water on the fire, and just before it boils stir in a few handfuls of ashes; dip in your 'possum a few seconds, when

the hair can then be scraped off slick and clean. The 'possum now looks like a suckling-pig, which it also resembles in taste. After cleaning and washing, stuff with a dressing of bread-crumbs, a small onion cut fine, some sage, and a little salt and cayenne pepper. Heat a Dutch oven, and place it on some live coals, put the 'possum in, cover with the lid, on which place more live coals, or, as they do in Florida, build a fire of light-wood splinters on top of the oven lid. When the 'possum begins to brown, pack sweet potatoes, previously scraped, all around it, and continue the baking until all are nicely browned and crisp. Place a lemon in the 'possum's mouth and serve. A 'possum thus prepared is good, especially if one has an "Indian River appetite." *Non possum quin.*

We left Turkey Creek on the afternoon of a warm day, with a moderate breeze, which soon veered round to the south-east, so that we had to sail close-hauled down the river. The settlers were now few and far between. There was one on the mainland, five miles below, and opposite, near the eastern shore, was moored the United States Coast Survey boat, the *Steadfast*, engaged in surveying Indian River.

We now approached "Grant's Farm," a narrow island half a mile in length, and covered with mangroves and a few water-oaks. A settler named Grant at one time moved on to this island with his family, but it became submerged after the heavy rains of summer, and he left it for a drier and more stable location. It is called Grant's Farm to this day, and is seven miles below Turkey Creek. Here the wind left us, and the setting poles came into requisition.

From Turkey Creek the channel is well out from the west shore (a half mile), and then winding between the west shore

and Grant's Farm. Just below is the hamak of Frank Smith and Mr. Parramore, from whence the channel runs close to the west shore for some three miles. There is a shoal running from the southern extremity of Grant's Farm down-river for a mile or two. The boys whistled for a breeze in vain, and we took spells at "poling," which is a style of navigation quite common on Indian River in the absence of a wind, when one is in a hurry. At length we reached the mouth of the St. Sebastian River, twelve long miles below Turkey Creek, and some sixty-five miles from Titusville. This river must not be confounded with the small stream of the same name near St. Augustine; this duplication of names is not infrequent in Florida.

It was quite dark when we entered the mouth of the river, but we proceeded a half mile up stream by poling, being warned away from shoal places by the rushing and leaping of mullet, which are more numerous in very shallow water. I then deemed it advisable to anchor until the moon rose. Frank and I waded ashore, built a fire and made some coffee. We could find no spot suitable for camping, the scrub being quite thick and the shores lined with mangroves. We carried the coffee back to the boat, when we eat our supper of cold duck, dried beef, hard tack and coffee. Just then a large owl on shore vociferated:

"Who cooks? Who cooks? Who cooks for yo-o-u?"

About ten o'clock the moon rose, and we poled around a point just ahead of us, when we heard some dogs barking. We soon discovered a house on the bluff on the north bank, which proved to be the cabin of Mr. Kane. We camped there for the night, and next morning proceeded up-stream a half mile farther, and camped just above the mouth of the north fork of the river, in the edge of a magnificent pine wood. The water was of good



depth, and the boat was moored close up to the shore, near to a spring of good water which issued from the bank.

The St. Sebastian from its mouth to this point is from a fourth to a half mile in width, and a mile long. Here it separates into the North, West, and South Prongs. The main river abounds in fish of numerous varieties, and occasionally the manatee and the tarpum are seen, while immense alligators frequent this portion of the stream. It is likewise a favorite fishing ground



A PALMETTO SHANTY.

for pelicans, cranes and herons. Frank said that the pelicans carried their fishing-poles in front, while the cranes carried theirs behind, alluding to the positions of the bills of the former, and the long legs of the latter when flying.

In the "piney-woods" around our camp were numerous holes of land tortoises—*Testuda carolina*—which burrow in the ground like woodchucks, and are called "gophers" by the crackers, who esteem them as a great delicacy. They grow from fifteen to twenty inches long, and of an oblong form. The surface of the

ground was also perforated in many places with the holes of "salamanders."

Black bass fishing was excellent in either of the prongs of the river, and quail were quite plentiful in the palmetto scrub, while the hamaks abounded with hares, squirrels, coons, and opossums. A few hours with rod and gun furnished us with a good supply of fur, fin, and feather.

Near by was the camp of Frank Strobhar and Habersham King, who were cutting a raft of pine logs for the saw-mill up Indian River. They were formerly of Savannah, Ga., but are now living at Eau Gallie. Both are good sailors and hunters, and we enjoyed their company exceedingly.

The next day, being Sunday, we devoted to rest, as usual, though Frank disturbed the proprieties of the day by dancing an impromptu hornpipe, occasioned by a scorpion climbing up under the leg of his trousers, and stinging him. He was more scared than hurt, for the sting of the Florida scorpion is not more serious than the sting of a bee.

A cracker settler, Tom Sellers, living at the head of the North Prong, came into camp and requested me to prescribe for a sick child. As it was but two miles through the woods to his cabin, I went with him, saw the child, and left some medicine. I also borrowed his dogs, Troop and Trailer, for a deer hunt the next day. These dogs, like most other "deer dogs" in Florida, were mongrels, a mixture of cur and hound, and trained to follow a warm trail very slowly. The style of hunting is similar to still hunting, except that the dog does the "tracking," while the hunter follows the dog. It would be impossible to track a deer in any other way through the thick palmetto scrub. Returning to camp, I found that I had another "call" to see a patient down

the stream, at Kane's. I went, and found a lad who was beyond the aid of human skill, dying with marasmus.

Sitting around the blazing pine logs that night, the time passed quickly while talking of hunting, fishing, and sailing, and it was eleven o'clock when we turned in. Ben, as was his usual custom, was asleep and snoring in five minutes—and such a snore! Ben was my case of nasal catarrh, but it was no “light catarrh” that he struck in his “beautiful snore,” but a compound of bassoon, trombone, and bass-drum. Shakespeare says that—

“Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when rusty sloth

Finds the downy pillow hard.”

But Ben's snore was not produced by weariness; nor were his slumbers flint-locked; but his proboscian music, proceeding from a stub-and-twist, full-choked, bouble-barreled organ, was Wagnerian in pattern, and wonderful in effect and penetration.

I heard Strobhar, who is hard of hearing, say to King, in their tent a few yards away:

“Hab! just listen to that bull alligator bellowing up the creek!”

“It's one of the boys snoring,” replied King.

“Well, by the Great Horn Spoon! no need of a fog-horn in their boat!”

A few minutes later I heard a peculiar rumbling and roaring sound proceeding from the eastward, which I at first thought to be the sea; but as it rapidly came nearer it became louder, and the ground began to tremble and roll, jarring the guns on the rack, and producing a rattling among the pans outside. The

heavy rumbling seemed to pass right under me with an oscillating and wavy motion, and disappeared in a westerly direction. I found myself rolling out of my mossy bed, and became conscious that it was the shock of an earthquake or some internal convulsion; and was a prolonged shock, or rather a quick succession of two shocks, lasting nearly a minute altogether.

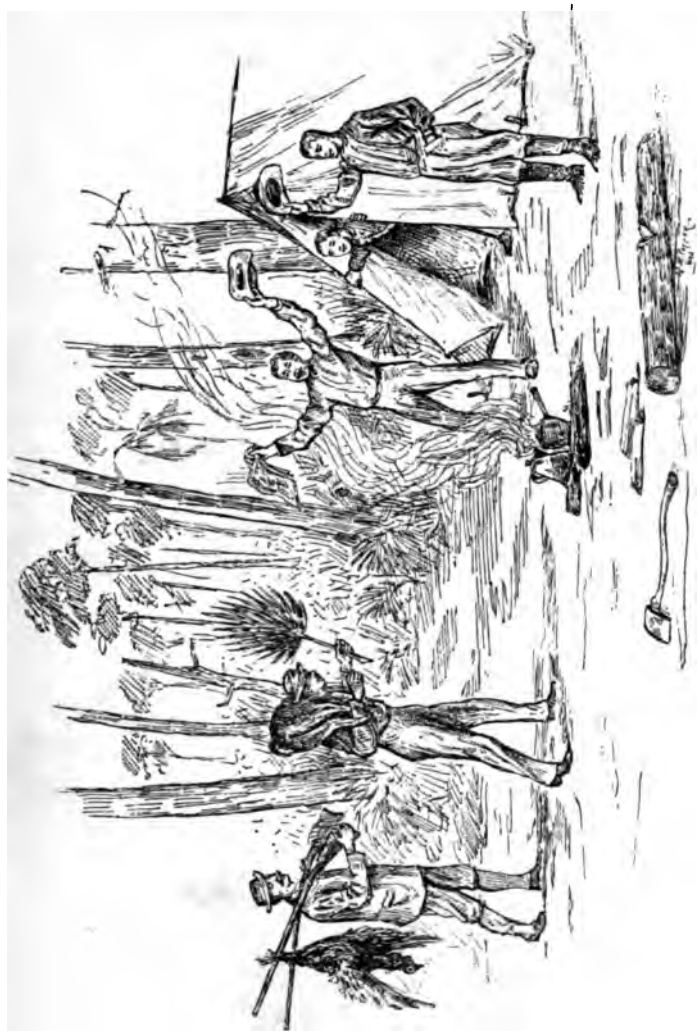
The boys were all now wide awake and discussing the matter.

Strobhar said he heard it distinctly, but he thought it was "*Ben snoring.*"

This event occurred on the night of January 12th, at half-past eleven o'clock. I learned afterward that it was quite severe in some portions of the State. At Cape Canaveral light-house it threw oil out of the lamp on the reflectors, and shook the solid brick tower of Jupiter light from base to dome, while the keepers of both lights made the best time on record for a hundred feet downward.







A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.

## CHAPTER V.

A "cracker cowboy."—Sound on the moon.—Deer-hunting in the flat-woods.—"Bays" and "burns."—How to "jump" a deer.—A lost opportunity.—The first deer.—"Who-whoop!"—Marion initiated.—A herd of deer.—A long shot.—Venison galore.—A scientific discussion.—Gall and wormwood.—On the South Prong.—By land and water.—Turkey and moccasins.—A demoralized deer-slayer.—Frank receives the first degree.—Indian on the brain.—A Rowland for an Oliver.—Return to camp.—A triumphal procession.—An ovation.—"No gall in mine, if you please."—The hero's recital.—How to stalk a deer.—A fight with a buck.—He forgot it was loaded.



N the morning succeeding the earthquake we breakfasted at day-break, and leaving the camp in charge of Ed and Henry, the rest of us started on a deer-hunt. We were accompanied by Strobhar and his ox-cart to bring in the game. Reaching Tom Sellers' cabin at sunrise, we found that worthy smoking his pipe beneath his palmetto-thatched veranda.

"Good mornin', gentlemen," was his greeting; "glad to see you—ah. Hit's a right fine day for a hunt—ah. The moon sets about nine o'clock, and souths below along about four this evenin'—ah."

Sellers—a "cracker cowboy," born and raised in the flat-woods, a good hunter and a thorough woodsman—has, in common with most Florida hunters, implicit faith in the theory that deer feed at moon-rise, moon-set, and moon-south, above and

below. I remarked that I did not take kindly to the moon theory.



"A CRACKER."

the last of the ebb," I replied.

"In course," said he, triumphantly; "and so deer, fish, and every thing else feeds at rise, set, and south of moon—ah!"

As it was worse than useless to argue the point, I merely said:

"Well, Tom, perhaps you'r'e right; and I believe myself that deer feed at those times, if they are hungry."

"Hit's a fact," said he; "and I think you'll find ven'zin to-day, for I was out lookin' up some stray cattle yisterday evenin', and I saw lots o' sign—ah."

Taking his dogs Troop and Trailer, we left him muttering to his wife:

"These fellers will try to make me b'lieve next 'at the moon is made o' green cheese—ah, and no manner of account—ah."

"Why," said he, "aint it low tide at moon-rise and moon-set, and high tide at moon-south—ah?"

"Yes," I answered, "that is nearly correct, for the moon is supposed to influence the tides; but every one does not believe even that theory."

"And do n't fish feed at high and low water—ah?"

"Fish bite better on the young flood, and at

Just beyond his cabin we crossed the North Prong of the St. Sebastian, which is here but a dozen feet in width, and we were soon traversing a large "burn" in the pine woods. The view was unobstructed for a half mile in any direction, save by an occasional clump of saw-palmettos and a few small "bays" or thickets. The cowboys burn off the old grass and scrub in the flatwoods at certain seasons, which is succeeded in a few weeks by a new crop of succulent and tender grass, upon which the cattle range and feed. It is on these "burns," as they are called, that the deer are found at feeding-time, whenever that may be.

The hunter, by standing on a log, can see a deer at a long distance in these level, flat pine woods; but his observations will be much enhanced by the aid of a field-glass or a good opera-glass. Having discovered the object of his search quietly feeding, the experienced hunter can, by careful stalking, approach his quarry and obtain a shot at short range. In hunting with dogs, the method is to track the deer to his hiding-place, where he may be resting or sleeping, and, by "jumping" him, bring him down with a charge of buckshot. As the dogs are trained to follow a trail very slowly, and as the game generally lies very close in the bays and brush, it is no difficult matter to jump a deer within easy gun-shot.

The dogs soon struck a fresh trail, whereupon we deployed our force in a skirmish line, and moved on a parallel with the creek on our right, and with the wind in our faces. I was on the extreme left of the line, then Frank, Ben, and Marion, in the order named, each being a hundred yards apart. Ben, carrying the only rifle in the party, and which was rather a heavy one, soon

began to lag behind, until finally he and Marion were close together at some distance in the rear.

Ben, seeing a promising sapling in a little bay near the creek, whipped out his hunting-knife, and, in accordance with his ruling passion, proceeded to cut it for a cane. As he was hacking off the small branches, a deer bounded out of the coppice, not ten yards from him. As Ben stood staring, startled and stupefied with amazement, Marion coolly brought it down at thirty yards—his first deer—dead in its tracks. Ben, recovering from his surprise, made the woods ring with a Kentucky “who-whoop!” as he rushed in with his knife and cut its throat.

It proved to be a fine fat doe. Marion’s shot had made sure work of it: her neck and both legs on one side were broken. Strobhar soon coming up with the oxen, the doe was eviscerated and placed upon the cart, and Marion’s face was duly “blooded” by Strobhar and Ben, as is customary in the event of killing one’s first deer. They also hinted at the propriety of turning the paunch over his head, as a necessary procedure in affairs of that kind; but Marion, flushed with victory and gore, looked quite wicked at the suggestion, so that additional feature of the cervine rite was omitted.

Frank and I were now a mile or more in advance of the others. The dogs had followed the trail to the brush bordering the creek, and I had swung around in the same direction, and was thus in advance of Frank. Suddenly a herd of five deer, three does and two fawns, bounded out of the brush into the open woods, about a hundred and fifty yards ahead of me, and stopped by the side of an immense pine, where they huddled together, with necks stretched, listening to the dogs, which were making music on the hot trail.

I stood perfectly motionless, and longed for a Winchester repeating rifle; then I felt that I would have been happy with one of Shelton's auxiliary rifle barrels. As it was I had twelve buck-shot, weighing just an ounce, in each barrel, and could not move a single step nearer without alarming the herd. As the dogs were drawing nearer, I could not resist the temptation to hazard a shot even at that distance. So, cautiously and slowly putting up the gun, I took deliberate aim high up on the shoulder of a doe that was standing broadside to me, and fired.

They sprang away for a distance of ten rods and stopped again for a few moments, when, the dogs bursting out of the cover at this juncture, they bounded away with the speed of the wind. I noticed that one of the does left the herd, and made for a bay several hundred yards to the left, with the dogs following on her trail. Frank now came running up, and said excitedly :

"You hit that one which the dogs are after, because it went off with its tail down, and Tom Sellers said a wounded deer always holds its tail down!"

We followed the dogs, and sure enough we came upon the doe struggling in the throes of death. Frank had the mournful satisfaction of cutting her throat, and shouted "who-oo!" in defiance of Ben's previous effort and my admonition to keep quiet. Upon dressing the doe I found that a shot had cut the aorta or large artery near the heart, while a second shot had struck her in the flank. I naturally felt quite elated at the result of this long shot, and while awaiting the arrival of the ox-cart I stepped off the distance, which I had accurately marked by the aid of the large pine, and found it to be fully one hundred and twenty-three yards; certainly an extraordinary as well as a lucky shot.

Perhaps I would not have risked a shot at so long a distance

had I not the day before, while targeting my gun, put seven buck shot out of twelve into a pine stump at eighty yards.

Loading up the venison we started back to camp, leaving a saddle with Sellers on the way, who would scarcely credit the long shot with the "scatter gun." Arriving at camp, the other doe was skinned and quartered by Strobhar, who then rubbed all of the meat with pepper and hung it in the shade, remarking that it would now keep perfectly sweet until it could be consumed. This fact was borne out by our subsequent experience, for the pure, salt air of South-east Florida is an admirable preservative of fish, flesh, or fowl, when well dressed, dried, and hung in the shade.

Ed and Henry soon set about making a venison stew, overlooked by Frank and Ben, who were meanwhile discussing the most scientific way of cutting a deer's throat. Ben, having stuck his doe pig-fashion, was, of course maintaining that view of the subject, while Frank argued for the conventional crosswise method as being the only professional mode. Frank had evidently been coached by Tom Sellers.

Ed, while preparing some liver for the frying-pan, observed that he could not find the gall. I informed him that a deer had no gall-bladder. Frank remarked that it was "gall darned" queer that Sellers had told him nothing about it, and seemed inclined to believe but half of the fact by intimating:

"Perhaps the bucks have galls if the does do not," and further added: "I will kill one just to find out."

Ed dryly observed:

"You had better swallow it, Frank, for if you wait till you kill a buck to be convinced you will die in ignorance."

"I can't swallow it if there is none," retorted Frank.

King and Strobhar had some logs at the head of the South Prong, and were going up the next day to haul them to the water. Having decided to go with them, our preparations were soon made. Early on the following morning Strobhar, Frank and myself started with the ox-cart, while the others of the party went up in King's boat, which was of very light draught. We of the overland party crossed the North Prong at Sellers', and passed around the head waters of the West Prong, where we discovered an abandoned Indian camp. We arrived at noon at the point of destination, and found the boys in camp, with dinner ready.

Dinner over, King and Strobhar went to work on the logs, while our party struck out over the burns in different directions. Frank and I were together for a time, but separated to pass on opposite sides around a large pond. Having passed some distance beyond the pond, where I saw plenty of "sign," but no deer, I discovered a turkey running like a quarter-horse which soon disappeared in the brush on the margin of a small stream. I ascertained that the stream was dry, with the exception of an occasional hole of water, and proceeded cautiously along the bed of it, well screened by the foliage on each side, which here and there met over my head, forming virescent arches, from which the vines and creepers hung in luxuriant festoons.

Keeping a sharp lookout for "moccasins," which slid into the holes of water as I crept along, my patience was at length rewarded by a glimpse of the turkey, which I soon succeeded in knocking over with a charge of buck shot. He was a fine gobbler, in splendid condition. While stalking the gobbler I had heard a shot behind me on the opposite side of the pond. I



crossed over in that direction on my way back to camp, and soon descried Frank a half mile away carrying a deer. As he was not proceeding in the direction of the camp I shouted and halloed to him, but he only kept on the faster. Finally I fired both barrels of my gun, when he looked around, and I signaled him to stop. Coming up with him, I observed that his face was quite bloody, and he was smiling like a prize-fighter after going to grass.

"Frank, I congratulate you, old fellow, upon your first deer. But what's the matter with your face?" I sung out.

"Well, I thought I would save the boys the trouble of bloodying me; but perhaps you had better give me a daub."

"There," said I, as I put my "red right hand" against his forehead, "I brand you with the mark of Cain."

"I am glad to be *able* to bear it," said he, with a sanguinary grin.

"But, Frank, why did n't you stop when I called to you?"

He looked quite serious for a moment, and then said:

"Do n't tell the boys; I thought you were an Indian till you fired your gun. I knew the sound of it then, for Tom Sellers told me that the Indians always carried *rifles*."

"Well, but where are you going?"

"To camp," he replied.

"Frank, my boy, do you know you're lost? The camp is back there," said I, pointing in the direction.

"No, he replied, I'm not lost; I'm like the Indian; I'm here—camp lost."

"It seems to me that you have Indian on the brain. That's a fine yearling buck, Frank; but why did n't you cut off his head, and take out his entrails, and not pack him on your

shoulder like a sack of meal, with twenty-five pounds of offal, which had better been left behind?"

"I was thinking of it," said he, "but just then I heard you shoot, and then I began to think of Indians. By the way, that's a nice turkey; why didn't you get more?"

"More!" I replied. "Because there were no more. What an Oliver Twist you are!"

"Well, you'd be *all of a twist*, too, carrying that buck on the double-quick, as I did."

"Frank, a true-spirited hunter would not complain of carrying the buck he had killed; besides these Florida deer are quite small—not more than two-thirds the size of Northern deer."

"They're big enough for me," said he, "and I shan't kill another out of sight of camp, unless we have an ox-cart along."

We trussed up the little buck, cut off his head, took out the entrails, skinned up the legs to the knees and hocks, where we cut them off and tied the loose skins of the legs together in pairs. We then slung him and the gobbler over a pole, shouldered it, and started for camp, where we arrived at sundown.

Our entrance into camp was in the nature of a triumphal procession. When within a hundred yards Frank insisted on carrying the buck in alone, and swung it over his shoulders in orthodox style, with his arms through the leg loops, and the palm of victory, a palmetto leaf, in his hand. He strode in with his face beaming and bloody, while I followed as arm-bearer to the hero, carrying both guns, and—what Benjamin Franklin said should have been the emblematic bird of America—the turkey! The boys received the pageant with an ovation of shouts and

cheers, and relieved Frank of the victory perched upon his shoulders.

"He was bound to go to the bottom of that gall business, you see!" said I, as I hung the gobbler by the side of two sand-hill cranes that the boys had brought in.

"Well, how was it, Frank?" asked Ed.

"Not any gall in mine, if you please," replied Frank.

While smoking our pipes after supper, in the ruddy glare of blazing pine knots, Frank related his experience as follows:

"After I left Doc and got to the end of a large pond, I climbed a small tree to look for him on the burn beyond, but seeing nothing of him I looked over the pond and saw a deer feeding on the lily-pads near the edge of the water. I slid down and crept along until I came in sight of him. Then I straightened up, kept my eye on his tail, and walked toward him without moving my arms or head. When he shook his tail—as he did every few minutes—I stopped perfectly still, for then you know he would lift up his head and look around. I was to the leeward of him, so he could not wind me. As soon as he went to feeding again, I started and kept moving up to him until he winked his tail again, when I would stop, for you know a deer always shakes his tail before he raises his head."

"How did you know that, Frank?" asked Ed.

"O, Tom Sellers told me. Well, I got up to within thirty-five yards of him, when he shook his tail, raised his head, turned around, and saw me. I kept perfectly still, hardly breathing. After staring awhile, he started on a trot right toward me, and came up sniffing, until he was but twenty yards from me. I thought that was close enough, and raised my gun—then you ought to have seen him jump! I blazed away, and down he came.

He tried to get up again, but I rushed in, caught him by the head, and had hard work to hold him. He threw me once on my head and made my nose bleed, and that's how my face happened to be so bloody when Doc met me."

At this the boys made a movement as if to get up, but I stopped them by saying:—

"It's all right, boys: I 'blooded' him when I found him. Go on, Frank."

"Well," continued he, "I got his head to the ground and held him down like a horse by sitting on it till I got out my knife and cut his throat. I found that I had bored him through the neck with three buckshot, though I aimed at his head."

"Why didn't you give him the other barrel?" asked Strobhar.

"I never thought of that," said Frank, and added: "And then I didn't want to shoot him all to pieces."

On the next day we all returned to our camp at the mouth of the North Prong.

## CHAPTER VI.

Journey in an ox-cart.—Cypress and saw-grass.—A buzzard roost.—St. Johns Prairie.—Silent sentinels.—New fishes.—Bob-tail saurian.—More venison.—Rough traveling.—Back to camp.—“All aboard!”—Pelican Island.—Slaughter of the innocents.—The Narrows.—A labyrinth.—A queer snake.—The water-turkey.—A preposterous bird.—Life-saving Station No. 1.—Oyster reefs.—Turtle nets.—Fort Capron.—The fat of the land.—Under the orange trees.—Fruit and flowers.—Oysters, fish, crabs, and turtle.—Sport with rod and gun.—Turtle catching.—Indian River Inlet.—On the beach.—Under the mangroves.—The Blue Wing in a gale.—Knocked down by a comber.—“A bully boat and a bully crew.”

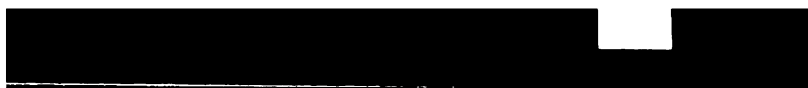


ING and Strobhar having finished hauling their logs to the tributary waters of the St. Sebastian, it was the intention of Strobhar to drive his oxen home to Eau Gallie—some thirty miles by land—on the day following our return from the head waters of the South Prong. Frank and I resolved to accompany him, in order to see something of the back country. Accordingly, we built a rack for the cart, took a tent and a few supplies, and started soon after breakfast on a lovely morning in January. There being no roads, our rate of travel was necessarily very slow, and we were two days in making the journey, though we had a team of four good oxen.

After leaving camp, our course was west-north-west some six miles through the pine woods, and along the borders of some long ponds, which were then nearly dry. We crossed the big



CYPRESS SWAMP.



cypress belt, which is parallel with, and about midway between, the Upper St. Johns and Indian rivers. Along this belt we saw large numbers of cranes, herons, egrets, and ibises, a few flocks of paroquets, and an extensive buzzard roost, where there appeared to be thousands of buzzards hovering and circling around upon our approach. The cypresses were covered with epiphytes, or air plants, whose spikes of scarlet bloom appeared in pleasing contrast with the light green and feathery foliage.

Floundering through the saw-grass that skirted the cypress timber, we at length came out upon the St. Johns Prairie. These savannas stretched away for miles, as far as the eye could reach—a sea of vivid living green meeting on the horizon the boundless blue sky above. The monotony of the scene was somewhat relieved by clumps of palms, long distances apart, like oases in a desert. Here and there could be descried an ibis or a white heron standing solitary and motionless, like silent sentinels guarding the emerald wastes. A mysterious silence akin to awe oppressed the sense painfully, and impressed one with a consciousness of immeasurable distances and eternal solitude.

Proceeding along the prairie a few miles in a northern direction, we made for a narrow pine ridge, and camped for the night. Here we found a few mosquitos, but they were not very troublesome. During the day I had procured a number of specimens of fresh-water fishes from the small ponds about the head waters of the St. Sebastian. Some of them were new, among which were two species of *Zygonectes* or top-minnows, that have since been named *Z. sanguinifrons* and *Z. henshalli*, by Prof. D. S. Jordan. There was also a new genus, but it had been anticipated a short time previously by Prof. G. Brown Goode in his "Fishes of the St. Johns," and which he had called *Jordanella floridae*.



In scooping out the specimens with a dip net, I found the moccasin snakes a little troublesome, and on one occasion I stirred up a huge alligator that had at some period in his early life lost his caudal appendage. He was an odd-looking customer, with an immense head and body and a bobtail, and was unusually ferocious and remarkably active with his legs and jaws. On another occasion, while cutting away the brush from around a small spring stream to allow the oxen to drink, a very bold alligator seemed bent on having a taste of fresh beef, and came within an ace of seizing one of the oxen by the leg, but Strobhar gave him his quietus by burying the hatchet in his brain.

Leaving the prairie, we again struck into the flat woods on our right, and for a few miles followed the old military trail running from St. Augustine to Fort Capron. All that now remains of the trail are the old blazes on the trees. We killed a buck at the head of Turkey Creek, and a fawn near the head of Crane Creek. The remainder of the journey was through the dense palmetto scrub, whose immense roots, lying above ground like railway ties, made our progress exceedingly slow, and was the roughest bit of travel I ever experienced. We were not sorry when we at length reached the mouth of Elbow Creek, which we crossed, and soon arrived at Eau Gallie, where we found King waiting for us with his boat. The next day we returned to camp, well pleased, upon the whole, with our laborious trip.

On the following morning we broke camp and proceeded on our way down Indian River with a head wind. At the mouth of the St. Sebastian we passed the fine hamak of Mr. Gibson, and a few miles below we arrived at Barker's Bluff,

quite an eminence, on which is the cabin of Arthur Park. Opposite here is Pelican Island, a few acres in extent, and the first of a series of islands forming the Narrows. The mangroves and water-oaks of this island have been all killed by the excrement of the pelicans which breed there. This guano, which lies several inches deep on the ground, is utilized by the settlers as an efficient fertilizer.

At a distance the dead trees and bushes and ground seemed covered with frost or snow, and thousands of brown pelicans were seen flying and swimming around or perched upon the dead branches. As we passed, we saw a party of northern tourists at the island, shooting down the harmless birds by scores through mere wantonness. As volley after volley came booming over the water, we felt quite disgusted at the useless slaughter, and bore away as soon as possible and entered the Narrows.

Indian River Narrows is some ten miles in length, and from an eighth to a half mile in width; the channel is about a hundred yards from the western shore or mainland. There are numerous oyster-beds and reefs lying but a few inches below the surface of the water, and one must keep his eyes open even with a fair wind. As we were beating through, the difficulties were correspondingly increased; but we were extremely fortunate, and merely touched the center-board a few times in our passage through.

The scenery in the Narrows is quite pleasing. On the right, the mainland is a level bank, clothed with mangroves and water-oaks, with occasional patches of rushes and saw-grass, while in the background can be seen alternations of pine woods and hamaks, which once in a while run down to the river bank.

On the left are islands innumerable, with tortuous channels between them, and woe betide the unlucky boatman who gets lost in the labyrinth of their intricate windings. The islands are green to the water's edge with mangrove bushes, and the scene is enlivened by the numerous water-fowl, egrets, herons, pelicans, gallinules, water-turkeys cormorants, and fish-crows, feeding near the islands, and the gulls, terns, vultures, ospreys, and man-o'-war hawks, swooping, skimming, and sailing in the air above.

"Look, what a queer snake!" suddenly exclaimed Frank, as he seized his gun.

We saw a snake apparently wriggling out of the water, several feet into the air, near one of the islands. As Frank fired, part of the snake dropped on the water, while the other part took wing and flew away.

"Did the snake drop the bird, or the bird drop the snake?" asked Frank.

"Yes, that was about the way of it," observed Ed. The explanation was quite simple. A snake-bird or water-turkey (*Plotus anhinga*), swimming with his long neck only out of the water, had the snake in his bill, which he dropped, and flew away when Frank fired his gun. Sidney Lanier's description of this bird is quite characteristic:

"The water-turkey is the most preposterous bird within the range of ornithology. He is not a bird, he is a neck, with such subordinate rights, members, appurtenances, and hereditaments thereunto appertaining as seem necessary to that end. He has just enough stomach to arrange nourishment for his neck, just enough wings to fly painfully along with his neck, and just big enough legs to keep his neck from dragging on the ground;

and his neck is light colored, while the rest of him is black. When he saw us, he jumped on a limb and stared. Then suddenly he dropped into the water, sank like a leaden ball out of sight, and made us think he was drowned, when presently the



THE WATER TURKEY—(*Plotus anhinga*.)

tip of his beak appeared, then the length of his neck appeared, then the length of his neck lay along the surface of the water, and in this position, with his body submerged, he shot out his neck, drew it back, wriggled it, twisted it, twiddled it, and spirally poked it into the east, the west, the north, the south, with a violence of involution and contortionary energy that made one think in the same breath of corkscrews and lightnings. But what nonsense! All that labor and perilous asphyxiation for a beggarly sprat or a couple of inches of water-snake!"

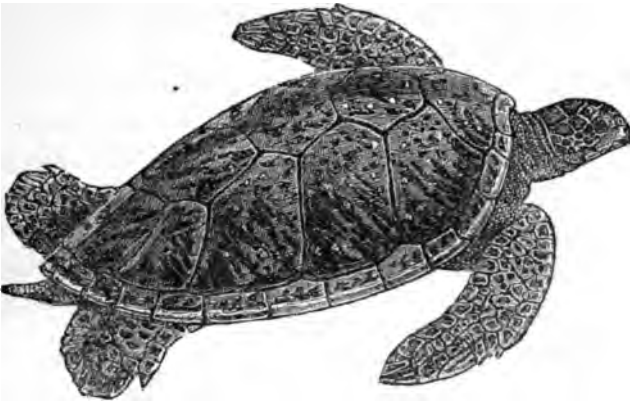
At the lower end of the Narrows is a staked channel leading off through the islands on the left, to the United States Life-Saving Station, No. 1, on the sea-beach, in charge of Mr. John Houston. Just as we were emerging from the Narrows, we ob-

served two deer feeding on the mainland near the water's edge, but they scampered away before we could obtain a shot. We had now got into the broad river again, with more sea-room for tacking, making long legs and short ones; but the greater number of oyster bars required extreme watchfulness and careful sailing to avoid them. We could now see the stakes of the turtle nets with palmetto leaves fastened to their tops, all along the river below us; but, with our usual good luck, we steered clear of all difficulties, and arrived at the site of old Fort Capron late in the afternoon, where we camped in a grove of bitter-sweet orange trees, near the mouth of a small brook of good, cool water.

Fort Capron, quite a noted place on Indian River, is thirty-eight miles below St. Sebastian River and about a hundred from Titusville. Directly opposite is an inlet to the sea, through which can be seen the white crests of the breakers as they sparkle in the sunlight. The only vestiges of the old military post are a fallen chimney and the debris of a brick bake-oven; but the parade-ground and a moat or ditch can still be distinctly traced. There are evidences of a good state of cultivation at some remote period in the furrowed ground, the groves of sour and bitter-sweet oranges, limes, lemons, and guavas; in the hedges of oleander, Spanish bayonet, and Cherokee rose, and in the ornamental groups of date palms, century plants, cacti, and sisal hemp.

There are but two or three houses in the vicinity, the principal one belonging to Judge Paine, at whose house is the post-office, the last on the river, and called St. Lucie. Judge Paine is an old resident, and is United States revenue officer for this locality; he has a comfortable home, and keeps a few boarders during the

winter. There are also the houses of Mr. Jones and Mr. Cassidy. Four miles below is the site of Fort Pierce, where lives Mr. Bell.



THE GREEN TURTLE—(*Chelonia mydas*).

There were several turtling camps scattered along between the foot of the Narrows and Fort Pierce, the principal ones belonging to Judge Paine, Martin and Hoke, Jim Russell and Jim Bassett, and August Park. The green turtle is here taken in gill nets with a mesh of eighteen inches. The business is quite profitable, there having been taken last winter several thousand turtles, varying in weight from twenty to a hundred pounds. They are kept in circular inclosures of stakes and hurdles, called crawls, and shipped north, via Titusville and Jacksonville. The turtlers have many difficulties to contend with, however, not the least among them being the numerous saw-fish, sharks, and rays which play sad havoc with the nets, occasionally.

The channels and cuts between the small islands near the inlet abound in oysters of a delicious flavor, and the fishing is the best on the river. Red-fish, sea-trout, sheepshead, crevallé,

grouper, black-fish, drum, snapper, cat-fish, and other varieties of the finny tribe can be taken by the boat-load, if necessary. The tide rushes through the narrow cuts like a mill-tail, and fishing, even with a hand-line, is exciting sport, enhanced once in a while by fastening to a shark.

Wild fowl are plentiful enough to afford good sport, and in old fields near Capron will be found numerous bevvies of quail. A mile or two back of the old fort there is superb snipe shooting on the savannas or wet prairies. In Taylor Creek and several smaller streams there is fine black bass and bream fishing. One can here live on the fat of the land; green turtle, oysters, crabs, fish, venison, duck, quail, snipe, etc., can be had for the taking, without price.

The day following our arrival at Fort Capron was Sunday, and as the boys could neither fish nor hunt, they were quite eager to go over to the inlet and get on the sea-beach, for as yet they had not seen the sea, though they had heard the roar and dash of the breakers almost daily. As the wind was north-west and rising, and the swift-flying scud portended stormy weather, I endeavored to dissuade them from the attempt, and pointed out the danger should a "norther" set in. But they were importunate, and I at last gave in, though against my judgment and inclination.

After taking every thing out of the boat, we started, leaving Marion in charge of the camp, who remarked that he did not want to be drowned on a Sunday. We made a quick sail across and anchored under the mangroves, where the water was quite deep. Lowering the sail, the boys struck out for the beach, but I deemed it advisable to stay in the boat, as the tide was running out strongly; and it was well that I did so. I had cau-

tioned the boys to be back in an hour, and sat smoking my pipe awaiting their return.

I soon discovered that the anchor was dragging and that the rush of the tide was tremendous, in consequence of the water being blown to that side of the river. If the cable had parted I should soon have been drifting out to sea, with a "norther" coming on. As the bottom seemed to be solid rock, and the anchor continued to drag, I carried a line ashore and made it fast to a big mangrove. The wind had now increased to a gale; black, ominous clouds were piling up in the north-west, and an angry sea was lashing the river into a boiling caldron, while I was completely drenched with spray. The boys now returned from the beach loaded with shells, corals, sea-beans, etc., and, as the ocean was comparatively smooth, as it is always with a breeze off shore, they looked with amazement at the wild scene on the river, and with evident misgivings of trouble ahead.

"Well, boys," said I, "make up your minds quickly; we must get back at once, or stay here without food or water. Which horn of the dilemma will you take?"

"How long will this storm last?" anxiously inquired Ed.

"I can't tell," said I; "certainly all night, and probably two or three days, as these northers often do. It's getting worse every minute."

"Do you think we can get back?" asked Frank, and added: "It looks worse than the sea."

"Yes," I answered, "If you do as I tell you, and the rigging and rudder hold. But we will have some trouble in getting away from this lee shore."

"Well, let's try it," said Frank; "we may as well drown as starve to death!"



Accordingly we double-reefed the sail, run a life-line around the boat, and pumped her out. We then cast off the shore-line, made sail, hove the anchor, and by the help of the setting poles we got her away from the shore close-hauled on the starboard tack, and headed for camp, directly across the river.

"Now, Ed," said I, "you and Henry hold on to the main-sheet, and don't let go unless I give the word. Ben, you stand by the peak halyards, and Frank, you bail out with the bucket—never mind the pump—when I tell you. All hands sit well to windward, outside the combing. If she goes over, hold on to the life-line, and keep cool. She can't sink, and we will drift ashore somewhere!"

The wind was now howling, the halyards shrieking, and the sea pounding with terrific force against the little *Blue Wing*, but she stood it bravely and eat her way to windward slowly but surely. Suddenly a tremendous sea washed Frank and Ben from their windward perch into the cockpit, and jammed them against the center-board trunk; but they were up again in an instant, and Frank was bailing out for dear life. It was not long before I found myself sprawling in the cockpit, knocked down by a heavy comber, but without losing my hold on the tiller.

We finally got across without any further mishaps, but it was the longest two miles I ever sailed. None of the boys could swim a stroke save Frank and myself, but they stood it manfully and well; it was a good lesson for them, and one that they did not forget. We cast anchor, made every thing snug, and waded ashore, where we found Marion, who was the most frightened one in the party.

"I thought you were all gone, sure," said he; "half of the

time I could only see the top of the sail, and I thought you were swamped."

"Oh, no," said Frank, "we just kept down behind the waves to keep out of the wind!"

A number of the turtlers were there watching our maneuvers with much interest, and ready to put out to our assistance in a Whitehall boat should it have been necessary. Among them was "Jim" Russell, the well known Indian River guide, who said:

"Boys, that's a bully boat and well sailed; you need n't fear to go anywhere in her!"

As this was "praise from Sir Hubert," we were well satisfied.

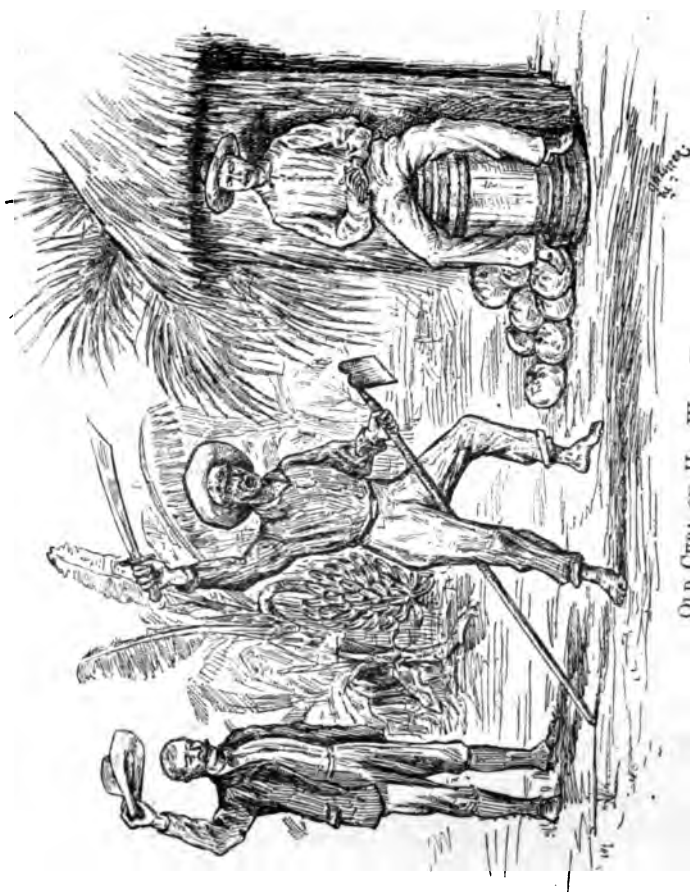
## CHAPTER VII.

Slight frost.—Beach-combing.—Feeding a loggerhead.—Fly-fishing.—Sand-flies.—Adieu to Fort Capron.—Fort Pierce.—St. Lucie Sound.—“Old Cuba.”—A glimpse of the tropics.—Pet snakes and chameleons.—Manatees, and a man not at ease.—St. Lucie River.—In the wilds of Florida.—Game plentiful.—Black bass fishing.—A fire-hunt.—Scared by a panther.—A wild cat.—Down the river.—Life-Saving Station No. 2.—The breakers by moonlight.—The “Hero.”—A moonlight sail.—Jupiter Narrows.—Peck’s Landing.—A mangrove maze.—Arboreal beauties.—Indian Camp.—India rubber trees.—Hobe Sound.—Trolling for crevallé.—Conch Bar.—Difficult navigation.—Locohatchee River.—Jupiter Light-house.—A picturesque panorama.



THE “norther” mentioned in the preceding Chapter lasted two days, and was followed by a slight frost, the only one we experienced in Florida. Our sojourn at Fort Capron was passed very agreeably in hunting, fishing, and rambling on the beach. At the inlet I procured some rare and interesting specimens of marine fishes, among them a Mexi-

can star-gazer (*Astroscopus y-græcum*), which possessed decided electric powers. We obtained some lumber and built a dingey, or tender for the *Blue Wing*, which was in constant requisition by the boys in rowing to the various camps of the turtlers and oystermen, and to the fishing grounds and sea-beach. They had an object of special interest in a huge loggerhead turtle, which was moored to a stake in shallow water at the camp of Jim Russell. They went up daily to feed him oysters in the shell, and took



OLD CUBA ON HIS WAR HORSE.





great delight in seeing him crunch the bivalves like wafers, swallowing shells and all.

As might be imagined, fishing with the artificial fly can be practiced and enjoyed to the fullest extent, where fish are so abundant. I took many different species, both fresh-water and marine, with the artificial fly, in the vicinity of Fort Capron. While they did not run so heavy as those taken with bait, they were quite heavy enough for the fly-rod. For instance, I took crevallé of five pounds, sea-trout of ten pounds, red-fish of five pounds, blue-fish of four pounds, "snooks," or sergeant-fish of six pounds, bone, or lady-fish of two pounds, black bass of eight pounds, and tarpum of ten pounds, in addition to other species of less weight.

The best time for fly-fishing for the marine species in Florida is from sundown until dark, or later if the moon is nearly full. At this time the predatory fish are in the shallow portions of bays, and at the mouths of creeks, in the brackish water, feeding on the mullet, which swarms in countless numbers in such places.

The angler must be well concealed behind clumps of scrub palmetto, mangroves, or canes, to insure success; or, if fishing from a boat, must keep in deep water and make long casts in-shore, near the sand bars and shoals. After casting, he must trail his flies along the surface, and permit them to be submerged, at times, for a depth of several inches.

His tackle must be strong and serviceable. I used a twelve-foot, twelve-ounce, ash and lancewood trout fly-rod, and a remarkably good one, by the way, which I often found rather light for large fish. A grilse rod would be more suitable for fly-fishing

for the salt-water species; for there is a strong probability of occasionally hooking a monster weighing twenty pounds or more.

I often took some of the afore-mentioned species while fishing for black bass and when using bass flies; but when fishing especially for the marine species, I used flies of my own tying, made without much regard to any particular pattern. I tied them on Sproat hooks from 4-0 to 6-0 in size, using a combination of colors, and usually with white or grayish wings, as the fishing was mostly done at dusk.

Bright feathers are easily procured in Florida from the numerous gay-plumaged birds, so that the angler will be at no loss for material for tying his flies. Two flies I remember as being particularly taking: one with upper wings of white ibis and lower wings of the mottled feathers of chuck-will's-widow; another with top wings of white egret and lower ones of pink curlew (*roseate spoonbill*). The coachman, oriole white and red ibis, silver gray, and other flies with white or light-colored wings, are good ones to pattern after in tying flies for this kind of fishing. They should be of good size, about the same as salmon flies.

I might add that, on one occasion, I took an alligator "on the fly," using a fly made by tying the wings of a common tern or sea-swallow on a shark hook, with the tail of a gray squirrel for the hackled body; but, as Rip Van Winkle says: "This one don't count."

About sundown, one warm and muggy evening, the sand-flies put in an appearance, and worried the boys considerably, as it was their first experience with these pests. They were soon enveloped in clouds of smoke from a hastily-built smudge, which



seemed to only add to their torments. I know of nothing so aggravating and exasperating as sand-flies when one undertakes to "fight" them; for one is sure to lose his temper in the operation, and this seems to increase the ferocity of the insects. While one is vainly brushing, slapping, and striking at them, they will crowd into his ears, nostrils, and hair, in constantly increasing swarms, seeming to be attracted by the violent flourishing of the sufferer's arms.

The best plan is to heroically endure the burning, stinging, and creeping torments for a few minutes, making no effort to drive them off, when, in a short time, one will get used to them, and will be surprised to find how little they will annoy him, though it will require the resolution of a martyr and the stoicism of an Indian to do this. It is only about the inlets and on the sea-beach that sand-flies are found, and they are only troublesome on still, sultry days, about sunrise and sunset, seldom continuing their annoying visitations longer than an hour.

We finally set sail from Capron, and went bounding along, down-river, with a fresh breeze, soon passing Taylor Creek, some three miles below. A mile farther on, we were abreast of the site of Fort Pierce, on a high, commanding bluff, where the fine parade-ground can still be seen sloping toward the river. We were now below the oyster beds, and the river opened into a broad sheet of water called St. Lucie Sound, extending from Indian River Inlet to Jupiter Narrows.

The mainland was now a succession of bluffs and hills, well wooded with pines, and now and then extensive hamaks of hard wood and palmettos, while, on the level beach strip on the left, were long rows of cabbage-trees, with a dense undergrowth of scrub and sea-grape. Passing Bird Island, we soon discovered



the bay at the mouth of St. Lucie River, and just ahead of us, on the beach side, was the palmetto hut of "Old Cuba," nestling in an exceedingly rich hamak, some twenty miles below Fort Capron.

"Old Cuba," as he is called on the river, "lives all alone in the little log hut," and is the only settler between Fort Pierce and Jupiter Inlet. As we put in and made fast to the end of his wharf he welcomed us heartily. He was a little, dried-up old fellow about five feet high, with a *machete* half as long as himself hanging to his belt. On his head he wore a broad-brimmed palmetto hat, turned up in front, under which was tucked a banana leaf, to shade his sparkling black eyes from the noonday sun. A pair of sail-duck pants and a white cotton shirt completed his attire.

"Mr. Cuba, have you any sweet potatoes to spare?" I asked.

"Sweet-a potato!" exclaimed he. "Y-e-s! plen-ty sweet potato! Plen-ty punkin'! Plen-ty banana! Plen-ty cassava! Tomat—garlic—plen-ty!"

In a clearing of a few acres in the center of the hamak, well sheltered from the winds, he raised a profusion of tropical fruits, vegetables, sugar-cane, and tobacco. He is a Cuban refugee, and while digging the potatoes he gave us a history of his exploits in the liberating army of Cuba, where he was known by the *sobriquet* of "the Sand-fly."

The boys observed several large black-snakes gliding in and out of Cuba's shanty, and upon making some hostile demonstrations, they were stopped by Cuba, saying:

"No, no! You no kill-a my snake! Dey catch-a de roach! Dey kill-a de rattlesnake! Me like-a dem! Dey no 'fraid; me no 'fraid!"



Racing about in the hut and over the thatched roof were numerous chameleons, quite tame also, and which did Cuba good service by ridding his hut of flies, bugs, and mosquitoes. The chameleon is a pretty little creature of the lizard tribe, with bright eyes and a lively and affectionate disposition, and changes its color quite frequently, being at various times green, gray, brown, and of a reddish tinge.

After putting aboard a barrel of sweet potatoes, a bunch of bananas, and some pumpkins, we bore away for the mouth of the St. Lucie River, some five miles below, opposite to which could be seen U. S. Life-Saving Station No. 2, on the beach ridge, and five miles below that a gap in the line of trees marks the location of Gilbert's Bar—formerly an inlet, but now closed. In the broad bay at the mouth of the St. Lucie we saw growing great quantities of a grass-like plant, resembling wild celery, or eel-grass, upon which were feeding thousands of coots and ducks.

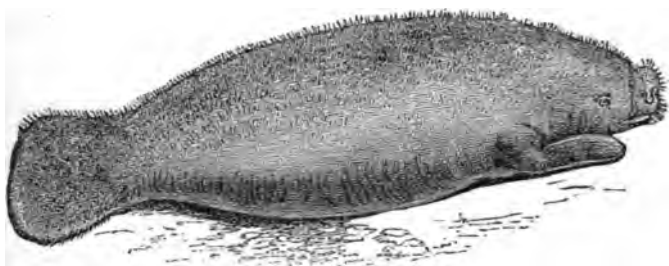
We entered the river with the wind behind us, and went dashing along at a spanking rate. Suddenly I felt a severe shock, as the boat struck something beneath the surface of the water, which seemed to lift her up as she glided over it. Then there was a violent commotion in the water at our stern, which nearly capsized the dingey in tow, and we saw at the same time a curiously-shaped head and a flipper lifted above the surface, which instantly disappeared, followed by a glimpse of a queer-looking tail, broad, flat, and rounded. Ed sprang up, looking quite pale about the gills, and seemed inclined to "get out."

"Sit down, Ed," said I, "'tis only a sea-cow, and it's more scared than you."

"I thought it was a water-quake!" exclaimed Frank.

The St. Lucie is the largest stream emptying into Indian

River, and its waters, including those of the bay at its mouth, are quite fresh. It is here that the sea-cow, or manatee, flourishes, feeding on the aquatic grass in the river and bay. There have been several captured alive with immense rope nets within the past few years, one being caught in this manner by Old Cuba, which was kept in a crawl that still stands at the mouth of the river. It was shipped North during the Centennial year.



THE MANATEE—(*Trichechus latirostris*).

The manatee (*Trichechus*) is a warm-blooded amphibious animal, and is especially interesting as being the only living representative of its family (*Trichechidae*); in fact, there is but one other living representative of the same order (*Sirenia*)—the dugong of the Indian Archipelago—the other members of the order being extinct.

The manatee is a herbivorous animal, shaped, externally, something like the seals, but there the similarity ends—the latter being carnivorous. It grows to a large size, some twelve or fifteen feet in length, and ten or twelve feet in circumference, and to nearly a ton in weight. Its fore fins, or flippers, are somewhat hand-shaped, with nails, from which it derives its name (*manus*: a hand). Its head is small, with small eyes, and



a muzzle somewhat resembling that of a cow, hence one of its common names: sea-cow. It has true molars or grinding teeth, and feeds on eel-grass and other aquatic plants. Its tail is horizontal, broad and rounded, and is a powerful swimming organ. It has two pectoral mammæ. It has a dark, brownish pachydermatous skin, an inch thick, and very sparsely covered with hairs about an inch apart. There are a few longer stiff hairs, or "whiskers," about the mouth. Its bones are very hard and compact, the ribs especially, which are equal to ivory in denseness, and used for the same purposes.

The manatee is a docile, harmless creature, though it is capable of giving a severe blow with its powerful tail. Its flesh is said to be quite palatable. It can be shot with a large-bored rifle or harpooned. For capturing it alive, a long rope seine, ten feet in depth, with a mesh of fifteen to eighteen inches, is stretched across the stream and attached to the opposite shores. One end is tied by a weak cord, which breaks when the animal becomes engaged with the seine, and it then becomes hopelessly entangled in its efforts to free itself, when it is secured by its captors.

On the north bank of the St. Lucie are a number of high ridges sloping to the river, and well timbered. We saw several pre-historic mounds along that side of the river, some of which were on top of the ridges, and had, no doubt, been formerly used by the Indians as signal stations, as they were quite bare of trees. The south bank is a succession of level pine forests, with a heavy undergrowth of palmetto scrub. We sailed up the river several miles to the main fork, where it divides into a north and a south branch, called North and South Halpatiokee rivers.

We camped on a burn in the open pine woods at the confluence of the two streams.

In this secluded spot we found game in abundance. The nearest human habitations were Cuba's and the station, some twelve miles, down stream, and across Indian River. Lake Okechobee was thirty miles due west. The North Branch, some ten miles above, separates into a number of streams, among which are Five and Ten-Mile Creeks, the latter approaching within ten miles of Fort Capron. The South Branch runs away down to the westward of Jupiter Light-house, and has its origin in the savannas north of the Everglades. One small creek emptying into the bay just above our camp, I traced to its source in the saw-grass a few miles above. It was thronged with alligators of assorted sizes, and I could have shot them by scores as they lay asleep on the banks; as it was, I astonished a few by prodding them with the boat-hook. As I quietly paddled along in the dingey, I surprised many aquatic birds of various kinds—waders, swimmers, and divers. Among the number the beautiful roseate spoonbill (*Ajaja rosea*), called by Floridians the "pink curlew."

The black bass fishing in the South Branch was really too much of a good thing. On favorable days, even with the artificial fly, one soon tired of the sport, for it required no skill whatever to lure them from the dark but clear water. Those caught averaged four pounds, and the largest I took with the fly weighed nine pounds, though I saw some heavier ones in the main river. We caught here both mullet and sergeant-fish, ten miles from salt water, though, on the other hand, I had previously taken black bass and bream in the brackish water near the mouth of the St. Sebastian.

One night the boys went out for a fire-hunt, and as I had a



prejudice against that style of sport, I volunteered to keep the camp during their absence. They fixed the lantern on a pole, with a bright tin pan behind it for a reflector, which answered admirably. In an hour, all but Frank and Ben came in, bringing a fine buck; though it was not long before they, too, came back in great haste and quite blown. It seemed that after shooting the buck, Frank and Ben, being the only ones who wished to continue the sport, proceeded for a mile or more through the pine woods to a thicket near the North Branch, where they caught a glimpse of a flashing eye.

While cautiously advancing, endeavoring to "shine the eye" of the supposed deer, they were startled and terrified by an unearthly, and, as Frank said, a "blood-curdling" yell, proceeding from the thicket. Frank, in a tremulous voice, cried "Indians!" whereupon they beat a hasty retreat toward camp, to which they were guided by the fire of pine logs, which I had kept blazing vigorously.

A panther had been the cause of their alarm, and we heard him again during the night. The next day, Frank brought in what he termed a young panther, but it proved to be a full-grown wild cat, which had run up a tree near the river where Frank was shooting "'gators." We saw a number of deer during our stay, but shot only one more, as we had meat in abundance.

After spending a week in the delightful wilderness up the St. Lucie, we broke camp and proceeded down the river and across to the Life-Saving Station in charge of Mr. Malden. It stands on a high ridge, that is not more than seventy-five yards in width, and which separates Indian River from the sea. One can stand on the veranda of the station and cast a stone into the water on either side.

Along the beach is a barrier of dark coralline rocks, seamed and fissured, and worn into hollows and caves by the ever restless sea. Beyond is an out-lying reef, where the rollers break and form long lines of foam-crested combers, which chase each other in rapid succession and come tumbling and dashing on the rock-bound shore, thundering and roaring through the rents and caverns with, truly, an awful sound, causing the very earth to tremble beneath one's feet. By moonlight the scene is singularly beautiful, wild, and impressive.

We found at the station a Mr. Dye, of Lake Worth, and a boatman named Sandlin, who had for a passenger a gentleman from New Hampshire, also bound for Lake Worth. Sandlin had a fine Boston-built keel yacht called the *Hero*. After supper, a favorable breeze springing up, Dye proposed to sail through Jupiter Narrows by moonlight, as he wished to leave Jupiter Inlet on the last of the ebb-tide on the following morning for Lake Worth. As the boys were eager to go on, the *Hero* and *Blue Wing* started about nine o'clock, and had just entered the Narrows, about two miles below, when the wind began to lull. We proceeded a mile or two farther to an expansion of the Narrows known as Peck's Lake, when the moon set, and the sky became overcast, threatening rain. We then sailed across the lake to Peck's Landing, near the sea-beach, where we camped for the night.

In the morning it was quite foggy, having rained heavily while we slept. After breakfast we broke camp and started again, the *Hero* leading, with Dye as pilot, for it was impossible to see more than twenty yards ahead. As she glided along with a good breeze, she seemed like a phantom yacht in the thick fog. In a half hour, however, the fog lifted, and the sun shown out brightly,



driving the owls to bed who had been hooting at us through the heavy mist.

Jupiter Narrows is about eight miles in length, and below Peck's Lake is nowhere more than fifty yards in width, often narrowing to as many feet. The water is deep all the way through, but the channel is quite tortuous in its windings and turnings through the mangrove islands, and a stranger should not attempt to follow it without a pilot or very explicit directions, for it is much more difficult to navigate than Indian River Narrows. There are current legends of unfortunâte boatmen who have been lost, wandering about for days in the perplexing maze of the many islets and intricate passages.

In lieu of a top-sail, I hoisted the peak as high as possible, in order to catch the breeze over the mangroves, but even then we often had to resort to the setting poles to aid us in getting through. This is the most picturesque portion of Indian River. Being sheltered from the winds, the water is quite still and smooth, and reflects the dense green walls of the mangroves as in a mirror, while small side channels lead off between the islands like streaks of planished silver.

The trunks of the mangroves stand several feet above the water, supported by numerous arching roots, and from the branches depend innumerable other roots, long, smooth, and flexible, in the nature of a banyan tree. Groups of palmettos are occasionally seen, around whose dark trunks are curiously interlaced the climbing gray stems of the india rubber tree, forming a rustic lattice-work of rare beauty, whose meshes are often filled with graceful air-ferns, and epiphytes with plumes of crimson bloom.

We stopped for a few minutes at a small hamak on our right,



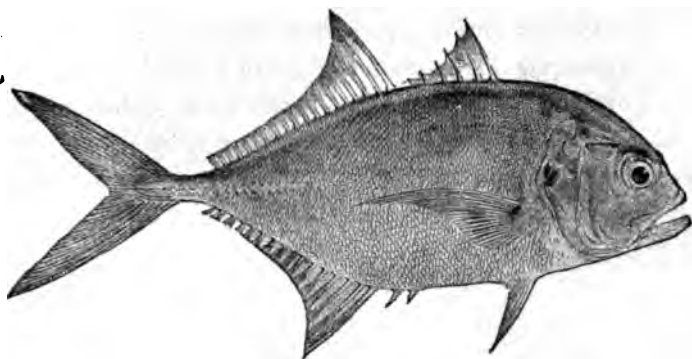
called Indian Camp, where we procured some good water from a spring. This spot, about midway of the Narrows, and Peck's Landing, are the only camping sites in Jupiter Narrows. We finally emerged from the narrow passage into Hobe Sound, as the lower part of the river is called, extending from the Narrows to Jupiter, some ten miles in length and averaging about a fourth of a mile in width. The west shore is a range of high barren sand hills, with a number of long points projecting into the sound, while the east shore is a continuous narrow hamak of great richness, standing well above the water, and underlaid by a ledge of coralline rock. This hamak is known as the "Gomez Grant," being one of the old Spanish grants that have been so detrimental to the settlement of East Florida. (Were these grants rendered available to settlers, by government or otherwise, they would become rapidly developed; Merritt's Island being a case in point.)

The channel runs close to the east shore, and in beating, one must give the points on the west side a wide berth. With the exception of an ugly oyster reef at the mouth of the Narrows, the navigation of Hobe sound is quite easy for a distance of five miles, when Conch Bar is reached, from which point to Jupiter River the navigation is quite difficult, in consequence of the many shoals and oyster beds. The channel is very crooked and narrow, and one must "drop the peak" and sail with slackened sheets unless he is well acquainted with its serpentine course.

Trolling for crevallé in Hobe Sound, with the wind abeam, is fine sport. There are several species (*Curanx hippos*; *Curanx pisquetus*, etc.), called, in the vernacular of Florida, jack, yellow jack, amber jack, crevallé, cavalli, etc. They will take any thing in the shape of a troll, spoon, squid, or even a bit of white



rag on a hook. The boys were soon hauling them in by dozens, averaging about three pounds, most of which were thrown back again as soon as caught. The crevallé is a very active and hand-



THE CREVALLE—(*Caranx hippos*).

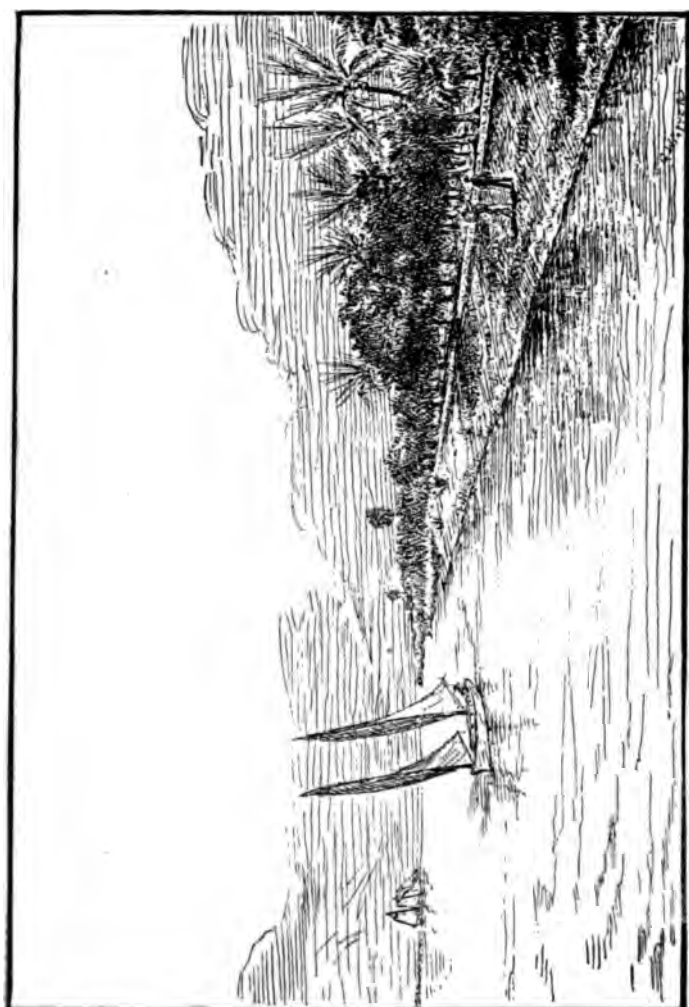
some fish, with predominating tints of blue, amber and silver. It is not above mediocrity as a table fish when fresh, but dried and smoked it is quite toothsome.

From Conch Bar we saw the tall brick tower of Jupiter Light, which we reached during the afternoon. It is a first-class, revolving light, made in France, and shows a succession of flashes, followed by a somewhat prolonged, steady light. The tower, a hundred feet high, stands on a bluff fifty feet above the water, at the confluence of Indian and Locohatchee Rivers, where they unite and flow as Jupiter River for a mile to the eastward, and over Jupiter Bar into the sea. From the balcony surrounding the lantern, the view is at once grand and comprehensive.

First, we see Indian River stretching away for miles toward the north, where, in the distance, we obtain but fugitive glimpses of it between the intervening hills and clumps of foliage, "like

orient pearls at random strung." Then, the Locohatchee, winding along through the savannas with many a devious turn, like a huge serpent gliding from the setting sun toward the sea. Toward the south lies a panorama of pines, cypresses, and saw-grass, with their varying tints of green, amidst which is a network of small streams, glinting in the sunlight like a filigree of silver; while far beyond lies Lake Worth, a burnished shield on a velvet sward. Turning at last toward the east we behold grand old ocean, "dark, deeply, beautifully blue," stretching away to the vast horizon, where the blue above meets the blue below.





LAKE WORTH.



## CHAPTER VIII.

Jupiter.—The cocoanut well.—By saw-grass or sea.—Over Jupiter Bar.—The tramps.—“Blue Wing” and “Hero.”—Ocean spray.—Lake Worth Inlet.—Breakers ahead.—A strong ebb.—A new style of navigation.—Sharks and “gulls.”—A rough passage.—Lake Worth.—A semi-tropical paradise.—The “haulover.”—A rich hamak.—Tropical foliage.—“Wait-a-while.”—A mammoth fish preserve.—An enterprising settlement.—Cocoanut culture.—Pine-apples and bananas.—Sugar-cane.—The profits.—Green peas and tomatoes in February.—A perpetual Indian summer.—The settlers.—An astonished deer.—Rattlesnakes, alligators, and crocodiles.—The pompano.—Wreck of the “Hero.”



HE last chapter left us near sundown on the top of Jupiter Light-house, enjoying one of the grandest and wildest views of land and water in Florida. We camped at the foot of the bluff, and slept with the huge eye of the lantern flashing and gleaming on us, as it kept watch and ward over the vast expanse of the sea. During the war, the tower was used in the interest of the blockade-runners. Whenever the coast was observed to be clear of cruisers, a pre-concerted signal brought the adventurous little coasters, from the Bahamas, or Bermudas, safely over Jupiter Bar into the harbor beneath, from whence the contraband goods were transported via Indian River to points farther north. The picturesque white cottage of Superintendent Armour and his assistants stands at the foot of the tower embowered in a grove of semi-tropical foliage. It is built of coralline rock, and is surrounded by a

spacious vine-clad veranda, while near it, beneath a grand old cocoanut tree, is a well dug through the solid rock, whose waters are as fresh, sparkling, and cool as a mountain brook.

There are two routes, an inside and an outside one, from Jupiter to Lake Worth. The former is some eighteen miles in extent, and follows a winding creek that empties into the Loco-hatchee just above the light-house, to the saw-grass, then through the puzzling mazes of the latter to the "Haulover" on the bank of Lake Worth, where there is a wooden tramway some three hundred yards long. The boat is here hauled out and placed on a car, and then transported along the wooden track to a small bluff bordering the lake, down which it is slid on the wooden rails into the water. Only the smallest boats, less than five feet beam and drawing less than a foot of water, can proceed by this route. It is, at best, a laborious all-day job. The outside route is but ten miles by sea from Jupiter Bar to Lake Worth Inlet, and can be sailed in an hour or two with a fair wind. The only difficulty, when the sea and wind are right, is at the inlets, which are quite narrow, and each has an angle in its channel at the worst possible place.

Nevertheless, the outside route is greatly to be preferred, and should be taken by any one at all versed in sailing. With a westerly wind the sea is, barring rollers or a heavy swell, comparatively smooth, and the worst that can happen with these contingencies is a slight touch of sea-sickness to those easily affected in that way, though the short sail will generally obviate that disagreeable feature. A fresh breeze from any point east of north or south, however, soon kicks up a disagreeable sea, and none but thoroughly good sea-going craft, well handled, should then attempt the passage. Sometimes boats are kept



waiting a week or two for a favorable opportunity to make the short, but often hazardous run.

We decided the next morning to go at once to Lake Worth, as there was a fresh wind blowing from the west, and the sea was pretty smooth. Sandlin's passenger and half of our party concluded to walk the beach, some twelve miles, in preference to trusting themselves on the "briny." Accordingly, after putting the "tramps" across to the south side of the inlet, the *Hero*, with Sandlin and Dye, the latter a good pilot, and the *Blue Wing*, with Frank, Ben, and myself, started with colors flying, on the last hour of the ebb-tide.

We hauled the dingey aboard, placed her athwart midships, and went out over the bar riding some rollers that made Frank and Ben open their eyes and look wistfully toward the party tramping the beach. We kept about a mile from shore, and as the wind began to freshen had a delightful sail. We soon sighted the inlet of Lake Worth, and as we drew near its rocky mouth the breakers looked somewhat alarming to Frank and Ben, and dampened their enthusiasm for the time. The wind had now veered round to the south-west, and we were sailing close-hauled, giving the boys their first taste of ocean spray. Frank, who had been trolling, here drew in a king-fish weighing some twenty pounds or more.

The inlet to Lake Worth is through an opening in the beach bluff, running due east and west, some fifty yards wide and of about the same length. From its north side is a long ledge of black rocks running out into the sea, and trending toward the south-east about one hundred and fifty yards, on which the breakers dash and roar with tremendous fury, thus protecting the inlet proper from the sea. This ledge runs at an acute



angle with the beach south of the inlet, with an opening between the end of the reef and the beach of about a hundred yards, though the channel is scarcely one-fifth of that distance in width. The tides rush in and out through this narrow passage with great force and swiftness, and it will be at once apparent that one must make the run in on the flood, and out on an ebb-tide.

We sailed down below the ledge, came about, and went in on the port tack with the wind abeam. At about seventy-five yards from the end of the ledge the channel turns suddenly to the west, through the inlet proper into the lake; and in making this turn Dye put down the helm of the *Hero* too soon, causing her to run on a submerged reef making out from the shore. Dye made the mistake by a wrong calculation in regard to the tides. When we left Jupiter on the last of the ebb, Mr. Armour informed us that we would reach Lake Worth after the turn of the tide, and go in on the young flood. As it was, we had made the sail of ten miles in little more than an hour, being half an hour ahead of time; consequently there was not water enough at low tide where the *Hero* stuck to carry her over the reef, the channel being a few yards farther to the north.

Dye and Sandlin immediately sprang overboard and towed her off into the channel and so into the lake, for the tide was still running out, and the water was not over four feet deep, even in the channel. This is a style of navigation frequently practiced at Lake Worth Inlet, and is called "shirt-tailing." Seeing their mistake, I followed the channel, but as I made the turn to the west we came under the lee of a group of palmettos on the south shore of the inlet, which shut off the wind. The sail shaking, the *Blue Wing* lost her headway, and soon began mak-

ing sternway toward the reef of rocks outside, both wind and tide carrying her in that direction, where she would soon have been knocked to pieces by the breakers. I was about to order Frank and Ben to let go both anchors, when we could have safely waited for the tide to begin to make, but, in imitation of Dye and Sandlin, they both jumped overboard and towed her into the lake, and around into a sandy bight just above the inlet. After the turn of the tide, I pointed out a school of sharks in the inlet to Frank and Ben, saying:

"If you had seen those customers, boys, I don't think you would have gone overboard without orders."

"Golly, Ben!" exclaimed Frank, "just fancy one of those fellows taking four pounds of veal out of the calf of your leg at one bite!"

It was noon before the tramps arrived. They were quite fagged and wished they had come by water, until Frank told them of our experience in running the inlet, whereupon they seemed more reconciled to their walk, especially as they had picked up some beautiful shells and other marine curiosities. Frank further told them that in towing the *Blue Wing* into the lake, he and Ben were compelled to carry the setting-poles to drive off the sharks, which, he said, swarmed around them by hundreds, and in proof of his assertion he took them to the inlet and showed them the sharks still swimming there. He even pointed out one big fellow that had made a grab at his leg, and tried hard to make the boys see where he had jabbed him with a pole, "just over the left shoulder." Of course the boys did not know then that the sharks came in with the tide.

Some months later, on our return, Frank and I run these inlets alone with a heavy sea and a strong south-east wind, but

as the wind was aft it did not matter much. We tied the two setting poles together in the form of an X, and towed them astern as a drag, which prevented the sea from breaking over our counter. Frank was quite sea-sick during the passage, but I roused him up as we entered Jupiter Inlet, where I needed his assistance in jibing at the turn in the channel. We went in on three immense rollers, which Frank said were as "high as a house." They were at least high enough to give me a good view of the channel for a long distance ahead when mounted on the top of one.

A scull-lock fitted to the stern is highly important in running these inlets, for very often while on the summit of a wave or roller the rudder will be entirely out of water, rendering the craft for the time being unmanageable, with great danger of her "broaching to," or getting into the trough; but when steering with a long oar in the scull-lock this difficulty is avoided. I have been somewhat minute, with a risk of being tedious, in the description of the route from Jupiter to Lake Worth; but my excuse must be that tourists or sportsmen seldom go to Lake Worth, as the boatmen do not like to risk their boats outside; and, further, a detailed description of the country below Jupiter has never before been published, so far as I know.

Lake Worth is a fine sheet of water, twenty miles long, and from a fourth to two miles wide. It runs north and south, parallel with the sea-shore, from which it is separated by a strip of land varying in width from a hundred yards to half a mile. Originally it was a fresh-water lake, but since the cutting of the inlet has become, of course, salty. The head of the lake, near the inlet, is quite shallow, with numerous shoals, snags, and old wrecks, which renders it imperative to follow the narrow chan-



nel, which runs from the inlet due north a few hundred yards, when it suddenly turns sou'-west, until the west side of the lake is reached at a point nearly opposite to the inlet; from thence there is plenty of water down the lake in any direction.

At the head of the lake is the Haulover of the inside route to Jupiter. Opposite the inlet is a good camping site at the mouth of a stream of good fresh water, abounding in black bass and bream. The west shore of the lake is level, and clothed with a pine forest all the way down to the foot or south end of the lake, where a large fresh creek empties its waters, having its source in the savannas bordering the Everglades, and through which, in seasons of high water, there is an inside route to Biscayne Bay.

The east shore is a continuous narrow hamak, with a remarkably rich, reddish-brown soil, similar to that of the Bahamas. It stands well above the lake, and is underlaid by coralline rock, which crops out all along the shore. The hamak is thickly wooded with palmetto, sweet-bay, crab-wood, Spanish ash, satin-wood, india rubber, stopple, live-oak, and other valuable timber. Crab-wood is especially desirable for ornamental purposes; it is of a rich, creamy-white color, with a dark, nearly black heart, and is similar in weight and density to *lignum-vitæ*, and is susceptible of as high a polish. Among the small trees and shrubs are the cocoa-plum, the sea-grape, myrtle, and the tropical paw-paw, or bread-fruit.



PAW-PAW.

The trees and shrubs are draped with luxuriant vines and creepers, which retard one's progress materially—especially the "wait-a-while,"

which trips up one's feet, catches one under the chin, ties one's legs together, and takes other entwining and affectionate liberties with one's person. This vine is so small and long, so slender and strong that it is not noticed until one is helplessly involved in its coils, when the quickest way out of the difficulty is to make a liberal use of the hunting-knife.

There is a strip of lowland lying between the hamaks of the lake and sea-shore which can be very easily drained, which consists of a deep, rich soil of inexhaustible fertility, that would be wonderfully productive of sugar-cane, bananas, and other plants requiring a rich, moist soil. The hamak land is eminently suited to the cultivation of pine-apples, cocoanuts, guavas, dates, limes, etc., while the pine land on the west shore, back from the lake and out of reach of the winds, would produce oranges, lemons, figs, pomegranates, tamarinds, and other tropical fruits.

The lake literally teems with fish of the finest flavor—pompano, blue-fish, sea-trout, sheephead, king-fish, and drum, together with the green turtle and crabs, while oysters are beginning to grow at the head of the lake. Among the pines on the west shore, and on the savannas bordering the Everglades, deer are quite plentiful, while bears, panthers, and wild cats are common in the thickets and brakes.

The settlement at Lake Worth is in the hamak on the east shore, and comprises some twenty-five families, mostly from the northern and western states, who exhibit an amount of pluck, thrift, and enterprise unusual in Florida. Finding the saw-grass route to Jupiter inadequate to their wants, they cut an inlet to the sea a mile or two below the present one, which, however, soon filled up with sand, despite their earnest efforts to keep it open. They then, at immense labor, cut the existing



inlet south of the rocky reef before mentioned, which bids fair to become a permanent one. They are making specialties of the culture of pine-apples, cocoanuts, and sugar-cane, and being practically below the frost-line, will be entirely successful in their undertaking.

Although the settlement was but two years old at our visit, there had been set out some twenty thousand young cocoanuts, together with many acres of pine-apples, guavas, sugar-cane, etc. Cocoanuts pay from three to ten dollars per tree a year, and the trees can be utilized at the same time, by judicious planting, as wind-breaks. Pine-apples or bananas are raised from shoots or suckers, which fruit in eighteen months from the time of planting. After fruiting, the old plant dies, and is succeeded by several new shoots, which in turn fruit the following season.

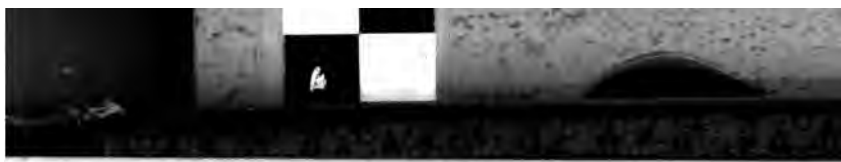
Ten thousand pine-apple plants are put on an acre of ground, and pay from \$500 to \$2,000 per year. One thousand banana plants to the acre pay from \$500 to \$1,000 per year. This, it will be seen, is as profitable as orange culture, and one begins to realize his income the second year from planting; while, in the case of an orange grove, one must wait from eight to ten years to begin to reap the benefits of his investment. Sugar-cane produces from one thousand to four thousand pounds of sugar, and three hundred to four hundred gallons of sirup per acre, and needs to be planted but once in five years, or longer, as the new canes sprout or "ratoon" from the old roots. During our stay we had green peas, green corn, beans, turnips, Irish potatoes, and tomatoes, while the sweet potatoes were by far the best that we had in Florida.

Lake Worth might truly be called a semi-tropical paradise;

the climate is simply delightful; its close proximity to the sea and its nearness to the gulf stream render it peculiarly fitted for the invalid, who is rapidly restored to health under the genial influences of the balmy and chlorinated breezes, which temper the heat of summer, and render the winter one continual season of spring and Indian summer. I was informed by the settlers that they suffered much less from the heat in summer than they did in their old homes, and, in fact, some of them preferred the summer season to the winters.

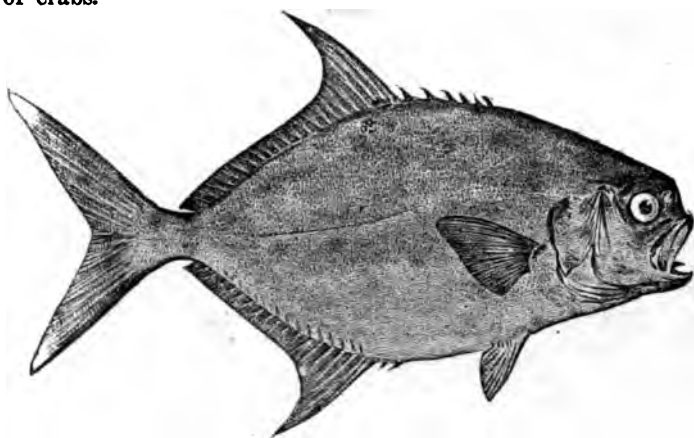
Among the settlers are Chas. Moore, an old sailor, and the first settler; Mr. Skoog, a Swede; Pat Lennon, an exiled Fenian; Messrs. Spencer, Dye, and Andrews, from New York State; Messrs. Dimmick, Gear, Moore, Bradley, Brown, and Pierce, of Illinois, and others. Mr. Chas. Moore has a grove of bearing cocoanuts, set out some thirty years ago. Mr. Moore has sailed round the world several times, and spent many years of his life on the Mediterranean; he thinks the climate of Lake Worth the finest in the world, even better than that of Southern Italy.

We made our first camp about two miles from the south end of the lake, on the west shore, near a clump of cabbage palmettos, and near a small brook of good water. It is a delightful camping spot, and we found plenty of game. One day Ed was picking up shells on the beach, walking with his head bent down nearly to his knees, when two deer approached within thirty yards of him, stamping and snorting at the strange object. We watched the proceeding from a distance, but Ed was so absorbed in his pursuit that he remained unconscious of the presence of the deer until Queen went rushing past him and alarmed them, when their whistling caused him to look up just in time to get a



glimpse of their white tails as they disappeared in the brush. We often saw deer come down to the edge of the lake near our camp.

In an hour's trolling we could always secure a dozen fine blue-fish, weighing from three to ten pounds each. Tiring of these it was only necessary to procure Captain Dimmick's seine, and make a haul or two for a supply of that most delicious of all fishes—the pompano—with perhaps a green turtle and a mess of crabs.



THE POMPANO—(*Trachynotus carolinus*).

Frank, one day, while deer hunting in the pine woods, shot a large rattlesnake, measuring over five feet in length, and four inches in diameter at the middle, which had swallowed a hare but a short time before; he had but four rattles and a button. This, with a small one killed on the St. Sebastian, were the only rattlesnakes we saw in Florida. Aquatic birds of many kinds are numerous about Lake Worth, among them, ducks, snipe, and plover. In the creek at the foot of the lake are hordes of



alligators, and some crocodiles. I saw a stuffed specimen of the latter in the possession of Mr. Pierce.

The alligator is one of the institutions of Florida. To most persons he is a repulsive and dangerous-looking reptile, but I rather like him. He is a familiar feature of the sub-tropical landscape, and is withal perfectly harmless if let alone, and will get out of one's way fast enough if given the chance; but when wounded or cornered, look out for him, and keep out of reach of his lively and powerful tail, for he is then an ugly customer, and "means business."

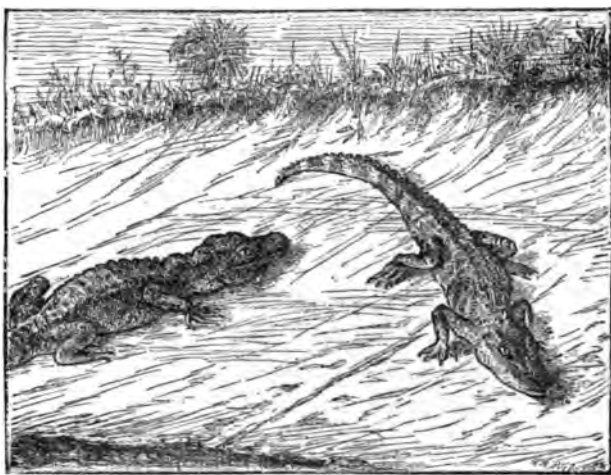


"OPEN FOR BUSINESS."

In the lonely fastnesses of a cypress swamp, with only the alligator for company, I have felt on terms of confidential fellowship with him, as he lay upon a bank, or floated noiselessly with only the top of his small skull and wicked eyes above the water, silently watching me. And his eye is the only ugly feature about him—snaky, treacherous, and malevolent.



I have hid myself in the saw-grass or saw-palmetto, bordering a placid pool in Southern Florida, where alligators do most abound, and by making a peculiar, grunting noise, have seen a score of heads silently appear above the surface of the water and swim noiselessly toward me; but upon the least movement on my part they would instantly disappear, without leaving a ripple to mark their course.



"A PAIR OF 'GATORS."

Paddling along a quiet stream—and all streams in Florida are quiet, however swift—they can be seen lying motionless on the banks and sand spits, sunning themselves, and slipping and sliding into the water as one gets nearer, without the least noise or confusion, and as silently sink out of sight. But it is rather startling to have a big fellow, who has just discovered you as you get abreast of him, come crashing and floundering through the brush and saw-grass, and plunge into the water, not twenty feet from your boat, with a noise and commotion like the fall of a

large tree from the bank. These are the big ones that are always fifteen or twenty feet long—but if measured with the tape-line they would not exceed twelve feet.

An alligator is easily killed by a well-directed shot, if put in the right place, but he will stand a good deal of indiscriminate shooting. Just back of the eye, and close behind the fore leg are the vulnerable points. Immediately back of the eye is a slight depression, or flat space, at right angles with the top of his flat skull, and a bullet fairly planted there is instantly fatal. If one is above and behind him, the only vulnerable spot is where the skull joins the neck.

The alligator lives upon fish, turtles, snakes, and wild fowl, to which diet he adds, for reasons best known to himself, pine-knots and cypress-knees. He is especially fond of dogs, pigs, and calves; and young alligators who are strangers to him he takes in like a Christian. In his throat, or gular region, under the lower jaw, are two small slits, the mouths of the musk glands. The odor of the secretion is similar to that of the muskrat, but stronger.

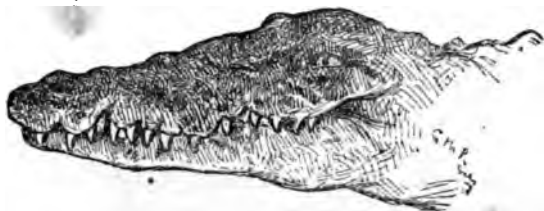
The nest of the alligator resembles somewhat a large muskrat house, and is formed in a similar manner, of grass, leaves, brush, and muck. In the center of this the female lays from twenty to forty, sometimes more, whitish, oblong eggs, an inch or more in diameter and three or four inches long. The female is frequently seen lying on top of the nest, but the heat generated by the decomposition of the heap is sufficient to hatch the eggs.

The bull alligators have regular pitched battles in the spring of the year, in which they engage, "tooth and toe-nail," and with a liberal use of their powerful tails. The bellow of the alligator is a harsh, hoarse, jarring, and discordant sound, which can be heard for a long distance. They are very active in water, but



clumsy and awkward upon land. When wounded they will put to blush the best efforts of the most finished acrobat. The flesh of the alligator is red and clean-looking, and when well boiled is said to be somewhat palatable, though fishy in taste. The natives often feed their dogs and hogs boiled 'gator meat.

In addition to the alligator (*Alligator mississippiensis*), a true crocodile (*Crocodilus Americanus*) is found in Southern Florida. A number have been killed on the tributaries of Biscayne Bay, and at the lower end of Lake Worth. The illustration represents the head of an old "grandfather" crocodile killed at the head of Biscayne Bay.



"GRANDFATHER."

To the casual observer there is no apparent difference between the Florida alligator and crocodile, but upon closer observation it will be seen that the head of the crocodile is somewhat narrower and longer, and that the long canine teeth of the lower jaw project through holes in the upper jaw, while in the alligator these holes are only blind pits, into which the lower teeth fit.

The crocodile likewise has a ridge of projecting scales along the outer surface of the hind legs, which scales are absent in the alligator. The hind feet of the crocodile are also webbed nearly to the toes, which is not the case with the alligator, the web being much shallower. The crocodile grows to a larger size, usually, than his congener, though they are similar in habits.

A few days after our arrival at Lake Worth, Sandlin and his passenger started back to Jupiter and Indian River, Sandlin sailing the *Hero* and the passenger walking the beach. The wind, which had been west, backed up to the nor'east soon after the *Hero* put to sea, and began blowing hard. Sandlin attempted to put back, and by some means the mainsail jibed suddenly, twisting off the rudder head. Although the boat was fitted up with a scull-lock at the stern, Sandlin carried no oar, having carelessly left both oar and anchor on Lake Worth; consequently the gallant little *Hero* was beached and knocked to pieces during the night by a heavy norther, a sacrifice to carelessness and stupidity.



## CHAPTER IX.

Off again.—A long tramp.—A romantic young man.—A pirate's cave.—Life-Saving Station No. 3.—Steve Andrews.—The Florida hog as fish and game.—Wild oranges and flowers.—A Spanish wreck.—“Bully buoy.”—Boca Ratone.—A palmetto camp.—Subsisting on the country.—Camp cookery.—Scrambled cocoanut.—Lost timber.—Hillsboro' Inlet.—Treasures of the sea.—Life-Saving Station No. 4.—Wash Jenkins.—New River.—Large fish.—Lo, the poor Indian.—A sail up New River.—A pedestrian match.—Life-Saving Station No. 5.—Biscayne Bay.—Fish, turtle, and sponge.—The Southern peninsula.—Peculiar formation.—Semi-tropical fruits.—Komptie.—A perfect climate.—The Everglades.—Indian hunting grounds.—The settlers.—Seminoles.—Florida Keys.—Homeward bound.—A safe voyage.—Back in “Old Kaintuck.”—*L'envoi*.



E remained on the charming shores of Lake Worth two weeks, hunting, fishing, and visiting the settlers. The boys had now become quite stout, hearty, and rugged, and proposed to walk to Biscayne Bay, instead of sailing, as we found that tramping the beach was a mode of traveling quite common between the two places, and we were assured that the journey would be quite interesting, and that many rare shells and valuable marine curiosities could be picked up on the beach. The distance is about sixty miles from the lower end of Lake Worth, with three life-saving stations between, where we could sleep and procure the necessary provisions. Only Frank, Ben, and myself

decided to make the trip, as the others were so well satisfied with Lake Worth that they concluded to remain there until our return.

Accordingly, about four o'clock on the afternoon of February 22nd, we set out, lightly equipped for the journey, carrying only a poncho and a pair of bankets each, with a small camping ax, some fishing lines, and our hunting knives and pistols; in the use of the latter the boys were quite expert, as, alas! most Kentuckians are. We were accompanied by Walter L——, a young farmer from Ohio, who had arrived at Lake Worth a few days previous, on his way to Biscayne Bay. He was a well-informed young man, with rather a romantic turn of mind, and was looking for a location where he could realize his dreams of a life in a tropical clime.

Two miles below Lake Worth, just over the beach bluff, we found a small lake of good water, near the edge of a little hamak; and under the bluff, near the lake, was a roomy, rocky cave, suggestive of pirates and buccaneers to Walter, who searched it thoroughly for doubloons and Spanish milled dollars. He found nothing, however, but an owl and a colony of bats. Three miles farther on is United States Life-Saving Station No. 3, kept by Mr. Stephen Andrews, where we put up for the night.

These stations, of which there are five on the south-east coast of Florida, are all built upon the same plan. They are constructed of wood, with a broad veranda, running entirely around the building, formed by the projecting roof, which slopes upward from the four sides in true tropical style. There are four rooms below, with a large, airy loft-room above; in the latter are some twenty iron cots, with mattresses, bedding, and a supply of

clothing, and such provisions as salt pork and beef, hard-tack, coffee, sugar, etc., all in sealed packages, and only to be used in cases of the direst necessity, for the relief of shipwrecked mariners. Each station is provided with two life-boats, a large one and a small one, and other appliances for rendering assistance to wrecked vessels.

This was the first night we had slept under a roof for two months; and, though the large windows at each end were open, with a fresh breeze blowing through, it seemed "cabin'd, cribb'd, and confin'd." After breakfast we took a look around the premises, and admired Mr. Andrews' garden, hogs, and poultry, in which he takes great delight.

The Florida hog is put up on much the same model as some of our fishes: semi-elliptical in outline, an elongated head, and a body much compressed and keeled on both edges; add to this four long legs, a corkscrew tail, and a liberal supply of black bristles, and we have an animal especially designed for navigating the palmetto scrub. The meat, however, is very sweet, with a wild, or gamy flavor, quite unlike our northern pork, with its unctuous, pig-sty savor. In a hamak, near the station, is a wild orange grove, where we procured some bitter-sweets, to quench our thirst during the day.

We resumed our tramp, at ten o'clock, on the grass above the beach, where were acres of pink and white verbenas, and yet some people tell us there are no flowers in Florida, simply because they have made the astonishing discovery of that thread-bare historical fact that Florida does not mean "Land of Flowers," but that it was so named because Ponce de Leon discovered the peninsula on Palm Sunday, which is called in Spanish *Pascua Florida*.



We soon came to the wreck of a fine Spanish brig upon the beach, which had been stripped of her copper, cordage, and chains by the wreckers. Her figure-head was a beautiful woman in flowing white robes, with a scroll in her left hand, while her right hand pointed seaward. A short distance farther on we found a large iron buoy, of the shape and size of an ordinary aeronaut's balloon, which had parted from its moorings on some reef, and had been washed ashore. Walter clambered to the top, and, by right of discovery, planted on its summit a flag of old sail-cloth, on which, with a pigment of iron rust and charcoal, Frank inscribed, in glowing capitals, "Bully Buoy." Having walked quite slowly, gathering shells, corals, sea-beans, etc., and having made frequent rambles through the scrub, it was four o'clock before we reached Boca Ratone, ten miles from the station.

At "Buggery Tone," as it is called by the settlers, there is a bold escarpment of rocks running out into the sea, and over the ridge is a stream of fresh water, probably a branch of the Hillsboro' River. There was at one time an inlet at this point, but it is now closed. As the clouds had an appearance of rain, we decided to camp for the night. We soon built a palmetto hut, and began making provision for supper. Ben struck out down the stream, and in less than an hour, returned with a yearling doe, which he had shot with a Colt's navy pistol. He spied her feeding toward him on a small open space near the water, and concealed himself in the brush until she approached within twenty yards of him.

With some "fiddlers" from the beach for bait, I caught a mess of black bass and bream from the creek. The venison was broiled upon the coals, and the fish were wrapped in pieces of wet sail-

cloth, picked up on the beach, and cooked in the hot ashes. As we had brought a supply of biscuits from the station, we made a good supper and breakfast, though we missed our coffee. Palmetto leaves did service as table-cloth, plates, and platters; and we roasted the "cabbage," or terminal bud, of a young palmetto in the ashes, but it was not good—boiled, it is quite palatable.

We had picked up some fresh cocoanuts on the beach, and, after supper, Walter said he was going to have a tropical dish for his breakfast—a boiled cocoanut. Accordingly, after cutting a hole through one of the eyes of the nut, he filled it with the juice of a wild orange and some water, and set it in hot ashes, where, he said, it would be cooked by morning. In a short time, however, it "boiled over," when, after moving it to a cooler place in the ashes, he turned in. Frank then whittled out a stout plug, and drove it into the eye of the cocoanut, which he then removed to a hot place in the fire, and shortly afterward the rest of us turned in. It was not long before there was a loud pop, with a scattering of fire-brands, while Queen began barking vigorously.

"What is that?" exclaimed Walter.

"Scrambled cocoanut!" answered Frank; "a favorite dish among the South Sea Islanders."

"Eat it while it's hot, Walter," chimed in Ben; "it will be desiccated cocoanut by morning."

We left Boca Ratone early the next morning, and scattered along the beach we saw many huge squared logs of pine, some of them nearly a hundred feet long; one mahogany log was four feet square and twenty feet in length, and some logs of Spanish cedar were nearly as large. This timber had floated away from vessels wrecked along the coast. We reached

Hillsboro' River Inlet, five miles from Boca Batone, which we crossed in a boat belonging to Mr. Andrews, who had directed us where to find it. On the small bay inside the inlet is a deserted palmetto shanty, and a well of good water.

Between Hillsboro' and New rivers, some eighteen miles, the beach is broad and level, and at low tide the walking on the wet sand is excellent. We found a number of "sun-shells," a beautiful little oblong bivalve, with alternate rays of pink and white, and some fine and perfect specimens of the nautilus, or argonaut. Many beautiful varieties of algæ are washed up on this smooth beach with each tide. We also found skate's eggs, trunk fishes, sea-horses (*Hippocampus*), sea-urchins, star-fishes, sea-craw fish, conch spawn, or sea-necklaces, etc., and many varieties of conchs and other shells.

We arrived at Station No. 4, nine miles from Hillsboro' River, at two o'clock. Mr. Jenkins has charge of this station, which is on a strip of beach separating New River from the sea. The river landing is but a few hundred yards back of the station, and is eight miles above the inlet or mouth of the river. Two miles below is the site of old Fort Lauderdale, where there is a flourishing grove of cocoa palms. New River is a fine stream, which divides into several branches opposite to the station; at its mouth crevallé are taken with grains to the weight of thirty or forty pounds each, which are smoked and dried, and are superior in flavor to smoked halibut. We found an Indian at the landing, on his way up stream in his canoe after plumes of egrets, pink curlews, etc. Frank seemed much interested in him, and examined his rifle, powder-horn, and knife very minutely, and tried to trade him out of his buckskin moccasins and leggins.

Mr. Jenkins sailed us in his canoe a few miles up the main

branch of the river, to the crossing of the old military trail from Fort Capron to Fort Dallas on Biscayne Bay, where we landed and walked a few miles to some fine hamaks between New River and Snake Creek, where he endeavored to induce Walter to locate. On our return I shot a number of ducks with Jenkins' gun, and had a shot at a bear on shore, but he got away.

Next morning Mr. Jenkins sailed us down to the mouth of the river, and put us ashore on the south side of the inlet, to continue our tramp, Frank offering to bet that he could walk



A SEMINOLE.

a thousand yards in a thousand seconds, with no takers. At six o'clock in the afternoon we reached Station No. 5, twenty-two miles from Mr. Jenkins'. This station is in charge of Mr. Barnott, and is on a tongue of land separating Biscayne Bay from the ocean. Ten miles below is the light-house on Cape Florida, at the entrance to the bay. On the following morning we proceeded to the landing, a quarter of a mile from the station, and Mr. Barnott sailed us eight miles across the bay to Fort Dallas at the mouth of Miami River.

Biscayne Bay is a beautiful sheet of water, some thirty miles in length, and from three to ten miles wide ; it is continuous with Card's Sound and Barnes' Sound on the south-west, and like them is inclosed by the chain of keys running from Cape Florida to Key West. The bay is entered through channels running between the keys, the principal ones being Bear Cut and Narrows Cut, opposite Mianii, through which vessels drawing not to exceed ten feet can enter at high tide.

There is a route inside the keys to Key West, the distance being a hundred and fifty miles, and the smallest boats can make the sail in safety. Biscayne Bay abounds in fish of many varieties, including the barracuda (*Sphyræna*), and the tarpon, the latter often weighing one or two hundred pounds. There are oysters of excellent flavor, and the green turtle is at home in these waters. The rocky bottom along the reefs and banks abound with sponges, which are gathered at certain seasons, and form quite an important article of commerce. A number of streams empty into the bay, the largest being Miami River ; at the north end are Arch and Snake Creeks, and in the lower portion are Hall's and Snapper Creeks.

The southern portion of Florida, unlike all other peninsulas, has no central elevation, or back-bone, sloping to the edges ; on the contrary, the elevations are on the borders, or shore boundaries, while the interior is a vast, shallow basin, containing Lake Okechobee and the Everglades ; the formation being somewhat similar to certain coral islands, though the dip or angle of the rocks along the shore strip indicates an uplift or upheaval, probably the result of volcanic action. Along Biscayne Bay the elevated strip of land between the bay and the Everglades is from two to twelve miles in width, and consists of very rocky

pine land, with occasional hamaks of the usual varieties of timber, including magnolia, gum-limbo, iron-wood, mastic, etc.

The rock is a soft coralline limestone, which can be sawn into blocks for building purposes, and which rapidly hardens upon exposure to the atmosphere. While the soil is too rocky to admit of general cultivation, certain tropical products seem to thrive wonderfully well, especially pine-apples, limes, and coconuts. It seems to be the natural home of the lime, for there are some wild groves that are exceedingly productive; while the pine-apple, being somewhat of an air plant in its nature, will grow vigorously when planted in a hole in the rock; indeed, on Key Largo, which is in a manner all rock, a Mr. Baker has some twenty acres in pine-apples, which yield him a large income yearly.

This soft rock is rather an advantage than otherwise, for as it becomes disintegrated and pulverized it mixes with the sand and vegetable matter, forming a soil peculiarly adapted to the growth of semi-tropical plants. On the pine land is an undergrowth of sago palm or Indian arrow-root, called "komptie," from which, by a very simple process, is manufactured a commercial starch or farina, which resembles very closely that of the Bermuda arrow-root. Sisal hemp also grows abundantly, while the castor-oil plant here becomes perennial. In the hamaks, oranges, lemons, dates, guavas, plantains, bananas, sapadillas, maumee and sugar apples, etc., are cultivated with success.

But the most desirable feature of Biscayne Bay is its wonderfully equable and pleasant climate. Its situation, between the 25th and 26th degrees of latitude, about the same as Nassau, N. P.; its close proximity to the Gulf Stream; its insular character; the constant influence of the trade winds; the absence

of malaria—render it the most genial and delightful climate for invalids in America, and perhaps in the world. The thermometer throughout the year shows an average temperature of 75 degrees, with a minimum of 51 degrees, and a maximum of 92 degrees. It is cooler in summer than any other portion of Florida, and in fact the thermometer does not range so high as in New York city. It is peculiarly adapted for, and at no distant day will become, a popular health resort, or sanitarium, for those afflicted with bronchial or pulmonary affections, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, nervous exhaustion, etc. The best route, especially for invalids, is by steamer via Key West.

But it is not for the invalid alone that this region has attractions and advantages, but for the tourist, the sportsman, the lover of adventure, and the settler as well. The country from Miami to Cape Sable is known as the Indian Hunting Grounds, and abounds in game of all kinds common to the climate, and where it roams almost undisturbed. The Everglades will always retain its present state of wildness, and thus furnish a safe retreat for game animals, where they will multiply and increase in spite of the advance of civilization.

The singular and wonderful region known as the Everglades is not, as is popularly supposed, an impenetrable swamp, exhaling an atmosphere of poisonous gases and deadly miasma, but a charming, shallow lake of great extent, with pure and limpid waters from a few inches to several feet in depth, in which grow curious water-grasses and beautiful aquatic plants; while thousands of small islands, from a few rods to a hundred acres in extent, rise from the clear waters, clothed with never-ending verdure and flowers; while cypress and crab-wood, sweet-bay and palmetto, cocoa-plum and cocoa-palm, water and live-oaks,

grow in tropical profusion, and rear aloft their emerald banners, from which depend garlands and festoons of innumerable vines and air plants, gorgeous with bloom of every hue, and exhaling the sweetest fragrance. Between the Everglades and the elevated shore ridge is a strip of very rich prairie or savanna, averaging a half mile in width, but which is dry during a portion of the year only, when it affords good pasturage for cattle.

There are some twenty-five residences scattered along Biscayne Bay, within a distance of twenty-five miles. Old Fort Dallas, at the mouth of Miami River, is now called Miami, where there is a store and post-office kept by J. W. Ewan and Chas. Peacock; they occupy the officers quarters and offices of the old garrison, which are yet in good condition, being built of stone. There are some fine groves of cocoanuts, oranges, lemons, limes, and guavas. On the opposite or south bank of the river are the store and residence of W. B. Brickell, and the winter home of Mrs. Gilbert. Eight miles up the bay is the post-office called Biscayne, the residence of W. H. Hunt, superintendent of the life-saving stations of the south-east coast of Florida. Between the two places named are the homes of Dr. Potter, Judge Falkner, Messrs. Clark, Sturdevant, and others, while below the river are the settlements of Messrs. Rhodes, Jenkins, Jack Peacock, Pentz, Hubell, Seibold, and many others, and twenty miles below, on the Perrine Grant, in the Hunting Grounds, is the well cultivated hamak of Mr. John Addison. The settlers follow the various employments, at times, of planting, hunting, fishing, starch-making, turtling, sponging, and wrecking.

The Indians, a remnant of the once powerful Seminoles, are few in number and are very peaceable, seldom coming into the settlements. Those that we saw were splendid specimens of the



race; tall, symmetrical, and very straight, with clean, sinewy limbs, and good features. They shave their heads as high as the tops of the ears, and braid the top lock into a long plait which they coil around the crown. The head-dress is composed of a number of bright colored shawls wound around the head in the manner of a turban, looking for all the world like a gaily painted cheese with a hole in the center to fit the head. Old Tiger Tail, the principal chief, is said to be still living in their village, in the Big Cypress Swamp, near the Everglades.

We spent our time very agreeably on Biscayne Bay and in the vicinity, hunting, fishing, exploring, and sailing among the Keys. We returned to Lake Worth, embarked on the *Blue Wing*, and sailed back to Titusville, camping by the way, which place we reached on April 27th, just four months after our departure from that place. I sold the *Blue Wing* for the same price I had paid for her, and we took passage on the steamer *Volusia* at Lake Harney for Jacksonville, where we arrived on the first of May, and on the third of May we arrived in "Ole Kaintuck."

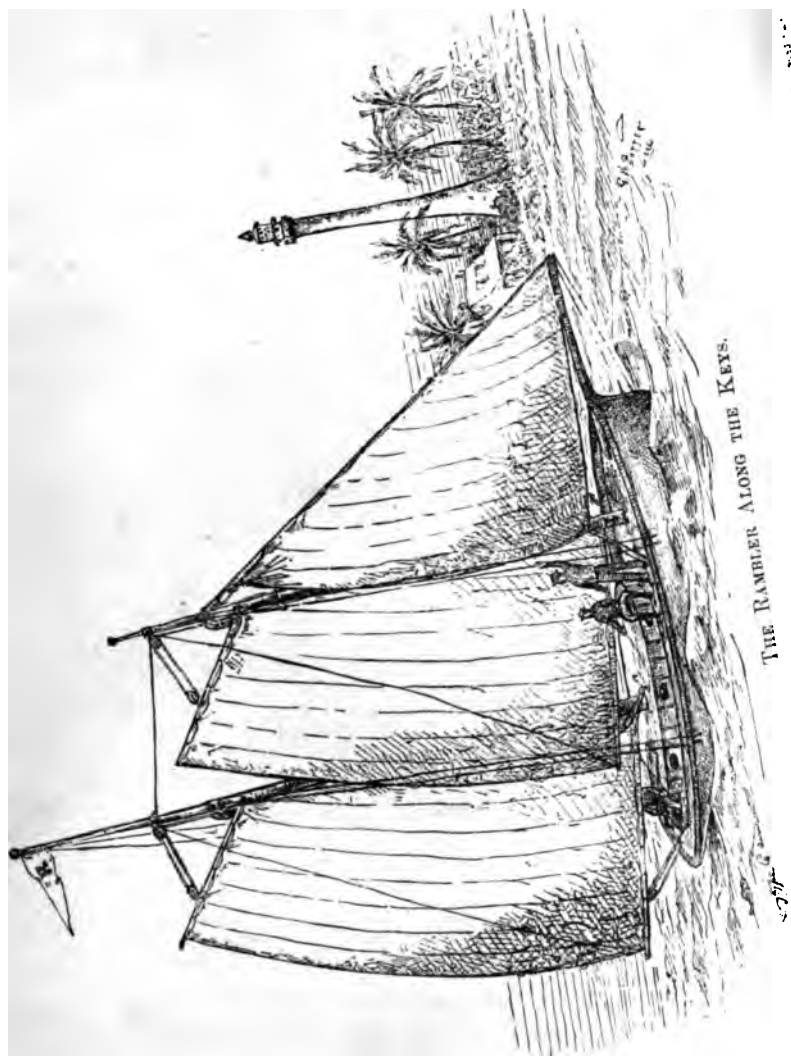
The boys recovered their health completely, and up to this time have retained the twenty or thirty pounds avoirdupois which they each gained in Florida. They are all more than satisfied with their trip and experience, and some of them will probably return to that sunnyland for a permanent home. Ben brought home quite a varied collection of walking canes, of which he is quite proud. Frank, who took a great fancy to sailing, will never be satisfied away from blue water; he was my "main-stay" aboard the *Blue Wing*, and I can say of him, as was said of Prince Hal, he is "a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy."



CRUISE  
OF THE  
RAMBLER







# CRUISE OF THE RAMBLER.

## CHAPTER X.

Off for Florida.—Jacksonville.—Up the St. Johns.—Salt Lake.—*Vale*, the railroad; *voilà*, the mules.—Sellers *redivivus*.—Oh, Ichabod.—Tribulations of an English naturalist.—Rockledge.—A Christmas *feu de jote*.—Land sharks.—Eau Gallie.—Christmas and green corn.—St. Sebastian River.—Again, "Cabbage Camp."—How to dress a coot.—Black bears and feminine strategy.—A heavy fish on a light rod.—The "Rambler."—*Personnel* of the crew.—The voyage around the peninsula.—Beginning of the cruise.—Jack drops into poetry.—Up the St. Sebastian.—The "cut-off."—How they played it on Squire.—The Indian ambush.—Scared out of his wits.—Jack's revenge.—A blue atmosphere.



URING the autumn of 1881, I matured my plans for a long-contemplated cruise around the coast of Florida. As my wife's health had been failing for a year past, I determined to take her with me, knowing from past experience that a short time spent in the land of perpetual summer would rapidly restore the bloom to her cheeks, brightness to her eyes, and vigor to her body.

Accordingly, about the middle of December, my wife and I arrived at Jacksonville, Fla., on our way to Indian River. Proceeding to that model hotel, the Windsor, we were at once made comfortable by the *débonair* Orvis, who has that happy, peculiar

and inborn faculty of making every one feel at home. Here I found my friend Jordan, of Texas, who had arrived several days previously. The weather was warm and pleasant, and Jacksonville never looked more lovely. The grand old water-oaks along the streets never looked so stately, while the gardens were never more profuse of bloom, nor more redolent of fragrance. I found my genial friend, Dr. C. J. Kenworthy, as busy, as courteous, and as enthusiastic as ever.

We left Jacksonville with regret, and embarked on the little steamer *Volusia*, on which I had made a trip to the head waters of the St. Johns, three years before. Of course I was at once at home with her versatile and ubiquitous master, Captain Lund, who never seems to sleep, and who seems to be in every part of the boat at one and the same time. Our sail up the St. Johns was made exceedingly pleasant by the company of Mr. N. H. Bishop, the famous canoeist, and his wife, of Lake George, N. Y.

Arriving at Salt Lake, two hundred and seventy-five miles south of Jacksonville, we found the old wooden tramway, connecting Salt Lake with Titusville, a thing of the past. Its pine rails were decayed, its rolling-stock had vanished, but its motive power, "the mules," stood calmly and meditatively, harnessed to "thimble and skein" wagons, wagging their ears and whisking their mop-like tails in the same old fashion, as who should say: Railroads may come and go, but we go on forever. As soon as the boat landed, a man hailed me from the wharf-house, whom I recognized at once as my old "cracker" friend, Tom Sellers, of St. Sebastian River.

"Hev you got that long range scatter-gun with you this time—ah?" asked Tom.

This was in allusion to my twelve-gauge Parker, with which I had killed a deer on the St. Sebastian, three years before, at considerably more than a hundred yards.

"Yes, Tom, but the least said about that the better. I have already incurred the everlasting displeasure, withering scorn, and virtuous condemnation of the Great American "Still-Hunter" for that unlucky feat, and I don't intend straining my gun by any more such shots."

Eight miles of sandy road through the pine woods brought us to Titusville, where we were warmly welcomed by Colonel Nichols, of the Titus Hotel. Titusville was but a shadow of its former self. I missed its leading spirits. Colonel Titus was dead; S. J. Fox had gone to pastures new. Oh, Ichabod! Ichabod! Its streets were deserted, and several of its stores burnt down, its long pier dilapidated, and its railroad crumbling away.

"What is the matter with Titusville?" I inquired of a boatman leaning against a fence, whittling.

"Rockledge has got the bulge on us," answered he, without looking up.

The hotels, however, are still alive, and the stores of Messrs. Dixon, Moore, Weger, and Smith still keep up a good show of business. But I missed the old-time bustle and excitement of "Sandpoint." Mr. Weger and his son are doing all in their power to promote the welfare of the place; the former was erecting a new store-building, or "block," and the latter had founded a weekly paper, the *Florida Star*. Much is expected from the new railroad, now in course of construction, from Palatka to Indian River. The Lund House is well kept by Mr.



Carlisle, and the Titus Hotel was never so ably managed as it is now by Colonel Nichols, formerly of the Windsor of Jacksonville, and the Kimball of Atlanta. Titusville will always be a favorite resort for the sportsman on account of its contiguous hunting grounds.

I found the schooner *Rambler*, in which we were to make our cruise around the peninsula of Florida, not quite finished in her cabin accommodations, but they were being rapidly pushed to completion by her energetic skipper and the available force at his command. However, with the pleasant company of Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Mayor, of Austin, Minn., Mr. C. L. Jordan, and other guests of the hotel, the time passed pleasantly. There were several young men from Cazenovia, N. Y., who had gone into camp just above the village, where they were building a boat while waiting for their leader and guide, Mr. Card, of "rotary trap" fame. Captain Burnham, of Cape Canaveral Light-house, was over for a few days with his fine sloop *Osceola*. I found that the quality and accommodations of the boats of Indian River were vastly improved since my visit three years before, and that my prediction in reference to the introduction of the sharpie had been verified. Skippers Hammon, Bowers, Hendrickson, and Richards have now fine boats of this model of from seven to ten tons, which are admirably adapted to these shallow waters.

Among the guests of the hotel was an English naturalist, whose daily occupation was the collecting of bird-skins. His room was a chamber of horrors to the servants, who had a decided antipathy to arsenic and other "pizons," and the peculiar odors of his apartment. The last straw was piled on, one day, when he brought in several turkey-buzzards; there was then

great danger of his being "boycotted" by the entire retinue. He said to me one day :

"I could get more birds, ye know, if I had a boat, ye know; but I cawn't sail myself, ye know, and I cawn't abide these blarsted boatmen, ye know."

There is a resident taxidermist at Titusville, Mr. Scrimageour, who is a genius in his way. He had some really fine specimens of mounted birds and mammals. He had just returned from a hunt in the scrub, where he killed five deer and a panther. While I was in his shop, a woman and a boy brought in a fresh panther's skin for sale; the boy had shot it. Mr. S. had a stock of the best fishing tackle for Florida waters that I had seen. His trolling-baits were not the insufficient pike or pickerel spoons usually sold, but substantial squids, and heavy block tin-spinners revolving their entire length on large and strong single hooks, such as are required for the large marine fish of these waters. Being an old New York angler, he knows what to provide for the wants of sportsmen in Florida.

The day before Christmas we went to Rockledge, twenty miles down the river, and were most hospitably entertained by Mr. Wilkinson, formerly of Richmond, Va. Mr. W. has purchased the orange grove and buildings formerly owned by Mr. Hatch, and has erected a fine roomy hotel, and though not entirely completed, we were, nevertheless, made quite comfortable. In the evening there was a Christmas tree for his pretty grandchildren, and a bonfire on the lawn.

The scene was a beautiful and romantic one; the long tongues of flame leaping upward, the myriad of sparks sailing through the broad green fronds of the palmettos, and the whole reflected and intensified on the placid bosom of Indian River formed a

spectacle both pleasing and grand. But even with the accompanying salvo of small arms, it was difficult to realize, on so balmy and pleasant a night, the air heavy with the fragrance of flowers and foliage, that it was a "Christmas" Jubilee. But, nevertheless, when the fire had burned down to a bed of glowing coals and embers, and we retired into the house, the benison of Tiny Tim found an echo in every heart: "God Bless Us Every One."

Rockledge had improved very much since my last visit. The orange groves were all now in full bearing—new houses, several stores, and a school-house had been built, and a wooden tramway was being constructed to Lake Poinsett, the head of navigation on the St. Johns, and but three miles distant, to which point a steamer made three trips a week from Sanford, connecting at the latter place with the De Bary line for Savannah. The produce of the lower country was being shipped by this route, and supplies brought back—all of which explained why Rockledge had "got the bulge on Sandpoint." Rockledge is remarkable as being one of the very few places in Florida where the people are not anxious to sell their homes. Her people are prospering and value their orange groves too highly to sell them even at tempting prices.

I would here caution the public against the many land agents and land swindles in Florida. Millions of acres of the poorest pine, scrub, and swamp lands are being extensively advertised in glowing colors and at low prices, but which are not worth the taxes paid on them. Beware of the man or company whose lands are represented to be high, dry, and rolling, and located in the "heart of the orange belt," and which are offered at ten or fifteen dollars an acre. It is all a delusion and a snare.

There are good lands in Florida suitable for the culture of sub-tropical fruits, early vegetables, etc., but they are not thus advertised for sale and can not be bought for a song. Good wine needs no bush. Good land in Florida, like good land in any other state, does not go begging for customers, and always commands a fair price. Where there is one acre of good soil in Florida there are a thousand acres of worthless land, so far as the culture of semi-tropical products is concerned. I feel constrained to say this on account of the many blighted hopes, disappointed ambitions, and impoverished purses laid up against the land swindlers, petty and grand, of Florida.

We spent Christmas Day (Sunday) very pleasantly at Rockledge with old friends, and on the next day sailed for Eau Gallie, where we arrived after nightfall, and found a Christmas hop in progress at "the college," in which we participated and had a most enjoyable time. There was a Christmas tree with a present for each guest. Bethel Stewart, of Merritt's Island, was the recipient of a large "gopher" (land tortoise), which had been swung up to one of the lower limbs of the tree. My present was a half-dozen roasting ears of green corn. Think of it—Christmas and green corn! We acknowledged the corn, however, and mingled in the mazy.

The next day we set sail for St. Sebastian River, passing Melbourne, on Crane Creek, and stopping a short time at Turkey Creek, where Charles Creech is still living in the cabin on the bluff, and is doubly happy, having taken unto himself a helpmeet since my last visit. We had a fair wind to Sebastian and sailed up to our old "Cabbage Camp," just above the mouth of the North Prong, a short distance above Mr. Kane's cabin on the main river. Here we jumped two deer within a hundred yards

of camp. Jordan and I took the dingey and our shot guns, and soon bagged a number of mallard and teal.

We saw a large flock of coots, or mud-hens, near the point of a small mangrove island, rounding which, they rose at forty yards, when we discharged two barrels each and picked up twenty-four coots. The skipper carried a dozen to Mr. Kane's family, while Jordan and I proceeded to dress the remainder. I gave him his choice, to take off the feathers or dress them; he chose the latter. I had the feathers off twelve coots before he had drawn three, and this is how to do it:

Chop off the wings close to the body with a hunting-knife, attach a loop of twine to the limb of a small tree, engage the head of a coot in the loop, make a circular incision around the neck, through the skin, then pull the skin with both hands down to the tail, where it is severed with one cut of the knife; cut off the legs at the tarsal joint, and the coot is ready for drawing, washing, and the pot.

The coots of Florida are very fat, the skin slipping off readily, and with the skin goes the oily, fishy flavor. When prepared in this way, and baked brown, coots are nearly as palatable as ducks, and are really preferred by many of the natives of that state.

These coots (*Fulica Americana*) must not be confounded with the surf-ducks (*Edemia*) of the New England coast, also called "coots."

One day my wife was left alone for a short time aboard the *Rambler*, which was moored close to the bank, to which a gang-plank extended. She was engaged in pressing ferns and wild flowers, when a noise in the scrub attracted her attention. Catching a glimpse of several large, black objects, her first

thought was "bears;" they were moving toward the boat. She is of delicate frame and nervous temperament, but "true grit." She succeeded in throwing the gang-plank overboard, and then procured a pail of hot water from the galley, and prepared to give them a warm reception. But her fears were soon quieted, as three of Kane's long-legged black hogs emerged from the scrub.

In the afternoon my wife and I went fishing. I took an eight-ounce rod and black bass tackle, that I had been using that morning up the creek, and rowed out into the bay, abreast of Kane's cabin. I put on a golden shiner, some six inches long, for bait, made a cast or two, when I got a tremendous "bite." The reel hummed like a buzz-saw, and the fish took twenty yards of line before I could check him. I found then that I had caught a Tartar. He towed the boat around as I played him, but occasionally would make another fierce rush, and take many yards of line. My wife was an anxious and excited spectator of the contest, for the fish was a very heavy one and my tackle light. The little rod bent nearly double under the undue strain, but at last I had him under control, within fifteen feet of the boat, where I held him until he was exhausted. Finally, after some twenty minutes had elapsed, I had him alongside.

I had no gaff hook, and no other way to land him. I took the snell of the hook in my left hand, and found that the hook was firmly imbedded in the angle of his jaw, the shank standing out at right angles. I stroked his golden sides as he lay calmly on the surface without moving a fin. It was a red-fish of fully thirty pounds. I then tried to insert my hand under his gill-cover, when he gave his head a sudden flirt, broke the hook in my hand, and slowly sank toward the bottom. I heard a deep sigh, turned my head, and saw my wife with clasped hands,

gazing with longing eyes at the slowly disappearing mass of red gold.

"It's too bad to lose him!" said she.

"My dear, we don't want him. I only hope he may live to give some brother angler as much sport as he gave me."

We spent two more weeks on Indian River and its tributaries, going down as far as Fort Capron and the inlet opposite, and had many delightful experiences, fishing, hunting, shooting, and collecting marine curiosities and botanical specimens, and feasting on fish, game, oysters, crabs, turtle, oranges, bananas, guavas, etc. As this was but an experimental or trial trip of the *Rambler*, we returned to Titusville. Mr. and Mrs. Bishop departed for Lake Worth, and Mr. and Mrs. Mayor and my wife, greatly improved in health, returned to Jacksonville and the north.

We now began our final preparations for our cruise around the coast to Cedar Key. Many of the boatmen on the river did not believe we were serious in our intentions, as a voyage around the peninsula had never been undertaken by any boat from that section. They were quite confident that we would proceed no farther than Jupiter or Lake Worth. Strange to say, though, there was not one to offer his services to sail the boat on this "big voyage," while for a run down to Jupiter, a dozen would have offered, whose knowledge of seamanship, from their own account, was adequate to the circumnavigation of the globe. The Lake Worth boatmen, however, who made occasional trips in the summer to Key Largo and Key West, were not so incredulous, but looked upon the enterprise with doubt and suspicion, and forebodings of evil and disaster. But our ardor was not to be dampened, nor our enthusiasm quenched by any

amount of blue water; and, if the *Rambler* held together, we had a crew that would not desert her.

The *Rambler* was a small five-ton schooner, thirty-four feet in length, ten feet beam, and drawing two feet aft; the bottom was half round, with a good clean bow, and stern cut away somewhat like the sharpie. She was strongly built, a good sailer, with a clean run, and, though rather slow with cruising rig, a dryer boat never plowed salt water. The cabin was quite roomy, eight by fifteen feet, with four and a half feet head room.

The crew consisted of the "Squire" and "Jack" of Connecticut, "Buck" of Texas, the "Skipper," myself, and "Cuff." Cuff was the Skipper's dog, a cross between setter and hound, and a good all-round dog on deer, turkey, and quail. The Skipper was to sail the *Rambler* as far as Jupiter, at the foot of Indian River, where I was to take command and sail her by chart, compass, and dead reckoning down the Atlantic coast to Key West, thence up the Gulf coast to Cedar Key. As I fully described Indian River and the country below in the "Cruise of the *Blue Wing*," I will not devote much space to that section in this log.

At length, on the morning of January 16th, 1882, with a south-east wind, and close-hauled, we departed from Titusville. As we went bounding along, Jack, who frequently "drops into poetry," when the occasion is fitting, stood upon the cabin roof and melodramatically exclaimed:

"Once more upon the waters! yet once more!  
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed  
That knows his rider. Welcome to the roar!"



His friend, the Squire, more matter-of-fact, and somewhat given to slang, said :

“ Oh, take a tumble, and give us a rest ! ”

But Jack, with the spirit strong upon him, and with “ the poet’s eye in fine frenzy rolling,” continued :

“ I am as a weed,

Flung from the rock, on Ocean’s foam to sail

Where ’er the surge may sweep, the tempest’s breath prevail.”

“ Well, my fine Jimpson weed, we’re coming about, and if you don’t step down and out the foreboom will fire you overboard like fat off a hot shovel,” remarked the Squire, while the Skipper sung out :

“ Avast, there ; belay your jaw-tackle and come aft ! Hard a-lee ! ”

Jack, in duty bound, tumbled aft.

He then filled and lighted his pipe, and watching the blue wreaths of smoke as they were borne rapidly astern, he soliloquized, still true to Byron :

“ Sublime tobacco ! which from east to west

Cheers the tar’s labor or the Turkman’s rest.”

Upon which Squire immediately responded :

“ Wipe off your chin and pull down your vest.”

Squire was so tickled at the immensity of this last effort, that Jack became thoroughly disgusted, put out his pipe, and rolled into his bunk.

We passed in succession Addison’s Point, Pine Island, Jones’ Point, Rocky Point, City Point, Oleander Point, and were soon abreast of Rockledge. That night we made St. Sebastian River.

We sailed up to the forks, then poled up the South Prong three or four miles. The following day Buck killed a yearling buck with his little 38-cal. Winchester.

The streams on the east coast of Florida are usually narrow and deep, with perpendicular banks, allowing a boat to lie close alongside. Our schooner was thus moored, with bow and stern lines, close to a big cypress tree, the stream being not more than forty feet wide. Within fifty yards, on the high bank, were the poles and deer-skin scaffolds of a recent Indian camp. Squire had a wholesome fear of Indians, whom we heard were now in the neighborhood on their annual winter deer hunt.

Just above the *Rambler*, the stream made a detour in the form of a loop, turning back on itself, so that for a short distance, near the schooner, the stream flowed in opposite directions, separated by a mere strip of land, but five yards in width at its narrowest point, and where there was a small connecting branch of water. The boys supposed the water to which this branch led to be a bayou or pond; but one day I discovered the true nature of it, and found that the loop or bend was upward of a half mile in extent. The banks being high and densely covered with trees, bushes, and vines, completely hid the schooner from the view of any one passing along the parallel portion of the stream.

I mentioned this peculiarity to Jack one day, who requested me not to "give it away," as he had now an opportunity to "play it" on Squire, who was then out in the pines hunting with Buck. Jack had been nursing his wrath to keep it warm for some time. For the next hour he and the Skipper were closely closeted in the cabin, their brains big with some scheme. They constructed a very passable figure of the body and head of an Indian—a stuffed calico shirt, with outstretched arms, and the

head surmounted by the peculiar turban worn by Florida Indians. This was carefully stowed away for future use.

That night the Skipper was telling of a small lake, formed by an expansion of the stream a mile above, which fairly teemed with black bass, ranging from ten to twenty pounds in weight. Of course, this was all pure fiction, but it served its purpose, for Squire, who was a zealous fisherman, was at once deeply interested. The Skipper described the place so minutely that one could not miss it. The next morning all but Squire had a great desire to kill a deer, so he started up the river alone in the *Waif*, the dingey, with a good supply of fishing tackle. He spoke of taking a gun, but Jack dissuaded him.

He was no sooner out of sight, around the bend in the river, than Jack and the Skipper took their guns, rifles and pistols, and the Indian dummy, got into the *Daisy*, a Stranahan canvas boat, and proceeded to the "cut off," passing into the upper stream half a mile ahead of Squire. They hauled their boat into the saw-grass in a sheltered cove not more than fifty yards from the *Rambler*, and waited for their victim. He was not long in coming, for he was anxious to reach the famous lake. Rowing along, admiring the sub-tropical beauties of the stream, the clumps of cabbage-palms, the green bay thickets, the moss-draped water-oaks, the profusion of vines and climbing shrubs, and impressed by the awe-inspiring and death-like stillness of stream and forest, he approached within fifty yards of the ambush.

Suddenly: Bang! Bang! Bang! Pop! Pop! Pop! Ping! Ping! Ping! belch forth the guns, pistols, and rifles of Jack and the Skipper, accompanied by a series of the most diabolic, demoniac, and unearthly yells, screams, and screeches that ever

issued from human throats, while the Indian dummy was raised aloft above the saw-grass, its arms waving wildly, and its body dancing and swinging about in a perfect frenzy of rage. Whang! Pop! Bang! went the guns. "Wough! Wough! Whoo-oop! Ya-hoo!" screamed the boys.

But the Squire, his eyes staring wildly at the whirling dummy, ducking his head at every bang of the guns, and the perspiration streaming down his face, was going down the river at a rate that even Hanlan would have envied. Then was heard from the saw-grass the most startling, surprising, and indescribable sounds imaginable: snorting, choking, sobbing, and groaning. It may have been the smothered cachinations, or suppressed hysterical laughter of Jack and the Skipper, but I rather think it was the Indian dummy, that had worked itself into a fit.

Squire soon returned to the schooner, which he found deserted, for Buck and I hid ourselves in the deepest recesses of the woods the moment the dummy was taken so bad. He searched the cabin thoroughly, but not a gun, pistol, or other weapon could he find. He then sat down on deck to rest, with the tiller by his side, keeping a sharp lookout. It was not long ere, looking up stream, he saw the Indian dummy paddling a canoe around the bend, and one or two others with him, partly hid, but also paddling furiously. One more reassuring look and Squire "lit out" for the "piney" woods.

I will here drop the mantle of charity on the scene; but this, while shutting out from view the actors, could not subdue the sulphurous odor which pervaded the atmosphere for the rest of the day, permeating the pine woods and hamaks, and diffusing itself along the surface of the river.

## CHAPTER XI.

Pelican Island.—Old pelicans and young 'uns.—The pelican at home.—Too full for utterance.—The Narrows.—A hunter's cabin.—Leap in the dark.—Gannets.—Indian River Inlet.—The sea-beach.—Tarpum.—Hogg's store.—Sour oranges and flapjacks.—Poor "Old Cuba."—Up the St. Lucie.—Mt. Pisgah.—A disappointed panther.—The stolen egg.—The wreckers and the fish crows.—Santa Anna.—A feathered deceiver.—Misplaced confidence.—Black buss.—Sharks and turtles.—Race with a manatee.—Down the river.—Jupiter.—Hairbreadth escapes.—Sharks and saw-fish.—A mammoth fish.—Buck's departure.—At sea.—Lake Worth.—Hearts are trumps.



AILING out of St. Sebastian River into Indian River, a break in the coast line opposite can be seen, which is the beginning of an attempt by the settlers in the vicinity to cut an inlet to the sea. Four or five miles below the mouth of St. Sebastian we came to Pelican Island, an outlying isle of a group some eight miles in extent, forming Indian River Narrows. For two years the pelicans had ceased breeding on this island, owing to their being continually harassed and wantonly and mercilessly shot by northern tourists. This year they were again nesting and we paid them a quiet visit.

On our approach the pelicans hovered uneasily around, while a rookery of egrets, cormorants, and man-o'-war hawks on a small mangrove island adjacent, was the scene of great excitement and

commotion. We anchored the schooner several hundred yards away and landed in the small boats. The dead and stunted mangrove trees, and the ground of the entire island, of an acre or two, were literally covered by the nests of brown pelicans.



THE PELICAN—(*Pelecanus fuscus*).

Those on the mangroves were rude, flat affairs, formed of sticks; those on the ground often consisted of but a handful or two of grass or rushes, while many eggs were lying on the bare ground. In some nests there would be an egg, a newly-hatched, naked, purplish-red pelican, and one four times the size, sparsely covered

with a yellowish-white down. This occurred so often as to attract my particular attention. There were usually two or three eggs or young to a nest.

The young pelicans kept up a continual screaming and screeching as we approached them, darting out their long bills and opening their mouths, uttering a cry that sounded very like "go 'w-a-y!" Some of them, however, were incapable of sound or motion, being literally "too full for utterance." It was very comical to see them sitting solemnly in their nakedness, their bills elevated vertically, with the tail of a fish sticking out and pointing heavenward. Pulling out some of these fish, I found them sometimes twice the length of the young bird, bill and all, the lower or head-half of the fish being entirely digested. And thus they sat for hours in a state of perfect bliss and contentment, impaled on a needle-fish, which, however, owing to the process of digestion going on at the lower end, grew smaller by degrees and beautifully less.

I had always been under the impression that the pelican fed its young entirely on digested or macerated fish, but whatever may be the habit of the white pelican in this particular, the brown pelican certainly feeds fresh fish to some of its young which have arrived at the dignity of a downy vestment. Most of the young had been fed macerated or partially digested fish, but some of the older ones had fish in their throats not many minutes out of the water, which were usually needle-fish (*Hemirhampus unifasciatus*) and mullets (*Mugil*).

Some of the old birds seeing our intentions were honorable and peaceable, remained on their nests within a few yards of us, but most of them took to the water, where they were gracefully swimming by hundreds, near the shore. The pelican, consider-

ing its large size and ungainly appearance, is remarkably graceful on the wing or in the water; this is to be accounted for by the fact that the cellular tissue between its skin and body is distended by air, instead of fat, as in most other animals, thus giving it great buoyancy. Taking a few fresh eggs from the ground, we relieved the anxiety of the parent birds by taking our departure.

Passing through the Narrows, we stopped at night to visit old Captain Estes, a noted hunter, who has lived alone on an island at the foot of the Narrows for nearly thirty years. We found him laid up with rheumatism in his palmetto shanty; a fire blazing in a huge iron kettle sunk in the floor lit up the somber interior, the smoke finding its exit through openings along the ridge-pole. The old man's slumbers had of late been much disturbed by dreams of encounters with bears, panthers, and Indians, and on some occasions when sorely pressed, he would, in spite of his rheumatic limbs, dash head first through the mosquito bar around his bed, which, in consequence, was a mass of patches.

In the shanty were many trophies of his prowess. Among others, the skull and skin of a large manatee, also a huge rope net used in the capture of these curious animals. Captain Estes took two live manatees to Philadelphia during the Centennial Exposition, but which, unfortunately, were burned in the fire that occurred opposite the main entrance, on the night of the first day they were on exhibition. Within a mile of Estes' shanty is the United States Life Saving Station No. 1, on the sea beach.

On the mainland, at the foot of the Narrows, is an extensive marsh, covered by low shrubs and bushes, and intersected by



numerous creeks, which is the breeding and roosting ground of innumerable gannets. Toward night they may be seen flying over by hundreds. This gannet is a large bird, nearly as big as a goose, but flies and swims gracefully and swiftly, as it, like the pelican, is remarkable for the pneumaticity of its body. Like the pelican, also, it has a gular sac, though a small one.

About ten miles below the Narrows, and nearly opposite Fort Capron, we entered Gardiner's Cut, at the entrance to which was the turtling camp of Arthur Park and Jim Russell, and a mile farther on we anchored in Pinkham's Cove, near the sea-beach, and just above Indian River Inlet. After a ramble on the ocean beach, where we saw half a dozen immense black-fish stranded, we gathered several barrels of oysters, fished to our heart's content, and shot a number of curlew and bay snipe. Toward evening we were driven away by the sand-flies.

Making sail, we crossed the inlet and entered the Fort Pierce Cut. Here we encountered a school of porpoises and a number of large tarpum (*Megalops atlanticus*), the latter being from six to eight feet in length. As they rolled out on the surface their bright armor of silver scales, as large as silver dollars, shone resplendent in the slanting rays of the setting sun. Jack was trolling, and expressed a great desire to hook one, but it was well enough he did not, for he might as well have been fast to a steam tug. We crossed over to Fort Pierce, on the mainland, four miles below Fort Capron, and dropped the anchor about dark. After supper a "norther" came on, which blew big guns, but the *Rambler* rode it like a duck.

We went ashore at Fort Pierce to chat with Ben Hogg, who keeps a store at that place. Ben has a monopoly of the Indian trade on the south-east coast, and buys their deer hides, alli-

gator teeth, and beeswax. A party of Indians from the Everglades were then hunting back in the flat woods, their canoes being drawn up on the shore in front of the store. Ben has a good sea-going sloop, in which he makes occasional trips to Jacksonville, going out at the inlet opposite, and leaving his gude wife and bairns to 'tend store during his absence.

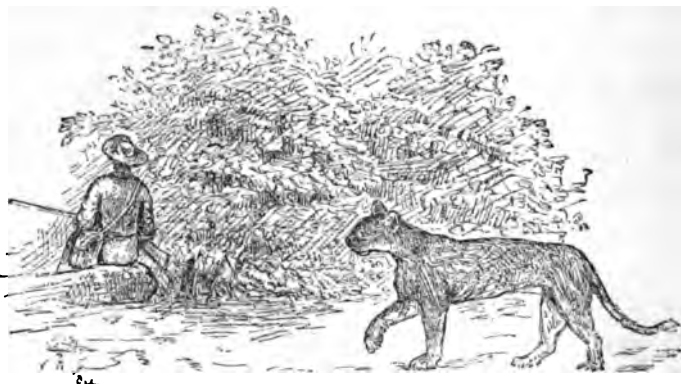
A few miles below Fort Pierce, we stopped at Hermann's Grove for a supply of sour oranges for culinary purposes, sour orange juice and soda being superior to baking powders in the construction of the mysterious but gustatory flapjack. This old grove was originally formed by budding the sweet orange on sour, or wild stocks, but the trees having been burnt down to the sour stumps, the new growth, of course, produces only wild, or sour and bitter-sweet oranges.

Below this, and about seven miles above the mouth of St. Lucie River, Mr. Richards has built a large house and has quite a clearing planted to oranges and pine-apples. Nearly opposite, on the east shore, can be seen the hamak once owned by "Old Cuba." Poor old Cuba! A year or two ago he was drowned by the capsizing of his boat, and when found his body was headless. Four miles below Cuba's is U. S. Life Saving Station No. 2, opposite the mouth of the St. Lucie. A few miles below Richards', we came to Waveland, a new post-office at the residence of Dr. Baker, who has a good hamak lying between Indian and St. Lucie rivers.

At the mouth of the St. Lucie, as usual, were thousands of coots and many ducks; we got a good supply as we sailed along. The St. Lucie, from its mouth to the main fork, some eight miles, is a large river, whose waters are entirely fresh; it divides into a north and south branch. We sailed up to the main fork,

seeing several manatees on the way. As we passed Mount Pisgah, a high ridge on the north-east shore, whose bare summit is crowned by an ancient mound, we saw at its foot the tent of a newly-arrived young man and his wife, from Philadelphia, who had bought a piece of land without seeing it, and found it to be located on the bald top of Mt. Pisgah.

The wind being favorable, we sailed up the south fork, called South Halpatiokee River, some four miles, being altogether about twelve miles from the mouth. Here we moored the schooner for a camp of several days, and had fine sport, there being an abundance of deer, turkey, and quail.



A SURPRISE PARTY.

One morning I entered a clump of bushes near a spruce-pine thicket, where I had seen some turkeys the day before, and began calling or "keouking," with the intention of enticing some old gobbler within range. Just outside of the clump of shrubbery was a large bare space of white sand, which I had examined carefully for deer or turkey tracks before concealing myself. After a half-hour's fruitless endeavor, I came out of my ambush,

and was surprised to find the fresh track of a large panther, who had approached within six feet of where I was concealed. He evidently mistook my efforts at "keouking" for the complainings or agonizing cries of some turkey in sore distress, and thought to make a meal of it, but seeing me he beat a hasty retreat, for his tracks led to and fro between the thicket and my hiding place.

One day I had perforated and blown some pelican eggs, and left them in a shallow box on deck to dry, when all hands went hunting. We returned, after a few hours, with a fine buck and some turkeys. As I stepped aboard I noticed that one of the eggs was missing. Going toward the stern I found it on a coil of rope, and, on picking it up, a fish-crow, sitting on a limb of a pine tree to which the bow line was made fast, uttered a hoarse and mischievous "caw, caw, caw," seeming to enjoy it very much.

"Ah! you black rascal; you found it too light for sucking, and dropped it, did n't you?" said I, shaking my fist at him.

"Caw, caw, caw," he laughed, derisively, as he flew away.

The fish-crows are comical fellows, but very impudent and audacious.

Some thirty-five years ago, when 'Squire Charley Moore, of Lake Worth, was a younger man, he was engaged in wrecking on the Florida coast. He and his comrades used to rendezvous and camp at the lower, or south, end of Lake Worth, which was separated from the ocean by a narrow timbered ridge, some two hundred yards wide, known as the "haulover." Any thing of value found on the beach was conveyed across the haulover to the lake, where it was safe from observation, as the existence of

a lake twenty miles long would not be suspected from the beach side.

The fish-crows hopped around their camp like barn-yard fowls, picking up stray crumbs of comfort from the rude table of the wreckers. There was one crow, that had lost a leg in some manner, who was made an especial pet on account of his misfortune, and, in consequence, became quite tame, feeding royally at the bounty of his friends, and to the great envy of his sable companions. But he was a great rogue. Like Silas Wegg, he stumped his way into the affections of his patrons, at first amusing them by his grotesque antics and hoarse croaking, and, like the redoubtable Silas, insisting on double rations for "mellowing the voice." He became very familiar, hopping over the feet of the men for the tid-bits dropped to him; but his familiarity, as usual, bred contempt, and, like Silas again, he became aggressive and exacting, snatching food from the hands that fain would have caressed him. As it was about the time of the Mexican war, the wreckers naturally named him "Santa Anna." Whenever they returned to their camp on Lake Worth, Santa Anna and his companions were sure to be on hand.

On one occasion they repaired to the lake after an unusually lucky expedition down the coast; but Santa Anna failed to put in an appearance on the first day; the other crows were there, but kept a respectful distance, as was their wont. The second day came and passed, but with no appearance of Santa Anna. Then the men lamented him as one dead. But the next day, while at dinner, behold the recreant Santa! He hopped about on his one leg, in a very stiff, awkward, and painful manner, and withal seemed unusually shy and humble.

"He has been sick," said the men, "and has not quite recovered his strength."

"He don't look like himself at all," said Charley; he is thinner, and not so sleek and noisy; but he'll be all right in a few days. I once had a parrot that acted just that way when sick."

"He's got a wonderful appetite for a sick bird!" said one of the men, as Santa gobbled the fragments of bread, bacon, fish, venison, and sweet potatoes; for the men, in their youth, had heard of the fatted calf, and were very lavish with their grub, which they bestowed, with emulative hands, on the returned prodigal. But there is a limit to which the capacity, if not the appetite, of even a fish-crow must succumb. Santa was filled to repletion. He made several ineffectual attempts to take flight; but his one poor leg was not sufficient, or strong enough, to give his overloaded body the upward boost required to enable his wings to come into play. He was weighed down with prog, like Mark Twain's jumping frog with shot.

"Poor Santa!" said the men, "he is very weak, quite ill."

But *mirabile dictu!* "Poor Santa" was seen to put down a second leg, which had been artfully drawn up and concealed, and then, by the combined effort of two good legs, and a quick preliminary squat, accompanied by a hurried but contumelious "caw, caw!" he bounded upward with an "initial velocity" that would have gladdened the heart of a rifleman.

Then each man looked at his neighbor wistfully and expectantly, but silence reigned supreme. No one felt equal to the task. No one could do the subject justice. Alas! Santa Anna was dead, indeed; but worse than all, their confidence had been betrayed, their hospitality imposed upon, and their affections

outraged by the duplicity and usurpation of an infamous, dissembling, and fraudulent fish-crow.

The black bass fishing of the St. Lucie can not be surpassed by any place in Florida, or for that matter, in the United States. Their numbers are legion, and their size monstrous; we caught them from two to fourteen pounds, the catch usually averaging five pounds. The boys, especially Buck, never seemed to tire of the exciting sport, of course throwing most of them back as soon as caught, when they were ready to bite again; for it was cut and come again with these voracious and gamy large-mouthed bass; gamy, indeed, as those of any other waters, though, on account of the generally sluggish current of these rivers, they are sooner landed. Fish in swift water seem to be endowed with more vigorous and lasting fighting powers, but which is really to be attributed to the force of the current, which aids them materially in their opposing and staying qualities.

The black bass of the St. Sebastian and the St. Lucie were the finest for the table that I have ever seen, utterly devoid of that muddy or musky flavor characteristic of northern bass. Perhaps their occasional visitation to the brackish water at the mouths of these rivers has something to do with this.

At night the favorite sport of the boys was shark fishing; and even at this remote camp, though fully twelve miles from brackish water, they caught many small sharks. On one occasion they hooked and landed an immense soft-shelled turtle (*Tryonichida*), whose carapace was fully three feet in diameter; he made a good pot of soup, and furnished some palatable steaks.

With a favorable wind we left the St. Lucie camp and proceeded down the river, seeing several more manatees or sea-cows in the main stream, with one of which we had an exciting race

for a short distance, as he swam a few yards ahead, but was forced to make for the grassy bottom as the bow of the schooner touched him. They swim very swiftly for so unwieldy an animal, but make much fuss about it, leaving a wake as large as a steam tug. Sailing down Indian River we soon came to Jupiter Narrows, near the head of which is a closed inlet, Gilbert's Bar; there was some talk among the settlers of reopening this inlet. Passing through the Narrows, some ten miles, we emerged into Hobe Sound, as the lower ten miles of Indian River is called. Here the boys had a surfeit of trolling for crevallé. At Conch Bar, midway between the Narrows and Jupiter, we sighted the tower of Jupiter Light, which we reached in another hour.

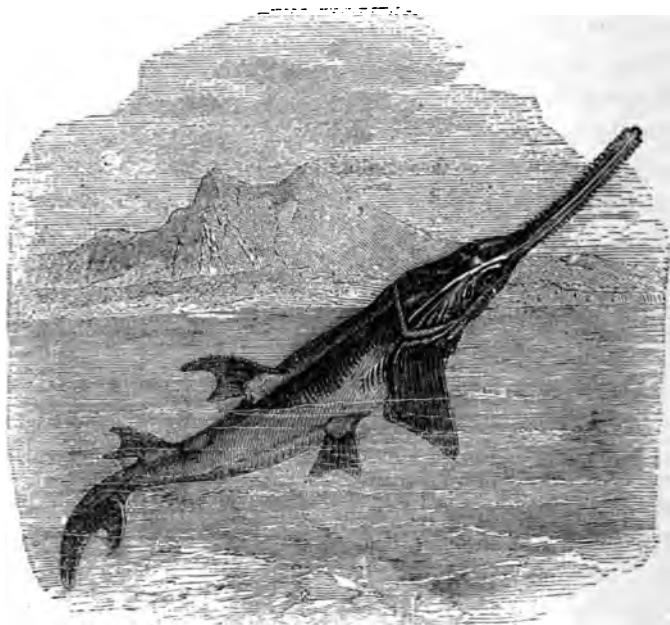
The light-house tower, a fine brick structure of a hundred feet in height, stands on a bluff some fifty feet above the water, at the confluence of Locohatchee and Indian Rivers. The locality is well known to northern tourists as one of great beauty, and is quite celebrated for its fine fishing. Indeed, the fishing is excellent, so far as quantity and variety of fishes are concerned, and is not surpassed in this respect by any place on the east coast.

By trolling in the channels with squid, spoon, or even a bit of white rag affixed to the hook, the member of the hand-line committee can take crevallé, blue-fish, sea-trout, bone-fish, snooks, etc., to his heart's content; while the angler, with either artificial fly or mullet bait, can be equally successful in taking red-fish, grouper, gray snapper, mangrove snapper, or small tarpum under the mangroves; or with fiddler or crab bait, near the oyster beds, he can get his surfeit of sheepshead, porgies, grunts, toad-fish, puffers, etc.

At Jupiter we found several parties of tourists; among others, Hon. M. S. Quay and son, of Philadelphia; Dr. Sweet, of New



Bedford, Mass.; W. E. Spencer, of Chicago; Mr. Kellogg, of Fall River, Mass., and Mr. Clark, of Maine. Dr. Sweet had a whaling harpoon in his boat, and had some rare sport harpooning sharks and saw-fish. Mr. James Armour is still chief keeper of Jupiter Light, his assistants being Messrs. Spencer and Carlisle.



THE SAW-FISH—(*Pristis pectinatus*).

He was very courteous during our sojourn, and twice he and Mr. Carlisle hunted with us with their hounds, but the Indians had made the deer wild; turkeys, however, were plentiful enough.

Mr. Armour had two narrow escapes with his life while we were there: A rifle in the hands of an inexperienced person was

accidentally discharged, the bullet just missing him: and in the afternoon, while descending from the dome of the lantern (a hundred feet from the ground), on an iron ladder which rested on the railing of the balcony surrounding the lantern, the rail broke as he set his foot on it. A less cool-headed man than Armour would probably have been dashed to the ground, but he is noted for intrepidity and level-headedness.

The boys had many a fierce contest with the large sharks and saw-fish at Jupiter, catching many white and blue sharks from six to twelve feet long. Their shark fishing was always practiced at night, they being engaged in other sports and adventures during the day. These sharks are formidable monsters, with several rows of compressed, triangular teeth, serrated on their edges, and which, being encased in cartilaginous sockets, can be erected or depressed at will. With one snap they can take off the leg of a man as clean as the sickle of a mower can decapitate a quail. While the boys were "playing" a small shark, I have seen a larger one sever it completely in twain at one bite; and I have seen a piece as large as a shark's jaw taken from the body of another one as cleanly as a slice could be cut from a melon with a sharp knife. When it is considered how tough and unyielding is the skin or shagreen of a shark, the power of his jaws and the sharpness of his teeth can be imagined.

It was on a lovely star-lit night that, after a supper of broiled pompano and raw oysters, I filled my pipe and reclined on the roof of the cabin, my back against the mainmast, to enjoy a brief season of rest, and to take my *otium cum dignitate* after a day's fishing and hunting. The stars peeped out and twinkled over the sea, from whence came the low moaning of the surf on the beach, and the loud roar of the breakers on the bar. The

night was singularly still and beautiful; the only sound of animated nature to be heard was the vociferous call of the chuck-will's-widow across the river. The revolving light at the summit of the tower sent out, at intervals, a long ray of light like the tail of a comet, which flashed and gleamed over the phosphorescent waters.

The boys in the cabin were getting ready their shark tackle—three hundred feet of half-inch Manilla rope, with immense shark hook and swivel, and two feet of small chain, to withstand the terrible teeth of the sharks. My quiet was broken, for the boys were on deck.

"Now for a shark!" exclaimed Squire, as he baited the hook with a three-pound red-fish, stepped into the dingey and rowed out some hundred yards into the stream, Jack paying out the line meanwhile.

The oars struck drops of fire from the still surface, while a pathway of light was seen astern of the little boat as it rapidly moved along. Throwing over the baited hook, Squire soon returned, saying:

"The tide has just turned, and there will be sharks galore on the young flood."

It was but a few minutes ere Jack sung out:

"I've got one now!"

"Let him run awhile!" said Squire. "Now yank him!"

Jack accordingly "yanked" him, and then the trouble began. The line fairly whizzed as it run out, its course being plainly marked by a long thread of phosphorescent fire, as it cut through the water. Squire had taken a turn of the line around the rudder-post, and snubbed his sharkship, who instantly rolled out on the surface with a great flouncing and splashing, seeming

to lash the water into flames with his great tail. But he was soon off on another tack, when more line was given him. The Squire now took hold with Jack, and they proceeded to "play" the immense fish.

"How he pulls!—See him go!—He's headed for the Bahamas!—Hold hard, Squire!—Hang to him, Jack!—Now he's laying his course for the Everglades!—Here he comes; haul in the slack!" Such were some of the exclamations of Skipper and myself, as Jack and Squire were tugging for dear life.

They soon had him alongside, however, when Skipper brought out a rifle and sent the bullet crashing through its skull. It was then hove on deck, and rolled out on the wharf.

It was not long until there were three huge white sharks, from ten to twelve feet in length, ranged side by side on the wharf. Jack had been out again with the newly-baited hook, which he had carried out some hundred and fifty yards, and was waiting for another "bite." Suddenly there was a loud "swish," as the line was jerked through his hands, and poor Jack was dimly seen in the darkness, dancing and capering around on the deck, wringing, rubbing, and blowing upon his fingers, while the line went rattling overboard at a fearful rate. Squire seized a slack coil of the line and took a turn around the rudder-head. Soon there was a violent jerk that made the little schooner tremble from stem to stern, as the strain came suddenly on the rudder-post.

"Oh, he's a daisy!" sung out Squire, with some excitement.

"You bet he is; he has taken all the skin off my hands," answered Jack, lugubriously.

"Lend us a hand, Skipper, he's a whale!"

So the Skipper, Squire, and Jack had their hands full for the next fifteen minutes. There had been nothing like it in all their previous experience of shark fishing. The surges and struggles of the fish were tremendous. Once he jumped clear out of the water, and fell back with a noise that was really frightful, while his outlines were dimly portrayed on the luminous surface.

"That's no shark," said the Skipper; "It's a grampus!"

"We do n't want any grampuses; let's cut the line," said Jack, with some trepidation.

"I'm bound to see what he is, any how; and we'll haul him out on this line if it takes till next summer?" resolutely replied the Squire.

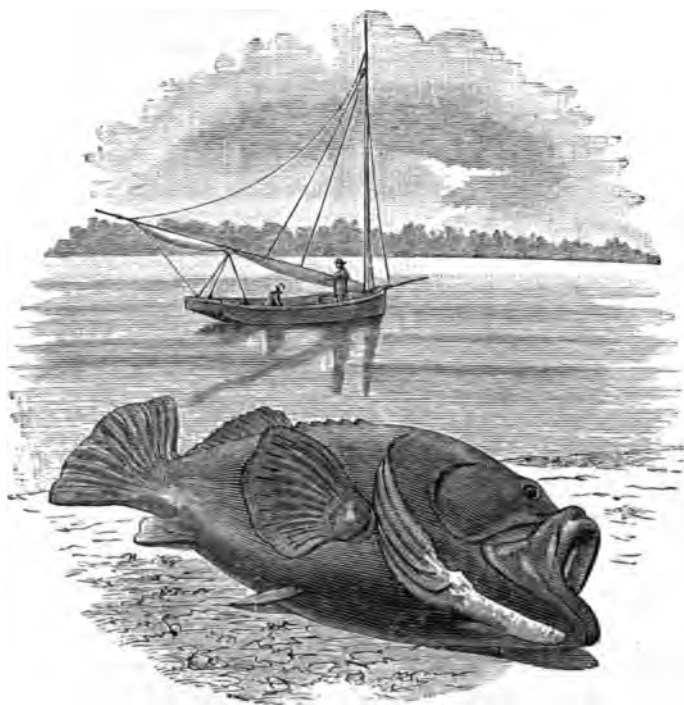
But there is an end to all things, so in due time they had him alongside, and with a rifle ball through his brain the monster was quiet enough.

"He's as big 'round as a barrel," said the Skipper, as he slipped a noose around its body.

The boys soon had him on the wharf with the sharks. It proved to be an immense jew-fish, or black grouper (*Epinephelus nigritus*), and reminded one at the first glance of a gigantic black bass. It measured seven feet in length, and six and a half feet in girth at the pectoral fin. The spines of the dorsal fin were as long and thick as a man's fingers. The next morning, Mr. Armour brought down a large steelyard, upon which it weighed three hundred and forty pounds. Its huge proportions were then photographed by the assistant light-keeper, Mr. Spencer, with the deck and crew of the *Rambler* in the background.

At Jupiter, Buck left us, to our great regret, being compelled to return to Texas on business, for it was now the middle of

February. He took passage with Captain Hammon for Titusville, and as his sharpie rounded into Indian River we waved our pleasant comrade an adieu with an affected semblance of gayety; but our hearts were heavy. Buck was a genial companion, a good



THE JEW-FISH.

shot, and an enthusiastic angler. As the boat passed from view around the bluff, Jack exclaimed :

“ Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius.  
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;  
If not, why, then this parting was well made.”

There was no shark-fishing that night, and the boys turned in early. The next day we went out over Jupiter Bar at high water slack, and with a head wind, consequently we had to use the poles in getting out. There was a heavy swell, but not much sea, and with a light easterly breeze we made Lake Worth Inlet, ten miles below, in a little less than three hours. We ran the inlet about half way, but there not being wind enough to stem the strong ebb, we anchored until the turn of the tide. Lake Worth Inlet has increased in depth to about seven feet at low water, and withal is much straighter than at my former visit. With the young flood we entered the lake, and at once sailed down some six miles to the house of 'Squire Charley Moore, whom we found as kind and jolly as of old. Lake Worth had vastly improved, a post-office was established, new settlers were coming in, and all seemed prosperous. Two schooners were running to Jacksonville, carrying tomatoes, bananas, pine-apples, etc., which, with the boats running to Rockledge and Titusville, afforded good transportation.

The next day we sailed down the lake to the residence of E. M. and John Brelsford, formerly of Xenia, Ohio, who seemed to be well pleased with their new location, and were living comfortably in their tropical home, which was doubly blessed by the presence of their lovely mother and charming sister, who were spending the winter with them. We took tea with them, and afterward we all repaired to Captain Dimnick's, where we passed a most agreeable evening, one very enjoyable feature being an impromptu concert by the Brelsford's, with violin, guitar, violoncello, and cabinet organ. Jack, Squire, and the Skipper all lost their hearts on this occasion, and in order to keep peace among them, and to preserve a proper state of discipline aboard the *Rambler*, I deemed it imperative to take our leave the next morning.

## CHAPTER XII.

The deep blue sea.—The south-east coast.—Hillsboro' Inlet.—The canvas canoe.—The "Rambler" in the breakers.—Man's inhumanity to man.—A rattlesnake.—A royal feast.—An ambrosial delicacy.—A dusty sail in a lumpy sea.—New River Inlet.—Sharks again and more of them.—A float on a raft.—The perils of an hour.—Crevallé and alligators.—Fort Lauderdale.—Wash Jenkins.—A deer drive.—Unsophisticated quail.—Off for the Everglades.—Up the South Branch.—Tropical scenery.—Through the cypress belt.—In the sloughs.—The Everglades.—Enchanting view.—Discovered by the Indians.—"Big Tiger."—"Me glad see 'um."—Jack talks "ingin."



ON the day following we tightened up the shrouds and bobstay, looked to the strapping of blocks, and made every thing snug and ship-shape, for the next day after we were to make a sail of forty miles by sea to the next inlet below—Hillsboro' River. The day broke clear and fine, and by nine o'clock a fresh wind was blowing from the north. Every thing was propitious, so we made sail, hoisted anchor, and put to sea, keeping well in-shore, just beyond the line of breakers, to avoid, so far as possible, the current of the Gulf Stream, which here flows northward at a two-knot rate.

As we passed the beach near the trails from the thickest settled portion of Lake Worth, we saw a lady busily engaged in picking up sea-shells. Jack seized the conch-horn and blew a shrill blast, at which she looked up and waved her handkerchief;



whereupon Jack, Squire, and Skipper vied with each other in a display of pocket bunting. At the foot of Lake Worth we saw, on the beach ridge, the cabin formerly occupied by the Hubell family, where, three years before, part of our crew of the *Blue Wing* began our tramp down the beach to Bay Biscayne. Five miles farther on is U. S. Life-Saving Station No. 3, and ten miles farther we were abreast of the bold rocks of Boca Ratone, where there is a closed inlet to a branch of the Hillsboro'.

There is a great sameness in the appearance of the south-east coast of Florida, being mostly a narrow white beach, backed by a low sandy ridge, which is covered with saw-palmetto, oak scrub, sea-grape, and myrtle, with occasional clumps of cabbage-palms and live-oaks.

At last, after a delightful sail, we sighted Hillsboro' Inlet, with its group of cocoanut palms, which we reached at four o'clock, having made forty miles in seven hours—pretty good sailing against the current of the Gulf Stream. The tide was running out, with but a foot of water on the bar, so we were compelled to drop anchor and wait for the flood tide. Skipper took the canvas boat, the *Daisy*, and explored the channel, while Cuff jumped overboard and swam ashore to chase 'possums, coons, and hares.

I never saw a better boat for a dingey or tender than the *Daisy*, a Stranahan folding canvas canoe, ten feet long and weighing but twenty-five pounds. I frequently passed in and out of inlets, through the breakers and combers, looking for the channels, and never shipped so much as a pint of water; for, on account of her extreme lightness and buoyancy, she was always on top, skimming the crests like a sea-gull. We towed her astern the entire voyage in all kinds of weather and in some pretty rough seas, but the

*Daisy* was always right side up and dry, and moreover, was no detriment to our sailing. The wooden skiff, *Waif*, would not have lived two minutes under conditions where the *Daisy* floated like a duck, and was always hoisted on deck before sailing.

The wind hauled around to north-east, blowing fresh and kicking up quite a sea, causing the *Rambler* to jump and strain at her cable like a tethered mustang. Finally, through the contrary forces of the wind and tide, she settled in the trough and began rolling fearfully among the breakers, when Skipper and I carried out a stern anchor in the *Daisy* and hauled her around into the wind, when she lay easier, but poor Jack was already the victim of *mal de mer* and had gone below, where he remained until eight o'clock, when there being a half-fathom of water on the bar, we sailed into the river.

On the little bay, just inside of the inlet, is an old palmetto shanty and a well, constructed by "old man" Futch several years before, where I then found him, on our return from Biscayne Bay, nearly starved, waiting for his companion, "Sailor Jack," who had gone to Lake Worth for provisions, but who never went back, having shipped on a boat at Lake Worth for Halifax River, leaving the old man to shift for himself. I found this Sailor Jack, a few days afterward, at Lake Worth, just as he was about to sail for the Halifax, when I took the opportunity to preach him a "sermon" on "man's inhumanity to man," which seemed to be thoroughly appreciated by the small but attentive audience.

While out hunting, the day after our arrival at Hillsboro', in the beach scrub, an unusual object caught my eye as I was passing an open space between two bushes, which I saw, at a second glance, was a large diamond rattlesnake, coiled up within two feet of me.

As I stepped back, and withdrew a buckshot cartridge and inserted one of small shot, he began crawling languidly and slowly away, and without shaking a rattle, when I shot his head off. He was six feet in length, and had a very beautifully-marked skin, which I took off at once, giving the body to Skipper, who had often horrified the boys by telling them of his great fondness for fried rattlesnake. But, although this was a fine specimen, four inches in diameter, with luscious and tempting-looking steaks along the backbone, all porterhouse and tenderloin, he seemed to have suddenly lost all desire and appreciation for that kind of meat; at all events, he "did n't seem to hanker after it."

As we returned, we passed a shallow, muddy bayou, the bottom of which was left dry by the ebb-tide, where we saw some oysters, and struck it rich. These oysters were the fattest, largest, and had the finest flavor of any I had ever tasted, and this is saying a good deal for one born and bred in Baltimore. They were all single oysters, none less than six inches long, and were attached to the denuded stems and branches of sea-fans (*Gorgonia*), and were thereby easily carried in bunches.

Our dinner that day was a royal one: Oysters, raw, fried, roasted, and stewed; Spanish mackerel, broiled; venison steak; baked yams; boiled rice; sliced raw tomatoes; and for dessert, bananas and green cocoanuts. A full-grown green cocoanut is a delectable, delicious, and ambrosial delicacy, calculated to delight and tickle the palate of the most satiated and *blasé* epicure. Taking off the husk, one of the "eyes" is opened, the milk poured into a cup, and the shell cracked in halves, when the meat will be found of the consistence of *blanc mange*; the milk is

then sweetened, poured back, and the contents eaten with a spoon.

After waiting a day or two in vain for a fair wind, we left Hillsboro' River with a strong south-east wind, and a heavy chop sea, and sailed close-hauled, making long legs and short ones down the coast, bound for New River Inlet, twenty miles below. After a few miles, Jack was compelled to go below, and Skipper was anxious to put back; but I was desirous to know how the *Rambler* would behave in a heavy seaway. She worked to a charm, and, after an exceedingly rough passage, the sea running very high, and in the teeth of half a gale, we made New River Inlet, where, though the tide was ebbing, there was plenty of water on the bar, and we at once made the run in, with Skipper at the mast-head to look out the channel.



A ROUGH PASSAGE.

A large brig, beating down the coast ahead of us, and laboring hard in the heavy sea, made it look worse to the boys than it really was; though it was, forsooth, lumpy and dusty enough, and proved to be the roughest bit of sailing we encountered on the voyage. The wind had been squally for several days, haul-

ing from north-east to south-east, consequently old Atlantic was on a high, and tried his best to carry our bowsprit away; but it was a stout stick, and stood the racket bravely.

We anchored in the river two hundred yards above the north point of the inlet, where there was plenty of water and good holding ground for the mud-hook.

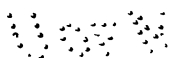
New River, for six miles above its mouth, is the straightest, deepest, and finest river I have seen in Florida, although a narrow one. It is famous for its sharks (regular man-eaters, some of them), and for the immense number and variety of its fishes. The boys drove down a snubbing-post at the point of the inlet, where they hauled out sharks until their arms ached. I looked on at their sport with the utmost complacency, and even with hearty satisfaction, helping them to haul out some of the larger ones; for I remembered how nearly I came to being devoured by the monsters, at that very place, three years before.

On that occasion, Wash Jenkins, who has charge of the Life-Saving Station, No. 4, eight miles above, had sailed us down the river to the south shore of the inlet, where we resumed our tramp to Biscayne Bay. It was understood that, on our return, we were to set fire to the scrub at the inlet, so that he, seeing the smoke, could sail down for us. We were gone a few days longer than we expected, and arrived at the inlet again one day about noon. We saw an old yawl-boat across the inlet, tied to some mangroves, and which belonged to old man Futch; but, so far as we were concerned, it might as well have been in the Bahamas. We set fire to the scrub, but a strong wind from the north kept the smoke near the ground, and Jenkins failed to see it.

We slept on the beach that night, and the next morning I

told my party that if they would help to build a raft, I would cross over and get the boat, when we could walk up the sea-beach to the station. We found a few water-soaked logs and tied them together with vines, constructing a rude raft about seven by three feet, but which, of its own weight, settled flush with the water. I found a flat stick, like a garden paling, some five feet long, a half inch thick, and three inches wide, which did duty as a paddle. I mounted the raft, which sunk to the bottom in the shallow water, but by floating it into deeper water I managed by great care to preserve my balance, standing upright, and found that it would sustain me, though it sunk beneath the surface some six inches, with my weight.

At low water slack I started, but I found it difficult navigation, requiring the utmost caution to keep my equilibrium and to prevent the frail structure from turning turtle and spilling me overboard; a single plank would have been a ship in comparison; but by dint of hard and careful, but extremely slow work, I reached the middle of the stream. The tide then began to make, and with it came hundreds of sharks, sting-rays, saw-fish, and porpoises. I had not thought of them before. Huge man-eaters swarmed around my raft, immense rays dived beneath it, and an occasional saw-fish would come darting toward me, stop suddenly, wagging his tail, seemingly undecided whether to run a saw on me or flop me over with his tail, while the harmless porpoises went rolling by, thinking it great fun. The slightest touch of a shark's tail would have capsized my craft and sent me floundering into the water, where I would soon have been divided, piecemeal, and distributed into the maws of a dozen sharks. But I struck at them with the slight paddle whenever they came too close, and thus kept them at a respectful distance.



While using the stick in this way it cracked at the middle; then it required double caution in paddling and striking. Finally, after a half-hour's hard work, I succeeded in getting across safely, where I bailed out the boat, in which was an oar, and sculled over after the boys. Under such trying circumstances there is nothing like self-possession, level-headedness, and presence of mind, unless it be, as Pat said, absence of body.

Rushing in and out with the tide, at New River, fishes can be seen by thousands, which snap at any thing, even a bit of rag tied to the hook and thrown to them by a strong hand-line. We took crevallé from ten to thirty pounds, always large ones here, never less than ten pounds. By anchoring a boat in mid-stream they can be speared or grained as they swim rapidly by, often pursued by sharks and porpoises. Mr. Jenkins takes them in this way up to forty pounds, and cures and smokes them.

The largest alligator we killed, was here. He had crawled out on the shore where the boys had left some sharks, when Jack shot him from the schooner, with a mid-range Peabody-Martini rifle, at a hundred and fifty yards, knocking the cap of his skull off; he was twelve feet in length. Alligators seem to be as much at home in salt water as in fresh.

Six miles above the inlet is the "haulover," opposite the site of old Fort Lauderdale, and marked by a group of cocoanut trees. From here the river runs southerly, to its mouth, and parallel with the sea-beach, the intervening strip of ridge being nowhere much over a hundred feet in width. At the haulover the river spreads out into a broad, shallow bay, into which empty its north and south branches and several creeks, and is diversified by several islands.

Two miles above the haulover, on the east bank, is the wharf

NOON

or landing of Life-Saving Station No. 4, the latter a quarter of a mile away on the sea-beach. We made fast to the wharf and went to the station to see my old friend Wash Jenkins, the keeper in charge. We found him alone, his family being away on a visit at Key West. He was very glad to see us, not having seen a human face since his family left three weeks before. His nearest neighbors are at Biscayne Bay, twenty miles below, and Steve Andrews, at Station No. 3, twenty-four miles above.

We spent two or three days here, shooting ducks, coots, and snipe, and one day went out with Jenkins and his dogs for deer. Wash went a mile above, on a neck of land between the North Branch and a creek, to drive, the rest of us taking stands across the timbered strip. I was sitting at the edge of some spruce pines, near an open space covered by gallberry and myrtle bushes, when I heard some quail near by. I began to whistle and call them up, and soon had them all around me. There were, perhaps, thirty of them; they had never seen a human being before. I kept perfectly still, but continued whistling and calling, and had them hopping over my feet, cocking up their cunning little heads and looking knowingly at me with their bright round eyes, as they ran about picking at the buds and leaves and bits of grass, twittering and chirping like so many young chickens. They soon wandered off and I was alone again.

That night we planned an expedition up the South Branch to the Everglades, to visit an Indian village some twenty miles distant. Accordingly, next morning we moored the *Rambler* safely in the bay, making every thing snug and taut. Taking our guns, a rod or two, some trolling tackle, and grub enough for several days, we embarked in an Indian cypress canoe, belonging to



Jenkins, some twenty feet in length, and two feet beam, with sprit-sail, poles, and paddles. We started at nine o'clock, sailing across the bay to the South Branch, which being very crooked, we furled the sail and each man took a paddle.

This branch of New River is much like other rivers in South-east Florida. About an average width of fifty yards, with perpendicular banks, green to the water's edge with a profusion of wild grasses and shrubs, and with a varying depth of from three to twenty feet. Many alligators were sunning themselves on the sand-spits at the lower end of the stream. As we progressed, the water became deeper and the current stronger. The banks were clothed, usually with pines, with an occasional hamak of palmetto, water-oak, swamp-maple, bay, Spanish ash, and other timber. Here and there were little coves or bights thickly grown with rushes, and aquatic plants bearing bright-colored flowers.

We soon reached the great cypress belt, through which the amber-colored stream poured silently and swiftly, though so clear that great masses of white, coralline rocks, seamed, fissured, and lying in endless confusion, could be plainly seen at the bottom, through the crevices of which were growing the most beautiful and curious aquatic plants and grasses. The tall cypresses, with pale and grizzled trunks, stood in serried ranks like grim specters, ornamented in a fantastic fashion with the scarlet plumes of air-plants, while their long arms meeting overhead were draped in heavy folds and festoons of gray Spanish moss. The solemn and impressive stillness was broken only by the wild cry of some startled egret, heron, or osprey, which echoed through the weird forest with a peculiarly hollow emphasis, and at last died away in a low mournful cadence. Our own voices

sounded unnatural and strangely sonorous, resounding as though beneath the dome of some vast cathedral.

Passing through the cypress belt, we came to the "sloughs" where the stream divided into several smaller ones. The "sloughs" is a margin of tall grasses and shrubs of very luxuriant growth, intersected by numerous small streams, and lying between the cypresses and the Everglades proper. Getting through this we finally emerged into the Everglades—seemingly a sea of waving green grasses, with innumerable islands of all sizes. But these grasses are all growing in water, clear and limpid, with channels a few feet wide, diverging and crossing in every direction, through which a canoe can be sailed or poled; there was then two feet of water in the Everglades. A brisk breeze blowing, we unfurled the sail and went skimming along, greatly to our satisfaction and relief, for we were quite tired after paddling up-stream some six hours.

It is a hard matter to convey a correct, or even an approximate idea of the region called the "Everglades;" it is unique, there is nothing like it anywhere else. As far as the eye can reach stretches a broad, level expanse, clothed in verdure of a peculiarly fresh and vivid green, a rich and intense color seen nowhere but here. The surface is dotted and diversified by thousands of islets and islands, of all shapes and sizes, from a few yards to many acres in extent, clothed with a tropical luxuriance of trees, shrubs, and vines. The mangrove here gives place to the cocoa-plum, which grows in endless profusion amid the swamp-maple, sweet-bay, mastich, water-poplar, gum-limbo, satin-wood, water-oak, and towering above these, clearly revealed against the blue sky, the plume-like palmetto, while over and

around all, running riot in their exuberance, are innumerable vines and creepers bearing flowers of gorgeous dyes.

Seeing a smoke several miles away, we sailed in that direction through the intricate and narrow channels, often making short cuts by plowing through masses of lily-pads, deer-tongue, and lotus. As we neared the smoke we saw several canoes shoot out from behind islands on our right and left, their white sails



A FAIR WIND.

gleaming and darting along in the rays of the setting sun like sea-gulls, but all proceeding in the same direction, toward the smoke. Suddenly, one we had not seen came swooping down upon us like a huge bird of prey from the shelter of a small island. A tall young Indian, clad only in a light-colored shirt, a red belt, and an enormous red turban, stood upon the pointed stern guiding the canoe with a pole, while an elderly Indian

sat amidships holding the sheet of the sail. They sailed through a converging channel into our course and waited until we were alongside.

"How d'ye!" said I.

"How!" answered the old man. "Me see 'um canoe; me see 'um white man; me wait; me glad see 'um. How!"

"We come to see you; have a good time; come to see your village," said I. "We got big canoe—schooner—at station—at Jenkins'."

"In-cah! (yes or all right.) Me glad see 'um; in-cah!" replied he.

Here Jack put in his oar, saying: "We like Ingin; big Ingin; Mr. Lo! Come see 'um; big Ingin, whoop-ee! squaw, hoop-la! papoose, hi-yah! wigwam! wampum! you bet! wahoo!"

I saw from the twinkle of the old man's eye that he understood English very well, as he replied, good-naturedly:

"Ha! Young man—talk heap—talk much—ho-la-wau-gus!" (bad, or no good). Then he continued: "Me Tiger; Big Tiger—old Tiger-tail my father—me chief; little chief!" Then pointing toward the pines on the mainland, he said: "Me go—village—you come—in-cah!"

Then, hauling aft the sheet, they shot away, our own heavily-laden canoe seeming to stand still in comparison. These Indians had been at work in their fields on the islands, but seeing us coming, they quit work earlier than usual, so as to get to the village before our arrival.

## CHAPTER XIII.

An Indian village.—Old Tiger-tail.—Indian curiosity.—Life in the Everglades.—The Seminole at home.—His dress and manners.—The squaws and children.—Palmetto huts.—Night in the Indian village.—The mysteries of the Everglades.—Voices of the night.—An evening call.—Prestidigitation.—An "Indian meal."—Gar-fish and tobacco sauce.—Customs of the Indians—"Me Englis' talk, good."—Wy-ho-mee.—Mosquitoes.—The miseries of a night.—Target shooting.—The white man's supremacy must be maintained.—"Cuff" lost.—"White man's dog, me bring 'um."—The Rambler again at sea.—Bay Biscayne.—Miami.—The "Punch Bowl."—Arch Creek.—The invalid's camp.—The shining pathway.



Soon came in sight of the Indian village, a cluster of twenty-five or thirty huts, on the edge of the pine woods, where we soon landed, and were immediately surrounded by the young bucks, who looked on with great interest and curiosity as we unpacked the canoe. Cuff was at once at home with the Indian dogs. Little Tiger then came down to the landing, and pointing to a group of two or three huts a little separated from the rest, said:

"You house—you eat—you sleep—in-cah!"

We carried our plunder to the huts indicated, followed by the young bucks, who were much interested in the guns, rifles, and especially in the fishing rods, the use of which had to be explained to them by signs.

This village is one of several, where dwell the four hundred Seminoles yet remaining in Florida; the largest village is in the



FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.



"Big Cypress," some thirty miles distant. These villages or communities are governed by petty chiefs, who owe allegiance to Tallahassee, the great head center, who lives sometimes at the Big Cypress, and at other times at Pease Creek.

This village was governed by Little Tommy and Little Tiger. The latter is the son of old "Tiger-tail," the late principal chief of the Seminoles, who had been killed by lightning a year or two before. Tiger-tail fought all through the Indian war, and was said to have been one hundred years old at the time of his death. Besides Little Tiger and Little



OLD TIGER-TAIL.

Tommy, there were Big Charley, Tommy Doctor, and several others, with their squaws and families, half a dozen or more young bucks, several old women, a good many children and a host of dogs. The sun was setting in the Everglades as we got every thing up to the huts and prepared supper.

These Indians lead a quiet, peaceable, and semi-pastoral life, cultivating fields of corn, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, beans, bananas, etc., in the rich hamaks on the adjacent islands, their villages being in the pines on the border of the mainland. They also make starch from the "komptie," or wild arrowroot, which grows abundantly in the pine woods, and in the winter they hunt deer and bears. Such a life is not without its charms, shut out, as they are, from all the world by impenetrable cypress swamps, the only avenues to civilization being by way of the streams which drain the Everglades, the currents of which are so swift during high water that few attempt to ascend them to the Everglades, and still fewer succeed. In the spring and early summer the



Everglades are comparatively dry; as Little Tiger said: "In two moons all water gone—canoe no go more." During the autumn and winter the men go to the settlements, mostly to Miami on Biscayne Bay, by way of the Miami River, where they sell deerskins, buckskin, beeswax, komptie starch, vegetables, bird plumes, alligator teeth, etc., and buy cloth, calico, ammunition, tobacco, etc., and occasionally wy-ho-mee (whisky).



LITTLE TIGER.

The men are tall, well formed, straight, and clean-limbed, and are quite neat in their dress, which consists of a calico shirt, a neck-handkerchief, a belt, breech-cloth, and a turban; the lat-

ter is a head-dress, quite remarkable in its construction and conspicuous and picturesque in appearance. It is some two feet in diameter and six inches thick or high, with a hole in the center to fit the head. It is formed of bright-colored shawls, the outside layer being sometimes a bright red cotton or bandana handkerchief; its shape is exactly that of a flat cheese, or a grindstone. It is quite heavy, and the body must be carried very erect to keep it balanced on the head; perhaps the erect carriage of these Indians is to be accounted for, to a great extent, by the wearing of this singular head-dress, for they are never seen without it, except sometimes when hunting.

The men's legs and feet are always bare, and look like columns of polished mahogany; sometimes, when hunting in the scrub, they wear buckskin leggings and moccasins. The women dress in short calico petticoats and a jacket or short sacque of gay-colored cloth. Their necks are ornamented by many strands of beads, sometimes a hundred or more, and weighing many pounds. The young women and bucks have usually very good features and



ONE LITTLE INGIN BOY.

are very vain of their personal appearance. The hair of the men is shaved at the sides, that on the top and back of the head is formed into a long plait and coiled on the top of the head. The women dress their hair in a way perfectly incomprehensible to me, though plaits form a part of the arrangement.

The old squaws are not blessed with good looks, and do the drudgery of the camp. The children are bright, active, and full of fun; some of the boys go entirely naked, though during our stay they wore short calico shirts. The boys are never without their bows and arrows, in the use of which they are very expert, killing quail and other birds, hares, squirrels, etc. The older ones, with their dogs, hunt gophers (land tortoises), and spear aquatic turtles and fish. The two sub-chiefs, Little Tiger and Little Tommy, wore a kind of hunting shirt of blue plaid calico, with a broad collar, the whole ornamented with bright-colored fringes, and strips of turkey-red calico along the seams. These Indians have agreeable, musical voices and talk in low, pleasant tones.

The houses are formed of upright posts set in the ground, a thatched roof of palmetto leaves, and a floor about three feet from the ground, the sides being open. They sit on the floors during the day, and sleep on them at night, their beds being rolled up in the day-time. They all sleep under mosquito bars, which are tucked up during the day. The store-houses are A-shaped and are closely thatched all around, with a door in one end.

At one side of the village is a level, cleared space, with a tall pole in the center, where they hold their dances at stated periods, the "green corn dance" being the most important. These are occasions of feasting, revelry, and the wildest enjoyment, in which wy-ho-mee (whisky), as in more civilized assemblages, takes an active and prominent part.

As the twilight floated upward, and the darkness closed around, the night was filled with wonders. Small camp fires were kindled in the open spaces between the huts, casting a ruddy

glare around, lighting up the gay attire and swarthy features of the Indians as they silently moved about, gilding the trunks of the lofty pines and setting the shadows dancing and flitting through the open huts. The white smoke glided upward like tall ghosts and disappeared in the gloom above the tree tops. The young moon hung low in the west, carrying the "old moon in her arms" across the mysterious wastes of the Everglades, leaving a trail of silvery tracks behind her. The jeweled belt of Orion and the flaming Southern Cross blazed in the heavens above, while myriads of fire-flies flitted and flashed their tiny lanterns over the slender spires of reeds, rushes, and rank grasses, their reflections gleaming and sparkling with the stars in the still reaches of the channels. The air was heavy with the redolence of balmy shrubs, honey-scented flowers, and the spicy aroma of the pines. Strange night birds flew by on noiseless wing, great moths wheeled about in erratic flight, and fierce beetles went buzzing overhead. The chuck-will's-widow was calling loudly, and the great horned-owl woke the solemn echoes of the dense pine forest, while an incessant twittering and chattering of water-fowl, the piping of frogs, and the occasional bellow of an alligator came from the marshes. What wonder that the Seminoles fought so long and so desperately for their sunny homes!

We repaired to the largest camp fire, where the *elite* of the village were sitting and lounging about. The squaws, each with a babe in her lap tugging at the fount of nature, were shelling beans, pounding hominy, or pulling buckskin, the men looking on, talking and smoking, and the children and dogs romping and playing. We were offered the best log at the fire and sat down. I performed a few simple sleight-of-hand tricks, such as, by palming half dollars, making them disappear and then taking them

from under the young buck's turbans, out of the older men's tobacco pouches, or from under the boys' shirts; but they were especially delighted when I took two from the mouth of a baby. Other tricks were performed with a string and a handkerchief, which were received with grunts of applause and nods of approbation. They wanted Squire, Jack, and Skipper to do something, but I told them I was "medicine man," and that the boys were ho-la-wau-gus (no good), which pleased them amazingly.

Skipper then put Cuff through his paces, who is a very intelligent dog, and performs a variety of tricks. There was a large gar-fish roasting on the coals, at which Squire spit tobacco juice as at a target, in spite of Jack's nudges, and he seldom missed the mark. I said something about baked fish and tobacco sauce, but still, as Jack said, "he didn't tumble to the racket." Finally a squaw turned it over, when Squire "tumbled." "I thought it was a stick of wood," said he, apologetically.

But the basting did it no harm, for the squaw cracked it open with a stick, the horny covering parting in halves like a bivalve shell, the meat appearing white and savory, which was divided among the children, together with some sweet potatoes, which she raked out of the ashes.

The young bucks and squaws are not allowed to talk to white men when the older men are about; they affect not to understand, answering only, "Dunno" and "No," but get the bucks apart to themselves and they can talk "Englis'" well enough for all practical purposes. Little Tiger prides himself on his ability to "Englis' talk, good." I asked him why he did not succeed his father, Tiger-tail, as "Big Chief" instead of Tallahassee. I gathered from his answer that it was (as in the affairs of some other people) the man who talked the fairest and promised the most who was selected. He said:

"The chiefs and officers have council. All come. All smoke. One man get up—talk, talk, talk! No lie—good talk. Other man get up—talk, talk, talk! Must no lie—must good talk! Every man must talk, talk! Every man good talk—must no lie! When all men talk, they say who chief. Tallahassee he talk heap—good talk—no lie—make him Big Chief; but," he added commiseratively, "he no Englis' talk; me Englis' talk, good!"

Capt. Hendry, of Fort Myers, took one of the young bucks (whom he is educating) and Little Tommy to the State Fair at Jacksonville a few months before. I asked Tommy what he liked best of all things that he saw there; he answered, "big hog!" The admiration of these Indians for hogs (of which they have a number) seems to surpass that of all things else.

I asked Little Tiger if he was fond of wy-ho-mee (whisky); he said:

"In-cah; little wy-ho-mee, good; too much wy-ho mee, ho-la-wau-gus! You got 'um?"

"No; where can I get 'um?" asked I.

"Miami, you get 'um; Key West you get 'um. Miami wy-ho-mee, ho-la-wau-gus! Key West wy-ho-mee, good, in-cah! Miami wy-ho-mee, me get 'um; in four days (holding up four fingers), sour! Ho-la-wau-gus! Key West wy-ho-mee good! No sour; strong! In-cah!"

We discovered that night why the Indians used mosquito bars; but my pen is inadequate to describe the miseries and torments we endured through neglecting to take ours with us. We slept, or rather tried to sleep, in the hut assigned to us, where, by maintaining a circle of fires and smudges around the open hut, we managed to pass the night.

We spent two days at the village and were much interested.

The Indians are good hunters and fair shots, but we beat them all at the target; we thought it necessary to do so in order to convince them of the superiority of the whites, as a race, in all things; we mollified their defeat, however, by attributing our success mostly to our superior rifles, which we told them were even inferior to most rifles now made. Jack then kicked the fat into the fire by beating each Indian with his own gun; but when he doubled up crows at a hundred yards with a Steven's pocket rifle, twelve inch barrel, they refused to shoot any longer, saying their guns were ho-la-wau-gus! Jack said that the white man's supremacy must be maintained. Some of the Indians use modern breech-loading rifles of the best manufacturers, .38 and .44 caliber.

Their canoes are made of huge cypress logs, are beautiful models, and carefully and skillfully constructed. The boys learn to handle and sail them when quite young. They use the pole in preference to the paddle, owing to the shallow water, and always sail them when there is a fair wind. In the fall there is from four to six feet of water in the Everglades, caused by the heavy rains of summer, but in the spring "navigation closes."

We purchased some sweet potatoes and beans, repacked the canoe and prepared to leave, when Cuff was missing. I had seen him not long before with a large Indian dog in the woods. Skipper was sorely troubled, fearing that the bucks had secreted him; but I was satisfied he had gone hunting to show off his smartness to the Indian cur. Finally we left without him, Tiger agreeing to bring him down to the station next day, saying:

"When sun so," pointing in the west to where the sun would be at an hour high, "me come—canoe—white man's dog—me bring 'um—in-cah!"

Three hours of sailing, paddling, and the swift current of New River took us to the station landing, where we found the *Rambler* all right. The next day, at the appointed hour, Tiger was seen poling a small canoe across the bay, with Cuff seated in the bow.

The most favorable wind for sailing on the east coast of Florida is a westerly one, which, blowing off the land, renders the sea comparatively smooth. The day after we returned from the Everglades the wind was north-west, and had Cuff been aboard, we should have at once set sail for Biscayne Bay, that being the most favorable wind we could have had.

As a rule, the wind in Florida boxes the compass in the regular way, following the sun; so that, by the time we were ready to sail, it was easterly, but rather light, and, though there was not much sea, there was a long and heavy swell from the north-east.

We went out over the bar at ebb-tide. New River Inlet is one of the best on the south-east coast of Florida, there being, at low tide, three or four feet of water on the bar. As the channels to these inlets are constantly changing, owing to the shifting of the sand, it would be useless to describe them in detail; but, as a rule, the cruiser should sail below them until the stream opens well to view, and then sail in on the plane of the out-flowing river, which, on this coast, will generally be in a northerly direction.

The shore line for ten miles below New River Inlet is of a similar character to that already described; but it afterward becomes more heavily timbered, owing to the proximity of streams about the head of Biscayne Bay. Twelve miles below New River, we were abreast of Life-Saving Station No. 5, the last one on the coast, under the charge of Ed Barnott; and, eight



miles below it, we entered Bay Biscayne, through Narrows Cut, between the mainland and Virginia Key. The light-house on Fowey's Rocks (formerly on Cape Florida), and the first buoy marking the entrance to Hawk Channel from here to Key West, were in plain sight as we passed in. We at once sailed across Biscayne Bay, about eight miles, to Miami (old Fort Dallas), at the mouth of Miami River.

We sailed into the river a few hundred yards, and anchored off the wharf of Mr. Ewan, who keeps a store, and lives with Mr. Charles Peacock, in the old stone officers' quarters at Fort Dallas. Here I met my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Peacock and family, Mr. Ewan and his mother; also Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle, of Cleveland, Ohio; E. O. Gwynn, Esq., Mayor of Key West, and Mr. Curtis, of Jacksonville, Florida. Mr. Curtis was collecting specimens of woods for the Smithsonian Institution and other scientific museums, and had a valuable collection.

We crossed the river to the store and post-office of Mr. Brickell, where we found an abundant supply of mail matter, this being the only post-office between Lake Worth and Key West, the mail being received via the latter place. We also met here Little Tommy, one of our Indian friends from the Everglades, who was down on a trading trip, coming in his canoe by way of the Miami River, which penetrates the Everglades.

There are many points of interest about Biscayne Bay, among others the "Punch Bowl," a large spring in the hamak of Mr. Brickell, and near the shore of the bay. In times gone by, the buccancers, pirates, and wreckers of the Florida Keys and Spanish Main frequented this spring, to fill their water casks from its great rocky bowl. Of course, the usual stories of buried treas-

ures near the haunts of pirates obtain, and many and vain have been the searchings in the vicinity of the Punch Bowl.

A few miles up the Miami, there is quite a rapids, called "The Falls," which will well repay a visit, being a lovely and most romantic spot. At the lower end of the bay, the "Indian Hunting Grounds" begin, running to Cape Sable, where large game abounds. At the head of the bay, Snake and Arch Creeks empty. Spanning the latter is a natural stone bridge, or arch, of coralline rock, under which boats may pass, and the fortunate occupants enjoy the beauties of the scene.

In a beautiful grove of cocoa-palms, at the mouth of the Miami, were encamped Mr. and Mrs. M., Mr. and Miss H., and and Mrs. O., of Staten Island, New York. The group of white tents added an additional charm to a spot as lovely and romantic as a scene in fairyland. Their camp and outfit were as complete and comfortable as possible, and they really enjoyed their open-air life. Mrs. M. and her sister, Miss H., were afflicted with pulmonary consumption, and had been drawn hither, as a last resource, to try the healing virtues of the chlorinated breezes, balmy atmosphere, and warm, bright sun of this, the fairest, the most charming and most healthful location in Florida. Miss H. had been greatly benefited, the disease not having made such fearful inroads and rapid progress in her case; but the fell and insidious destroyer had already impressed his flaming red seal upon the fair, wan cheeks of her patient and courageous sister, and claimed her for his own.

One evening, as the full, round moon rose grandly over the beautiful bay, bathing the palms in a flood of silvery light, we sat under the fly of the tent, the fair sufferer propped up by

pillows in an easy chair, the soft and grateful breeze fanning gently her fevered brow, while her great, dark-gray eyes calmly and peacefully drank in the glorious and wondrous beauty of the scene, and loving ones whispered words of hope and encouragement; but, as the silvery track of the moon was flung across the waters of the broad bay, almost to her very feet, I knew, alas! that it was the shining pathway by which she would soon, oh, so soon! travel heavenward. She is now, doubtless, at rest, and calmly sleeping under the wintry snows of her northern home—a fitting winding-sheet for one so pure and lovely.



## CHAPTER XIV.

Down the bay.—The Keys.—The Reefs.—Canoe possibilities.—Cæsar's Creek.—Key Largo.—Incompatibility of poetry and a heavy swell.—Through the Florida Strait.—Isolated light-houses.—The "cocoanut boom."—Bahia Honda.—A heavy sea.—Key West.—"Key to the Gulf."—The harbor and city.—Confusion and harmony.—The new and the old.—Cosmopolitans.—Mixed colors.—A liqui-linguistic feat.—The dance house.—A lively scene.—The rink.—Skating in the tropics.—Beauty and bicycles.—Music and flowers.—Jack in the toils.—Cigar factories.—"Conchs."—Sponging.—Fishing smacks.—Fish market.—Daily auction.



E left Miami at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, with a light easterly wind. Mr. E. O. Gwynn, Mayor of Key West, having concluded his business at Miami, and the mail schooner not leaving for several days, in fact had not yet arrived from Key West, we offered him a passage, as we intended going direct to that city. We greatly enjoyed his genial society on the trip; for, being well informed, and a close observer, he possessed an abundant stock of information of that section of the country.

As we sailed out of Miami River, the line of keys shutting in the bay from the ocean were plainly visible toward the southeast, the most northerly being Virginia Key, then Key Biscayne, Soldier Key, and Ragged Keys. The south point of Key Biscayne is Cape Florida, upon which stands the light-house tower, now abandoned as a light station. Eastward of Soldier Key,

and five and a half miles S. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  S. from Cape Florida, is Fowey Rocks Light-house, on the northern extremity of the Florida reefs. It is an iron frame-work, with the lantern one hundred and ten feet above the sea, showing a fixed white light, visible in clear weather some sixteen miles. This light is situated at the northern entrance to Hawk Channel, leading between the line of Florida Keys and the outlying reefs, along the Florida Strait to Key West. The channel is from three to five miles wide, and is about one hundred and forty miles from Virginia Key to Key West.

Biscayne Bay is broadest abreast of Ragged Keys, and about here begin the Feather-bed Shoals, a series of parallel sand shoals stretching across the bay. They are easily discernible, showing quite white at a distance, and by following the shoal in either direction an opening will soon be found. Below Ragged Keys is a long one called Elliott's Key; near its southern extremity a group of small keys stretch across Biscayne Bay, separating it from Card's Sound. Small boats may proceed through Card's and Barne's sounds, and then keep under the lee of the line of keys to Key West; but it requires some previous knowledge, or the employment of a competent pilot, to avoid the many mud flats, shoals, and reefs of this route, for the water is shallow.

It would prove a delightful and interesting canoe trip, which I hope some day to make. Owing to the many keys, mangrove islands, and shoals, with the mainland to the north and the Florida Keys to the southward, the water is always comparatively smooth. There is an abundance of shore and wading birds, and endless variety of fishes, oysters, turtles, etc., while on the Indian Hunting Grounds on the mainland there is plenty

of large game. Indeed, with a few carries or portages, the entire coast of Florida can be circumnavigated in a small canoe, capable of being sailed and paddled, and it is surprising to me that some of our enthusiastic and venturesome canoeists do not attempt it.

Sailing down Biscayne Bay, we took a number of tarpum, groupers, crevallé, and barracudas on the trolling lines, and saw numerous loggerhead and green turtles. At the south end of Elliott's Key is a passage to the sea called Cæsar's Creek, winding between that key and some smaller ones. We followed Cæsar's Creek to the main channel inside the Florida reefs, before mentioned, where we anchored at sundown, some thirty-five miles from Miami.

The next morning broke clear and fine, with a fresh E. N. E. breeze, and leaving the mouth of Cæsar's Creek we went dashing along, leaving Old Rhodes Key to the starboard. We next came to the largest of the keys, Cayo Largo, at the head of which we caught the last glimpse of the mainland that we would have until we sighted Cape Sable, after leaving Key West. Jack, catching the inspiration of the theme, mounted the cabin roof, waved his hand toward the distant peninsula, seen through the fast-closing gap between the keys, and dramatically declaimed:

"Adieu, adieu! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue."

"Ta, ta! Jack," said Squire, "I'll see you later; 's'mother eve!"

But Jack was not to be smothered in any such manner, and continued:

"O'er the waters of the dark blue sea,  
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free,  
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,  
Survey our empire, and behold our home."

"If you want any surveying done, call on Mr. Gwynn, here; he is county surveyor of Monroe county, as well as mayor of Key West, and has jurisdiction all along these keys!"

The wind continued to freshen, bringing in a long-rolling sea between the outlying reefs, which caused Jack to seek the cabin and his bunk; so we had no more poetry that day.

We were now opposite Carysfort Reef Light-house, which is twenty-three miles S. by W. from Fowey Rocks Light. It shows a bright flash every half minute, visible some seventeen miles. Key Largo is some twenty miles long, has a number of settlers on it, and some large pine-apple plantations, the largest being those of Mr. Baker. These keys are, most of them, thickly wooded with a variety of hard timber, button-wood, crab-wood, bay, palmetto, etc., with a fringe of mangroves. Several vessels were in sight, in the channel and outside the reefs. Those meeting us were beating northward under reefed canvas, but the *Rambler*, with the wind abaft the beam, had just enough for her cruising rig, and went bowling along with every thread drawing in the spanking breeze.

We passed in succession, leaving them all to starboard, Rodriquez and Tavernier keys—both small ones—and Plantation, Vermont, Upper and Lower Mattacombe and Umbrella keys. Indian Key, a small, but high and prominent one, came next, where there is good anchorage and a number of large cisterns, where water can be purchased by passing vessels. South-west of Indian Key is Alligator Reef Light-house, thirty-one miles S.

W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  S. from Carysfort Reef Light. It is an iron frame pyramid, showing a scintillating light flashing every five seconds, every sixth flash being red. These light-houses, built on submerged reefs by iron screw piles, are completely isolated; their keepers, being shut off from all communication with the keys except by boats, lead a very secluded and semi-hermit life, while exposed to the fury of fierce gales and the lashing of the angry seas.

The Florida keys are now nearly all inhabited, and new buildings were being erected on many of them, owing to the "cocoanut boom." These keys were all being taken up, pre-empted, leased, or bought, principally by Key West parties, and set out to cocoanut trees. As these trees will grow wherever there is soil enough on these rocky keys, and require little or no care after being planted, and as each tree is said to pay at least a dollar and a half per annum after six years old, it will be seen that a few thousand trees would yield a small bonanza in a few years, if all accounts are true. On some of the keys are groups of cocoa-palms now full grown and in bearing, and whether they pay or not financially, they certainly add very much to the beauty and tropical appearance of the islands, and viewed in this light the "cocoanut fever" will prove of lasting benefit to this section.

At Long Key we left the main channel and went inside the line of keys to Channel Key, where we anchored at five o'clock under the lee of Duck Key. The route usually taken, it being somewhat shorter, is to go "inside," or on the northerly side of the keys from Long Key to Bahia Honda, from whence the main channel is again followed to Key West. The choice of routes is, however, usually determined by the direction of the wind and the state of the sea. With a northerly or westerly wind, the



main channel is the smoothest, being then under the lee of the keys, while with an easterly or southerly wind, the other route is taken for a similar reason.

The next morning we set sail at seven o'clock, the wind blowing harder than on the day before, and from the same direction, or a few points nearer east. We passed Grassy, Bamboo, Vaccas, Knight, and other keys in quick succession, leaving them to port, and with the strong breeze and smooth water, under the lee, we made ten miles an hour from Channel Key to Bahia Honda. Coming outside here we found a heavy sea running, catching us on the port quarter, but the *Rambler*, very buoyant in light ballast, and being under full sail, skimmed the rollers like a sea-gull. We did not ship a sea on the whole voyage. The fishing smacks, turtlers, and spongers were all lying at anchor under the lee of various keys, waiting for better weather.

In plain sight was Sombrero Key Light-house, thirty miles S. W. by W.  $\frac{1}{4}$  W. from Alligator Reef Light. This is a conspicuous open frame iron-work tower, over one hundred feet high, showing a fixed light, visible twenty miles. We now left to starboard Pine, Saddle Bluff, Sugarloaf, Loggerhead, and other keys. South-west of Loggerhead Key is the new light-house on American Shoal. Passing Cayo Sambo, Boca Chica, and other keys and islands, we were in sight of Key West Light-house, and off to the south-west, Sand Key Light-house; the latter is forty-three miles W. by S.  $\frac{3}{4}$  S. from Sombrero Light and seven and a third miles S. S. W.  $\frac{3}{4}$  W. from Key West Light. Key West Light-house (harbor light) is in the City of Key West, south-east side, a brick tower, whitewashed, and shows a fixed light fourteen miles. Sand Key Light is a revolving flash light.

Key West City now loomed up to view with its steeples, tow-

ers, and forts bristling with guns. Rounding Fort Taylor, we proceeded to the common anchorage of the coasters and fishing smacks, and dropped anchor at three o'clock, having made one hundred and fifty miles in twenty-four hours of sailing, an average of six and a quarter miles per hour. We made every thing snug, got the anchor light ready, and put every thing in ship-shape order for a stay of several days in port.

Key West, a thriving and prosperous city of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, is situated on the western portion of the island, the latter being five miles in length and about a mile wide. From its position as the "Key to the Gulf," with a deep and spacious harbor, and as a naval depot and coaling station it is a place of great commercial and maritime importance. It has a number of fine residences, buildings, and churches, several hotels—the principal one, the Russell House—a marine hospital, a custom-house, and a U. S. naval depot. There is a neat and commodious barracks, with well-kept grounds, though the troops are at present stationed at Tampa. There is also quite a large convent, surrounded by handsomely arranged grounds, just outside the city. The cemetery is tastefully laid out, and charmingly adorned by tropical trees, shrubbery, and flowering plants. The city is defended by several forts, the largest being Fort Taylor, a brick and stone fortress mounting some two hundred guns. Steamers for Havana, Mexico, New Orleans, New York, Galveston, and the Gulf coast touch here almost daily, besides a great number of sailing vessels. It is but sixty miles to Havana, and some four or five days by steamer to New York.

Key West is a quaint and charming city, full of oddities and incongruities, a veritable town of eccentric "patchwork," wherein each edifice forms a "piece." Buildings of all sizes and of every

conceivable style, or no style, of architecture, are promiscuously jumbled together, but are joined or seamed to each other by a wealth and profusion of tropical foliage, which surrounds, invests, surmounts, and overshadows them, softening the asperities, toning down the harsh outlines, and uniting the separate pieces, which merge their individuality in a harmonious *tout ensemble*.

The modern stiff and flashy Gothic church glares superciliously through its cheap, Catharine-wheel window, as through an eye-glass, at the weather-stained but stout and solid old Spanish chapel, which looks up dreamily and good-naturedly at its prim rival, while the cocoa-palm stretches its long arms over it protectingly, the date-palm caresses it with slender, green fingers, and the almond tree looks on with conscious pride. The stilted, upstart frame residence, with scroll-work hanging from barge-board and eaves, like cheap cotton lace ostentatiously displayed by a vulgarly-dressed woman, looks down haughtily on its little neighbor—a rambling one-story cottage of stone, with broad, projecting roof and cool verandas, almost hidden in a mass of vines, creepers, and flowers, which cling to it in loving embrace. The iron-front store, with plate-glass windows, shoulders aside the dark and somber Cuban café, with its cages of singing birds and parrots hanging in the Pride of India trees, and its cool shadows embalmed and emblazoned by the bloom and fragrance of the oleanders.

And so, mansions, huts, and hovels—balconies, canopies, and porches—lattice windows, oriels, and dormers—gables, hoods, and pavilions—pillars, columns, and pilasters—are mingled in endless confusion, but harmonized by arabesques of fruit and foliage, festoons of vines and creepers, wreaths and traceries of climbing shrubs and trailing flowers, and shady bowers of palm and

palmetto, almond and tamarind, lime and lemon, orange and banana.

And its population is as diverse as its structures. Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Cubans, Bahamians, Italians, and negroes make up its numbers, the majority being Cubans and Bahamians, or "Conchs," as the English natives of the Bahamas are called. Here may be seen every shade of complexion, from white to yellow, brown and black, cosmopolitan all, though each class seems to live in its own particular quarter of the town—as "birds of a feather" mostly congregate in specialized groups—where, after nightfall, they enjoy themselves, each class after its own fashion, singing, dancing, and even drinking in its own language. Jack said he learned to drink beer in seven languages while there, which is a linguistic accomplishment that few attain, and fewer enjoy.

But there is a large and popular dance house at the west end of town, which we "took in" for the Skipper's benefit, where the harmonizing influences of the place are again exemplified, and where white, yellow, brown, and black meet on a common level, male and female, and "chase the glowing hours with flying feet," to the inspiring strains of a cracked violin, and a piano which seems to possess a thousand wires and all loosely hung. And if the test of enjoyment is the energy displayed, they certainly enjoyed themselves to the top of their bent.

But we will take a long and upward step to a nobler and far more attractive scene, where the youth and beauty of the island city are assembled at the "Rink," a large and brilliantly lighted hall in the heart of the town. Here were youths and maidens who had never seen a snow-flake, or an icicle, and who had never heard the merry jingle of a sleigh-bell; but all the same they

were gliding along gracefully and smoothly on roller-skates, or dashing around the outer edges on the swift-whirling bicycle to the fascinating strains of the "Beautiful Blue Danube;" while the mingled odors of the cape jessamine, tuberose, and the orange blossom floated in through the open windows and doors.



**LITTLE CUBAN BEAUTY.** Oh, what a subtle and potent power in beauty, music, and flowers! And they had their influence on Jack, who was deeply enamored of a little Cuban beauty; and no wonder, for she was perfectly brilliant and glorious in a wealth of jet black hair, a clear olive complexion, pouting coral lips, disclosing regular and pearly teeth wreathed by a perpetual smile, while her eyes were as black as midnight, with her soul looking up out of their mysterious depths; and her form was even more lovely than her face, and its loveliness was surpassed by her grace. Poor Jack! "Beauty draws us with a single hair," and here he was harnessed to each particular hair of the beauty's head, frizzes and all.

We tried to convince him that it was the effect of the music or the fragrance of the flowers, and that he would get over it when he went out into the fresh air; but he answered:

"If music be the food of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken and so die.  
That strain again; it had a dying fall;  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor."

Then Squire made the only quotation he was ever guilty

of, though it did him credit, for it was from the "Book of books,"

"Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love."

But he spoiled it all when he added :

"But I think it will be better to rub his bump of amativeness with a soft brick!"

The chief industries of Key West are the manufacture of cigars, sponging, fishing, turtling, and wrecking. There are, perhaps, a hundred cigar factories, from the one-story hut, scarcely bigger than its sign, to the large, airy, and extensive



CONCH SPONGING.

buildings, each giving employment to hundreds of hands. The cigar makers are mostly Cuban refugees, and the tobacco is imported from Cuba, though for a time some eastern dealers manufactured here a large quantity of domestic tobacco, which injured the trade and brought discredit on Key West cigars, so as to lessen the demand to a considerable extent; but, happily, the dishonest practice is discontinued, I believe, and only Cuban leaf is now used.

A large fleet of vessels are engaged in sponging, the crews being mostly "Conchs" and negroes. The sponges are taken in

shallow waters, off the reefs and banks, where, by means of the "sponge-glass," a wooden pail with a glass bottom, the sponges can be plainly seen attached to the rocky botton, and to shells, when they are torn loose by a strong iron hook affixed to a long pole. Each vessel tows six or eight small boats or yawls, in which the men work. Some eastern houses have sponge depots here; among others I noticed that of McKesson & Robbins of New York. The sponges are here washed, dried, bleached, and assorted, and are of various grades and kinds.

Every morning may be seen many small fishing smacks, moored stern on along the fish wharf, with their wells filled with live pan fish, such as grunts, porgies, groupers, snappers, hog-fish, yellow tails, spots, etc., which are killed and strung in bunches as fast as sold, selling for five or ten cents a bunch, and, on account of their cheapness, form the principal part of the diet of the working classes. These pan fish are, some of them, very beautiful, as well as excellent food fishes, and are caught in the channels near the city, being taken principally with the sea craw-fish as bait, for they are all caught with hook and line. The larger smacks bring in king-fish, otherwise known as cero, or black-spotted Spanish mackerel, a large and handsome fish, weighing from five to fifteen pounds, almost equaling the real Spanish mackerel in flavor; they are usually taken by trolling off the keys. The fishermen are mostly "Conchs," who are, by nature, nearly amphibious, learning to fish, turtle, sponge, and handle a boat almost as soon as they are able to walk, or, at most, when old enough to wear trousers. They are the descendants of the English settlers of the Bahama Islands, and have the cockney habit of changing the "w" to "v." Even a negro, born in the Bahamas, said to me one day:

"The veather ain't no good for fishin', an' the vater is too rough, and the vind too 'igh fur spongin'."

A number of large smacks regularly supply the Havana market with king-fish and red-snappers. By leaving Key West about sundown they are in Havana by daylight the next morning. Had we not been pressed for time, or been in Key West a few weeks earlier, I should have made the run in one of these smacks.

The fruit and vegetables, and products brought to Key West from the mainland and keys, are always disposed of at auctions, which are held every morning, and are attended by the citizens as regularly as northern people "go to market." If the supply of eatables is small, notions and other commodities are sold, for the average Key Wester is not happy without an auction.

We were shown every kindness, consideration, and courtesy, during our stay in Key West, by Mr. and Mrs Gwynn and their two charming daughters. These young ladies possessed all the advantages of a good and thorough education, being well versed in belles-lettres, music, and painting, and were as refined and graceful as our northern ladies, although they had never been away from their little island home, having been educated entirely at the convent of Key West.



## CHAPTER XV.

Bound for Cape Sable.—Formation of the reefs and keys.—“Flowers of the sea.”—Beautiful fishes.—The wonders of the deep.—Key Vaccas.—Cape Sable.—Tropical birds.—The flamingo.—A snug berth.—Fish galore.—Myriads of water-fowl.—Ten Thousand Islands.—Bahia Ponce de Leon.—Mangroves.—Whitewater Bay.—Pavilion Key.—Panther Key.—“Old Man Gomez.”—“Oh, such a snake!”—A dry season.—Cape Romano.—Rambling on the beach.—Marco.—Caximbas Pass.—Graining the tarpum.—Diving for green turtle.—Bay snipe and shore birds.—Voices of the deep.—Prehistoric oyster suppers.—Estero Pass.—A crew of “one hand.”—Alligator Ferguson.—The life history of the ‘gator.—“Jist like humans.”



WE left Key West on Sunday afternoon, March 12th, with a light easterly breeze, bound for Cape Sable, some sixty miles north-east, across Florida Bay. The usual route to that point from Key West is to take the East Channel and proceed to Bahia Honda, and thence across to Cape Sable; but not wishing to retrace that portion of our route to Bahia Honda, I resolved to add variety to our voyage by going to the westward and northward of the keys, or on the Gulf side, then sailing eastward to Key Vaccas, thence due north thirty miles, to East Cape Sable. Accordingly, we left Key West by the North-west Channel, leaving all the keys to starboard, and anchored before sundown at North-west Boca Chica, a small key with a beautiful white sandy beach, some ten miles north-west from Key West.

The Florida Keys, like the southern portion of the peninsula, are of recent formation, and are underlaid by oölitic and coral limestones. These coralline rocks are formed by the action of the waves and weather upon the calcareous secretions of coral-polyps, those beautiful "flowers of the sea," which are still building, better than they know, on the outlying submerged reefs, and where may be seen those tiny "toilers of the sea:" madre-pores, astræans, mæandrinæ, porites, gorgonias, etc., rivaling in beauty of form and colors the most charming and delicate ferns, fungi, mosses, and shrubs.

The fishes about the keys are very handsome, both in form and coloration; silvery, rosy, scarlet, brown, and golden bodies, with sky-blue, bright yellow, rosy, or black stripes and bands, or spotted, stellated, and mottled with all the hues of the rainbow, and with jeweled eyes of scarlet, blue, yellow, or black; fins of all colors and shapes, and lips of scarlet, red, blue, or silver. Some of the larger keys, as Sugar-loaf, Saddle-bluff, Pine, and Largo, contain a few deer, and some of the oldest settled ones harbor a few bevvies of quail, but most of the keys of the Florida Strait are barren of game.

The next morning, with a splendid breeze from the south-west, we left North-west Boca Chica, and, under the lee of the keys, we made good time, arriving at Key Vaccas in the afternoon. The spongers and fishing smacks were lying at anchor under the different keys as we bowled merrily along, the wind being too high for them to pursue their vocations. At Key Vaccas we found several brothers, named Watkins, with their families, all "Conchs," who had quite a large clearing, or "cultiwation," as they called it, and who were raising tomatoes and other vegeta-

bles for Key West and the northern markets. The soil is thin and very rocky, but rich, and produces well. There is a fine spring of excellent water pouring out of the sharp and jagged rocks of this key, east of the Watkins settlement, where we filled our water casks.

We collected a number of beautiful land shells on this key, and a rich variety of botanical specimens, for we stayed here the following day, the wind having backed up to the north, blowing hard. The next day thereafter, however, it hauled to the eastward, when we again set sail, due north, for East Cape Sable. We were out of sight of land for two hours, until we sighted Sandy Key, and made the cape in six hours' sailing from Key Vaccas. Had we not gone to Key West, we should have crossed to the cape from Long Key or Channel Key. Very small boats can cross from these points, and, by keeping well to the eastward, can be in sight of some of the keys of Barnes' Sound all the way, but the water is shallow, with numerous banks and shoals of sand.

We sailed eastward of East Cape Sable to the mainland, where there is abundance of deer, turkeys, and other game. We here saw, for the first time, that magnificent bird, the flamingo, with great numbers of egrets, roseate spoonbills and herons. The next day we passed East Cape Sable, and proceeded to the Middle Cape, or Palm Point, where there was a house. We landed to call on the occupant, who was very desirous for us to stop a day or two to kill some deer, which were plentiful; but, being pressed for time, we kept on to the North-west Cape, and, a few miles farther on, entered Cape Sable Creek, where we anchored.

This creek is an admirable harbor for small boats, and the only

one near Cape Sable. With a narrow entrance, some twenty feet in width, it soon expands into a roomy basin, quite deep, where a vessel can be safely moored alongside a sand spit running out from the shore. A hurricane, blowing outside, would not ripple the water of this quiet basin. Sharks and other large fish may be harpooned or grained from the deck of the vessel, or, with line and hook, the angler can get a surfeit of fishing. The stream heads in a large lagoon back of the cape, the resort of innumerable water-fowl and aquatic birds. The region about Cape Sable is the best south of Charlotte Harbor for camping, hunting, and fishing, there being a broad, smooth, sandy beach all around the cape, abounding in beautiful shells, and other marine curiosities, with good, dry ground for camping, and an abundance of game on the savannas and in the pine woods and hamaks.

From Cape Sable Creek to Pavilion Key there is a succession of mangrove keys and islands, and but very little beach or hard ground. Between these points lie Shark, Lostman's, Harney's and other rivers, and Whitewater and Chatham Bays, which are studded with the "Thousand Islands;" had they been called "Ten Thousand Islands," it would have been a more appropriate name. This whole region lies in Bahia Ponce de Leon. It is from ten to twenty miles from the Gulf to the mainland, which latter can only be reached by following the intricate channels between these numberless so-called islands; many of which have not a particle of soil, being merely clumps or thickets of mangroves. It would take a month or more to get a good idea of Whitewater and Chatham Bays, by penetrating to the mainland and to the Everglades; and, as we were already behind time, we did not attempt it, leaving that unexplored region for a more convenient season.

Mangroves here grow to be tall trees, as tall as water-oaks, or even pines. There are small bunches of them, and great forests of them — nothing but mangroves, mangroves. It is wonderful how these mangroves grow, and, when once started, how rapidly they increase. The seeds are about as long and of the shape and appearance of the old-fashioned “long-nine” cigar. These fall into the mud or shallow water, and soon take root, the upper end giving off shoots, which, growing upward, send down other shoots, or roots, parallel with the main stems, and these, taking root, again grow upward, and the parent stem, as it continues to grow, continues to send down other branches or roots to the water. I have seen these pendent branches descending twenty feet to the water, as straight and smooth as an arrow, and an inch thick. I have walked a quarter of a mile through a mangrove thicket on the lower arching roots, two or three feet above the water, where there was not a particle of soil. But in time, drift, sea-weeds, and shells accumulate about the roots, and floating seeds lodge and germinate, so that at last an island is formed and lifted up above the surface of the water.

Another reason for our not tarrying long in this section was the scarcity of water. Our supply was getting short, and there had been no rain on the south-west coast for four months. We attempted to go up one of the creeks to the mainland, or to fresh water, but the ebb-tide left us aground, and we were forced to return on the next tide. I regretted exceedingly not being able to spend more time in this region, for the reasons mentioned; for it was on the mainland of Cape Sable and vicinity, in its fresh-water ponds and streams, that I expected to make my largest and most valuable collection of fishes, many of which are, doubtless, new to science.

The water in these bays is quite shallow; so, with an offing of several miles in the Gulf, we sailed for Chuckaluskee River, where we expected to get a supply of water from cisterns at that settlement, the first north of Cape Sable. Stopping at Pavflion Key, we found a boat with two men, who told us that the cisterns at Chuckaluskee were dry; so we went on to Panther Key, and anchored for the night.

We went ashore at Panther Key the next morning, where we found a hut and a bright-eyed old Spaniard and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Gomez. "Old man Gomez" is a noted character on the south-west coast, having lived there for thirty years or more. He is reputed to be a hundred years old. He told me that he went from Spain to St. Augustine when a young man, ten years before Florida was ceded to the United States, which would make him about that age. He is held in wholesome dread by the settlers, who throw out dark hints of his having been a slaver, and even a pirate, in his younger days; but "He was the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat." He had a plantation up the creek, near Panther Key; but his well going dry, he had come down to his place on the key, where there was a shallow well, with about six inches of brackish water. But he informed me that there was a good well on Cape Romano, some five miles to the westward. Gomez was under contract to furnish provisions to a Government surveying party, who were then some six mile up the creek on the mainland. His schooner had gone to Key West for provisions, and he was daily expecting her.

"Are there any rattlesnakes on this island?" asked Jack.

"Me no see one for a long-a time," answered the old man, "but me kill-a one, long-a time ago; very big-a one."

"Oh-h-h! Such a s-n-a-k-e! Such a snake!" broke in the old lady—a Georgia woman—with both hands before her face, waving away the imaginary reptile. "Dear me; dear me! I can see it now! O-h-h! Such a snake! Such a snake!"

"How long was it?" asked Jack; "ten feet?"

"Oh, dear! longer'n that; longer'n that!" answered she. "I can see it now! Oh-h-h! Such a snake! Such a snake! 'T was as long as this room; it was; it was; it was! I can see it now; I can see it now!"

The room was fifteen feet in length.

"Did you save the rattles?" asked Jack.

"No, no, no! Oh-h-h! Such a snake! Such a snake! No, no! I saved myself; I saved myself! Oh-h-h! Such a snake! Such a snake!"

"How thick was it?" persisted Jack, "as big as my leg?"

"Oh, dear! bigger'n that; bigger'n that! Oh-h-h! Such a snake, such a snake! Dear, dear, dear! I can see it now! I can see it now! Such a snake! Such a snake! Oh, it makes me sick! It makes me sick! I can smell it too! I can smell it too! It was as big as a water bucket! it was, it was, it was! Oh-h-h! Such a snake! Such a snake!"

"Well, I believe it," said Jack, "and it wasn't much of a snake either, for if it was always as dry here as it is now, there is no need of a water bucket bigger than a pint cup!"

As the old man could give us no water, he did the best he could by giving us a bountiful supply of tomatoes, sweet potatoes, and bananas, for which he would take no money, saying:

"Me give-a you tomat, sweet-a potato, banan'. Me no want-a mon'; me give-a you."

We departed for Cape Romano, where, on the southerly shore,

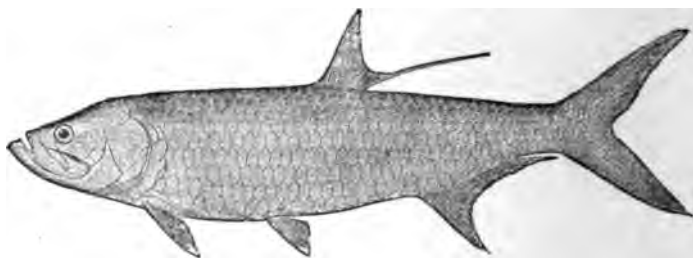
a quarter of a mile from the extreme point, we found a well of excellent water, from which we replenished our water casks. We took a ramble on the beach, where we found great quantities of shells, sea-urchins, star-fishes, sea-fans, sponges, etc. We then sailed for Cocoanut Key, five miles E. N. E. from Cape Romano, where there is a pass leading to Marco and Horr's Islands. We anchored off Goodland Point, on Marco, near the house of Captain Roberts, who has a fine plantation of tomatoes, bananas, etc. These islands are high, with good soil, and are very productive; but the long drought had told on the plants. Captain Roberts owns a fine schooner, in which he carries his fruits and vegetables to Key West in their season, and at other times engages in fishing, turtling, and sponging.

On Horr's Island I found Captain Horr, formerly of Ohio, who was well located for raising sub-tropical fruits and early vegetables, for these islands possessed the best soil I saw on the west coast. At the west end of Marco, near Caximbas Pass, a brother of Captain Roberts has also a large and excellent plantation, and on its northerly side is the location of Captain Collier, who also owns a good weatherly schooner, transporting his produce to Key West. This is a fine settlement, very pleasantly situated, the waters teeming with fish and turtles, green and loggerhead, and the flats with clams and oysters. Immense tarpum and jew-fish are speared under the mangroves with "grains," a stout, two-pronged fish spear, in the use of which these people are very expert.

The boat being poled quietly along the fringe of mangrove bushes at the edge of the channels, the man standing in the bow with the grains ready, at length spies a great tarpum some six feet long, like a giant fish of burnished silver, poised motion-



less in the shade. When within striking distance, he hurls the grains by its long handle with a skillful and dexterous thrust and unerring aim, born of long experience, which strikes home with an ominous thud, when the monster tears away with a tremendous spurt, leaps clear of the surface, and, falling back, makes the water fairly boil and seethe in his desperate efforts to escape. But the barbed grains holds fast, and the long, stout line is as tense as a bowstring. The great fish tows the boat around like a cockle-shell, until his fierce struggles and grand leaps begin to tell on him, and at length he is towed ashore com-



THE TARPON—(*Megalops atlanticus*.)

pletely exhausted. Sometimes the boat is capsized or swamped by an unusually large and powerful fish; but, as I have mentioned before, these "Conchs" are almost amphibious, and seldom lose their fish, even under the most adverse circumstances.

Imagine a scene like this: A schooner under full sail, plowing the shallow waters of the Gulf, her prow proudly dashing aside the spray as "she walks the waters like a thing of life," when a pensive young "Conch," standing on the weather bow, clad only in a cotton shirt and trousers, throws his hat on deck as he turns his face toward the man at the tiller, and quietly but quickly saying, "Luff 'er up!" flings himself head first into the

sea. One not accustomed to these people would think the young man mad and intent on suicide, or a visit to Davy Jones' locker; but as the vessel comes up into the wind with shaking sails, the pensive young Conch also comes up, shaking the short tail of an immense green turtle, which he has adroitly turned on its back, and, towing it to the schooner's side, a running noose is passed around a flipper, and it is hoisted on deck. Though this is not the usual way of catching turtle, it has been done.

The mud flats about Caximbas Pass at low tide swarm with bay snipe and shore birds, and at flood tide the channels under the mangroves teem with red-fish, groupers, and snappers, while near the beds of conch oysters are schools of sheepshead and drum. In fact, all of these passes and inlets of the west coast are fairly alive with fishes, from the mullet to sharks and saw-fish. While lying in his bunk, one can hear all night long the voices of the deep, under and around him. The hollow, muffled boom of the drum-fish seems to be just under one's pillow; schools of sparoid fishes feeding on shell-fish on the bottom, sounds like the snapping of dry twigs on a hot fire; while a hundred tiny hammers in the hands of ocean sprites are tapping on the keel. Then is heard the powerful rush of the tarpum, the blowing of porpoises, and the snapping jaws of the sea-trout among the swarms of mullet, which, leaping from the surface by thousands, awake the watery echoes like showers of silvery fishes falling in fitful gusts and squalls.

On the islands about Caximbas Pass are many shell mounds, bearing witness to the many "oyster suppers" enjoyed by the aboriginal inhabitants. From the proximity of wild lime and lemon trees, it may be presumed that they took them "on the

half shell;" and also in the form of "box stews," if we may judge from the fragments of pottery and fire-coals scattered through the heaps. We are also reminded by tangible evidence that "clam chowder" was no novelty to them, and that they were on familiar terms with "fried scallops;" but whether a prehistoric "Dorlan" catered at these feasts, or whether the "Ingin meal" was moistened by libations of primeval "Mumm" or pristine "Piper Sec," or were washed down by copious draughts of primogenial "lager," deponent saith not.

We left Caximbas Pass in the middle of the forenoon, with a north-west wind, sailing close-hauled all day until an hour before sundown, when we put into Estero Pass for the night. We had just made every thing snug, the king-fish was sputtering in the frying-pan, the venison broiling over the coals, and the aroma of old Government Java was ascending toward the mast-heads, when a small schooner also put in and dropped anchor on a shoal within fifty yards of us. The sails were lowered away and furled by the crew, which consisted of a solitary one-armed man. In a short time the receding tide left the little schooner aground, when I went over in the *Daisy* to see if we could be of any service.

"Oh, no," said the combined skipper and crew, "she'll lay all the easier aground, and she'll be afloat time enough for me in the mornin', bet your ribs!"

Then making a fire in his little stove, he began preparing his supper. He had a cargo of bananas for Cedar Key. This man, from his habit of hunting alligators in the summer, had obtained the sobriquet of "Alligator Ferguson," and was a character of some note on the west coast. After supper he came over to the *Rambler* and assisted the boys in shark fishing,

regaling them, between bites, with accounts of his prowess in hunting the huge saurians, which with him had become an all-absorbing passion.

"What I do n't know 'bout 'gators, gentlemen," said he, "the 'gator do n't know himself. If I can ketch his ugly eye, I can tell jist what he's thinkin' 'bout. If he sees me a comin' with old 'Sure-Death,' my big Springfield rifle, he jist sez, sez he, 'Thar's Alligator Ferguson; my hide's good as off, my teeth's good as gone; I've done swallerin' fish an' pine knots in this vain world; my wattery pilgrimage is over; far'well to Flurida!'"

"You must have killed a good many?" said Jack.

"Well, yes; a good many, and more too. I could n't 'zactly say jist how many I've killed and skun, or how many teeth I've pulled; but there ain't a butcher who hez skun more beef-cattle or mutton-sheep than I've skun 'gators; and there ain't a tooth-carpenter in the Newnited States who hez extracted more teeth from humans than I 'gators, I'll be dod-busted if there is!"

"I suppose that with the hides and teeth it is a pretty profitable business," said Squire.

"Well, I care more for the fun than the profit. The hides and teeth buy grub and tobacker; that's bizness, bet your ribs! But the enj'ymment of the fun is what makes life wuth livin' with me. You clean out the 'gators, and you clean out me; 'xterminate 'gators, and you 'xtinguish Alligator Ferguson. Without his open count'nance and lively tail, this vale of tears 'ud have no attractions fur me!"

"Take it altogether, then, hides, teeth, and fun, and it pays you pretty well," said Squire.

"Bet your ribs! I get a half dollar for a hide, five dollars a

pound for the teeth, and a dollar and seventy-five cents in fun for every 'gator I kill!"

Jack, who was lying on his bunk, fished out from under it the skull of the big one he had shot at New River, and like Mr. Boffin in Mr. Venus' shop, "lying behind the smile," said :

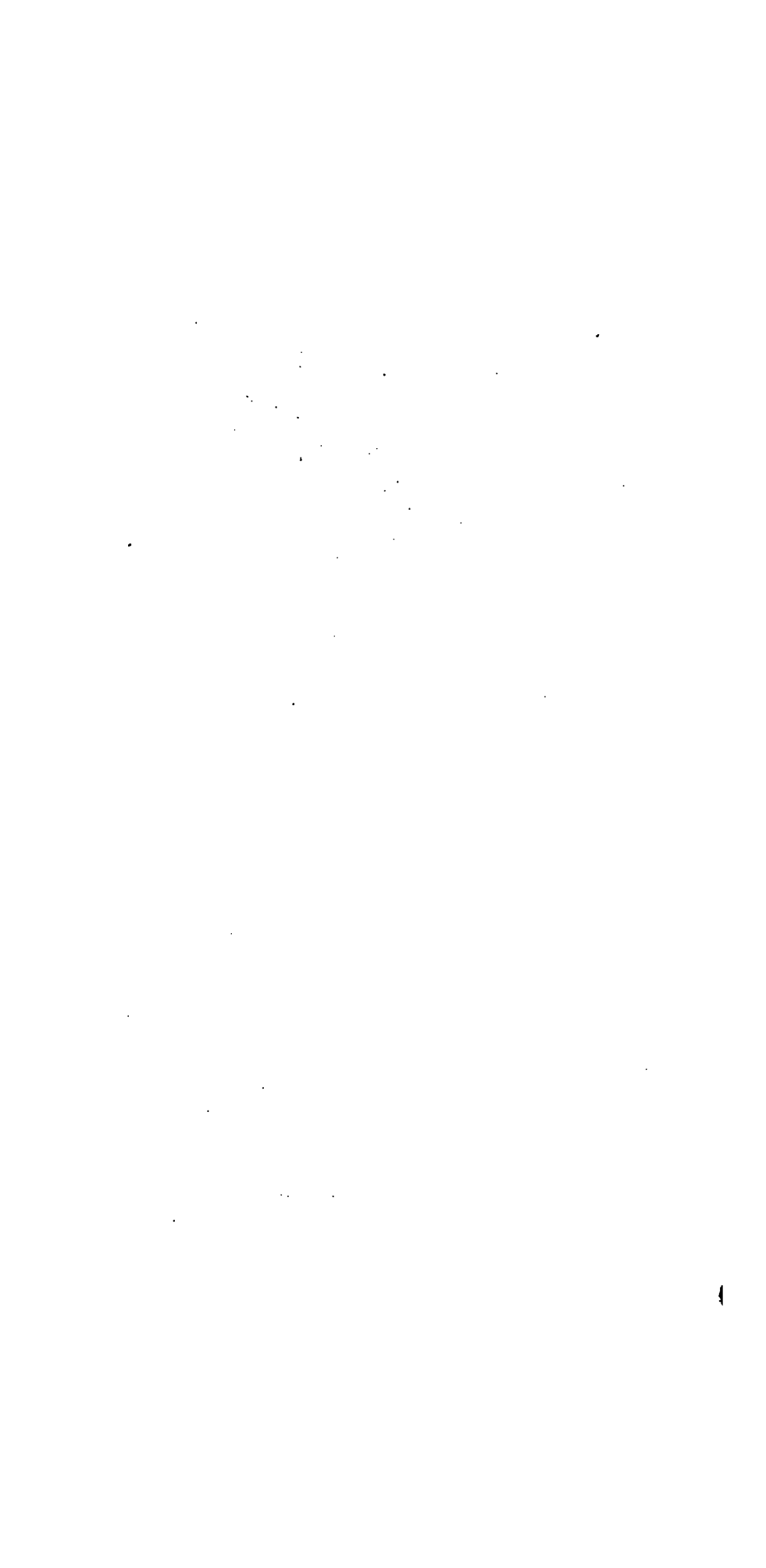
"How is this for a specimen head, Mr. Ferguson?"

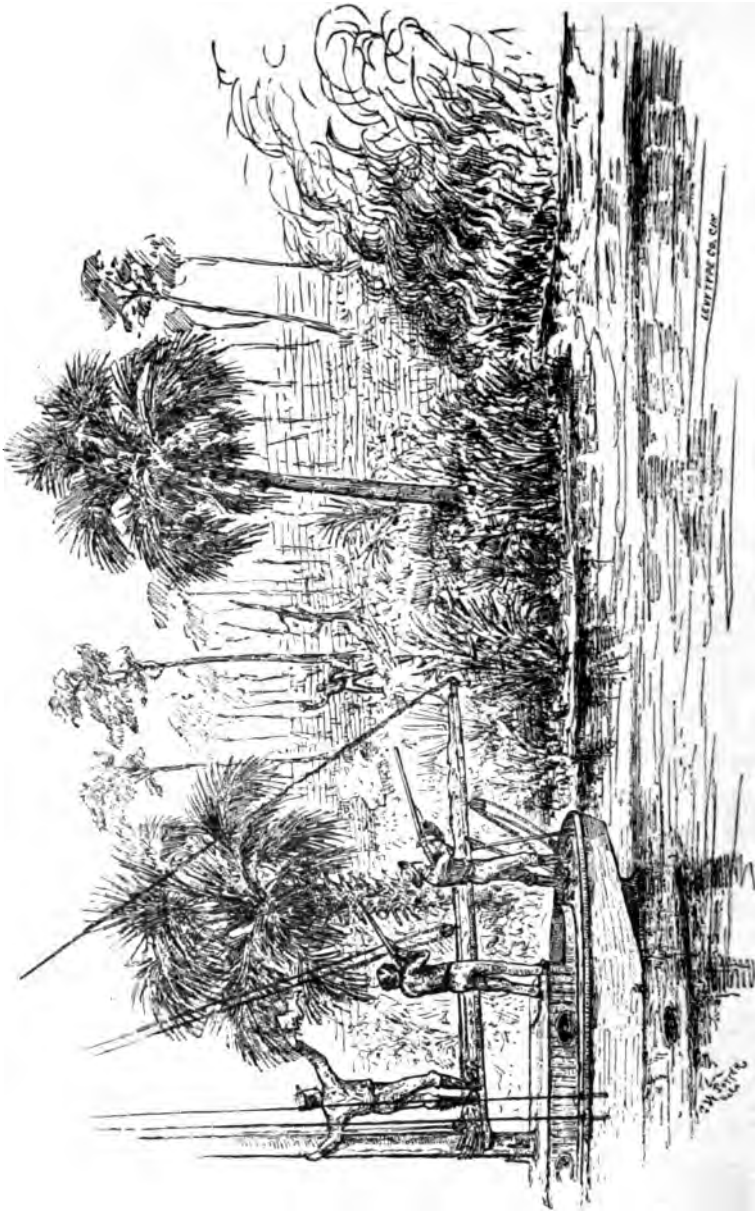
"Well, that ain't half a bad head, but I've seen bigger ones, with bigger teeth, but I never saw one jist like it on this coast; how long was he?"

"Twelve feet to an inch," answered Jack.

"I've killed a good many 'gators, but I never killed one over twelve feet. And 'gators is like humans, some has big heads, and some small heads; and 't ain't allus the biggest 'gator as has the biggest head, but ginerally the bigger the head the smaller the brain, jist like humans, but I'm bound to say no 'gator's got much brain to brag on. I've caused a good many to die with watter on the brain, but I'm bound to say none ever died of inflammation on the brain, cause they ain't got enough to inflame. There's another curis thing 'bout 'gators, the smaller the brain, the more musk they carries, jist like humans!"







THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

## CHAPTER XVI.

The cero and bonito.—A long leap.—Devil-fish.—Punta Rassa.—The cattle trade.—Sanibel Island.—A piscatorial paradise.—Caloosahatchee River.—Fort Myers.—Jack at church.—Up the river.—Deer and turkeys.—The "Spitfire."—More snakes.—Jack lost in the woods.—A "shingular" record.—A wonderful appetite.—Lake Okechobee.—Charlotte Harbor.—A rookery.—Spanish fish ranch.—The Gasparillas.—Again, the rattlesnake.—The Skipper's ingratitude.—Another giant jew-fish.—The eagle and frigate bird.—Sentimental frauds.—Feathered Pharisees.—Turtle eggs for the million.—Fish and game.—Oysters and clams.—Casey's Pass.—Little Sarasota.—Big Sarasota.—Tampa Bay.



E left Estero Pass with a north-west wind, and put out into the Gulf about a mile. Squire and Jack were trolling, and caught several king-fish and bonitos, both of the mackerel family. The king-fish, or cero (*Scomberomorus regalis*), is a handsome fish, resembling the Spanish mackerel somewhat, but grows much larger, and is more slender, running from two to four feet in length, and usually from five to twelve pounds in weight. Its back is of a bluish color, with its sides sprinkled with dark spots. It is an excellent table fish, with firm, white flesh, resembling the Spanish mackerel very closely in flavor. The bonito (*Sarda mediterranea*) is also a handsome fish, with green back and blue sides, its colors being quite brilliant, and several diagonal black stripes adorn its upper sides. It is deeper and much shorter for its weight than the



king-fish, and is dark-meated, like the crevallé, and about equal to the latter fish in flavor. We caught them from ten to fifteen pounds in weight.

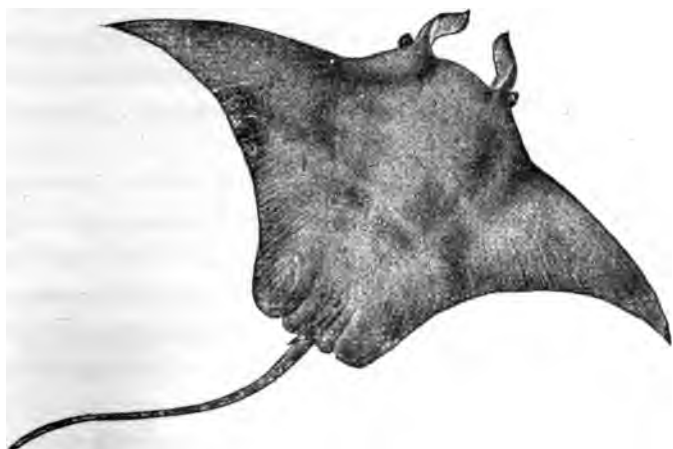
In trolling for these fishes a stout braided line is best, though the coasters generally use laid cotton cod-fish lines. A well-tempered cod-fish hook, with a long shank, and a foot of stout copper or brass wire, is necessary to withstand their sharp and numerous teeth. The usual bait is a strip of white bacon rind, six or eight inches long, cut in the semblance of a fish, with a slit cut in the upper end and one in the middle, through which it is impaled or strung on the hook, the upper end being firmly secured by small wire. A block tin squid or a very heavy spinner is, however, a better lure.

The king-fish is famous as a vaulter. I have seen them leap fully ten feet above the water. Skipper declared one followed a mullet, one day, over the main gaff; but the statements of a man who declares that it rained his coffee-pot full, through the spout, in ten minutes during a September hurricane, must be taken with considerable salt—a bushel to the sentence would be about right—and then it should only be served to the marines.

We saw many of the beautiful little flying fishes, but failed to secure a specimen. When within eight miles of Punta Rasa, and off Sanibel Island, we encountered a school of devil-fishes (*Manta birostris*), twenty or more. These monsters were from six to fifteen feet from tip to tip of their wing-like pectorals. We sailed close enough to have harpooned some of them, but we lacked the harpoon or lily-iron; and as Skipper looked at them, he said he was glad we forgot to procure one at Key West, as intended.

We found the famous Punta Rasa to consist of but three or

four buildings and a wharf. It is a low, flat point at the mouth of the Caloosahatchee River, or rather of Caloosa Bay, which, during the periodical overflow of the river, is many feet under water; consequently, the houses are mounted on posts. A large building is occupied as a telegraph office, the shore end of the Havana cable being at this point. The office of the United States Signal Bureau and the post-office are also in this building. Col. Summerlin occupies the building at the wharf. Although



THE DEVIL-FISH—(*Manta birostris*).

a small place, Punta Rassa is important as a shipping point, as the cattle from the ranges of Southern Florida are all driven here and shipped to Key West and Havana. The cattle interest of Florida is quite extensive, and yields a large amount of money annually. Key West and Cedar Key steamers touch here twice a week. A small steamer, the *Spitfire*, runs up the river as far as Fort Thompson, and also makes trips to various places on Charlotte Harbor.

piscine glory and fish scales. If ichty the angler's life, Sambel and its sister k Sharks, rays and devil-fish, tarpum and j and groupers, Spanish mackerel and k and crevallé, lady-fish and sergeant-fish, host of smaller fry—spots, grunts and p ent and ubiquitous cat-fish can here be snaked, and pulled and hauled, until th lament that he was ever born—under the zodiacal signs.

The entrance to the Caloosahatchee R oyster reefs, but the channel is staked, i lookout, the cruiser will have no trouble. Rassa to Fort Myers, twenty miles ab broad as the St. Johns below Palatka. to the banks on either hand, rendering tl somewhat monotonous.

Fort Myers is quite a neat and thrifty or two, several stores, a telegraph office, dwellings with tastefully arranged gr

chamfered and oiled rafters, or at the new cabinet organ, the font and lecturn, or at Jack flirting with a pretty girl in a killing Gainsborough hat and bangs.

Two or three miles above Fort Myers there is a group of small islands, where the river narrows and becomes of the width of the average river of Southern Florida ; the banks become diversified with a greater variety of foliage, while guarding them like fabled dragons are numerous and large alligators. We moored the *Rambler* some ten miles above Fort Myers, near a clump of palmetto trees, where there was a good landing of hard ground, for the shores of this portion of the river are low and wet. The banks of streams generally on the west coast are much lower than those of the Atlantic coast, and this is true also of the shore line of the Gulf.

We found deer and turkeys quite plentiful, and the hunting excellent on the burns in the open pine woods. We enjoyed our tramps here greatly, for they were the first open woods we had found since leaving Cape Sable. The next day, while dressing a deer and some turkeys at the landing, the little *Spitfire* went puffing by with a party of excursionists from Fort Denaud and Fort Thompson, who greeted us with "three cheers and a tiger." One day, as I was returning to the schooner, I both heard and smelt a rattlesnake, but as the place was thickly grown with tall grass I could not see it, and did not care to search for it in such a place. The boys coming along shortly afterward, Cuff pointed two, they having crawled out into a more open space, when they were shot and brought in for Skipper's dinner, but he still preferred venison or turkey, or even black bass, to snake diet. These snakes were fully five feet long and three inches in diameter.

An episode of a serio-comic nature occurred to Jack at this place. He had gone hunting before breakfast, and losing his bearings, when but a quarter of a mile from the *Rambler*, he became himself a bewildered Rambler in the, to him, limitless pine woods of Southern Florida. Being lost under such circumstances is sometimes a serious matter, owing to the unvarying monotony of the surroundings. He did not return until after sundown, though during the afternoon we had searched for him in every direction, shouting and firing guns repeatedly, and had given him up for the night, after setting fire to the scrub to guide his wandering footsteps campward. Just before dark I perceived him, afar off, heading toward the schooner. As the boys fired a volley I sprang into the rigging and waved a white handkerchief, which he observed and made toward us on the double-quick, swinging his hat all the way.

He arrived footsore, weary and hungry, for he had not ceased walking all day, except for a half hour, when he stopped at a deserted cow-boy's hut in the afternoon. Here he had made up his mind to stay for the night; and, finding a pile of new cypress shingles, he wrote out a full account of the party and its objects, and where his friends might be addressed should he perish in the lonely flat woods. He then placed the "shingular" record in a row in a conspicuous place in the hut, with the first shingle inscribed in large letters: "Read and Act." He took another shingle and made a map of his supposed whereabouts, the course of the river, and the location of the schooner. After studying this for some time, the idea dawned upon him to strike out in the opposite direction to where he supposed the schooner to lie, and acting upon this impulse he came straight toward us until I observed him, as stated.

And, strange to say, though he had seen the smoke from the fire, and the head of the mainsail, which we had hoisted as a conspicuous object, he could not believe that it was the *Rambler*, so confused had his ideas of location become, until he heard the guns, and saw me waving the handkerchief. His appetite was something marvelous; and as roast turkey, stewed venison, broiled quail, fried fish, sweet potatoes, hominy, flapjacks, and coffee were poured in a continuous and uninterrupted stream into his mouth, as into a hopper, Squire saw that he had fasted since the night before, and asked him why he had not shot and broiled a squirrel or a quail. He answered:

"I shot all my cartridges away to try to make you hear, and used all my matches in lighting my pipe!"

It is astonishing how demoralized a man becomes who is lost. He seems to become, in a degree, deranged. Squire was provoked at this confession of Jack's foolishness, and said:

"Well, you are a stupid, and no mistake. You deserve to have your grub and tobacco shut off for a month."

"Pshaw!" answered Jack, "I haven't felt hungry till now, for ever since morning I've been—

'Pacing through the forest,  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy.'"

"Yes, you're a single-footed pacer, but hereafter you've got to learn to trot and work double," said Squire.

Just above our camp was Twelve Mile Creek, and twenty miles above Fort Myers is a telegraph office, where the line crosses the river. Still farther up the river are Fort Denaud and Fort Thompson. At the latter place is the falls or rapids, In the neighborhood of Fort Thompson the soil is rich and deep,

but subject to annual overflow, as is all the Caloosahatchee country. It is claimed that the canal which was being dredged from the Caloosahatchee to Lake Okechobee, by way of Flirt and Hickpochee lakes, will prevent this overflow, and drain all that flat section of country; but how the overflow of the river, during the rainy season, is to be prevented by bringing the waters of Lake Okechobee into it by a canal, is hard to imagine, unless Okechobee can be drained to the bottom, which is not probable.

We returned to Fort Myers and Punta Rassa, and, with a half gale from the north-east, sailed up Charlotte Harbor, with the little stern-wheeler *Spitfire* ahead of us, the latter keeping well under the lee of the islands, and making but little headway. On Pine Island, a large one, which we left to starboard, will be found a few deer. On our port was Sanibel, at the northerly end of which is Boca Ceiga Pass, separating it from Captiva Island, and northward of this is Lacosta Island, with Captiva Pass between them. On our starboard we passed a number of small keys and islands, Bird, Useppi, Mandingo, etc. On some of these keys were rookeries of egrets, herons, roseate spoonbills, cormorants, frigate-birds, etc. We stopped awhile at a Spanish fishing ranch on Lacosta, just below Boca Grande, the pass separating it from Big Gasparilla. We found here a number of Spanish or Cuban families, but the season for fishing was over. There are a number of these fisheries on the west coast, engaged in catching and curing mullet, finding a ready market at Key West and Havana.

Big Gasparilla and Little Gasparilla islands are separated by Big Gasparilla Pass. Both of these islands contain deer, and the fishing at the passes is excellent. On Big Gasparilla is an-

other fishing ranch, but the fishermen and their families had left for the season. Between two of the huts we killed two large rattlesnakes over five feet long. Squire discovered the first as he was in the act of stepping over it, as it lay stretched at full length; it is needless to say the step was a long one. He dispatched it, and, hunting around, we soon found its mate, which was also killed, and both reptiles skinned.

Skipper still refusing to have any thing to do with snake diet, the boys lost all faith in his gastronomic predilections for ophidian aliment, and relegated his vaunted exploits in that line to the same category with his coffee-pot and jumping king-fish yarns; and resolved, moreover, that should his debased appetite return, he must in future hunt his own rattlesnakes; for, from that time forward, they repudiated the rôle of jackal in providing for such an unmitigated and unconscionable li-on. And, no doubt, but many a stormy night during the following winter, when the winds howled without, and the snow and sleet were mercilessly driven into the faces of belated pedestrians, they sat before the fire, toasting their toes, encased in slippers made of the mottled and velvety skins of those same rattlers, and have thought of the warm, sandy shores of Gasparilla, of the balmy breezes, of the waving palms, and of the base ingratitude of the Florida skipper, who so shamefully ignored the feast they had so generously, and at so great a risk, supplied.

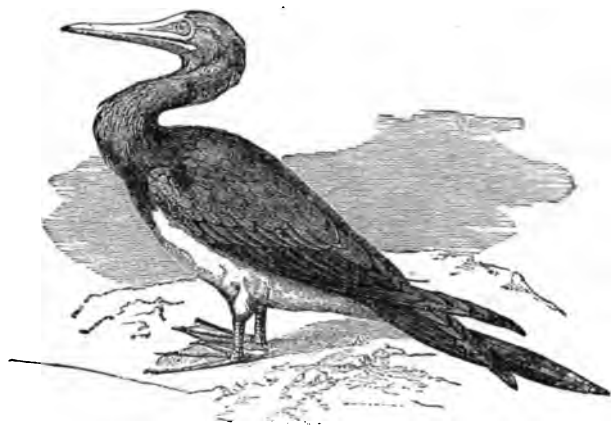
At Little Gasparilla we took all the usual variety of fishes, many large sharks, and an immense jew-fish, nearly as large as the one taken at Jupiter; it weighed fully three hundred pounds, being six and a half feet in length. Jack and I towed it ashore in the dingey, but even with a charge of buckshot through its



skull, delivered at a distance of only two feet, we had a difficult job in beaching it, where, after dissecting it, we rolled it in again for the sharks. The mud flats at little Gasparilla Inlet, at low tide, fairly swarm with bay snipe and shore birds, while brown and white pelicans, gulls, and gannets are fishing incessantly for mullet and other small fry. They strike down among the schools of small fishes with terrible force and a great splashing, completely demoralizing the little fellows, who are gobbled up before they have discovered the cause of the commotion. The piratical frigate-birds, or man'-o-war hawks, sailing gracefully overhead, swoop down and rob the industrious gulls of their prey before they have time to swallow it.

The noble bald eagle, and the magnificent frigate-bird, are both first-class, sentimental frauds. We have watched the great American bird, time and again, perched atop a lofty pine up the inland streams, sitting motionless, in conscious pride as a king among birds and the emblem of a glorious nation, in the interests of which he is supposed to be meditating, with one eye upon the sun (in our school-boy days we were told he watched the sun with both eyes, but we are now inclined to believe but half of it) and the other upon the maneuvers of an industrious osprey fishing for a breakfast for its nestlings. Having secured a fish, it starts off on joyous wing, when my noble eagle, casting to the winds his solar observations and the welfare of a nation, pursues with relentless fury the poor fish-hawk, compelling it to drop its well-earned prey, which is instantly seized by our noble bird, conveyed to his lofty perch, where he ignominiously devours it, and in so doing cuts a more sorry figure and appears at even a greater disadvantage than he does on the "dollar of our daddies."

And the frigate-bird, or man'-o-war hawk, with its long forked tail, the magnificent sweep of its pointed wings, stretching fully six or eight feet from tip to tip, soaring aloft with a grace and grandeur approached by no other bird, commands our admiration and wonder, until he reveals his true nature by swooping down upon a poor little defenseless gull who has just emerged from the water with a fish in its bill, and ere it can shake the water from its eyes, the morsel intended for its callow little brood is ruthlessly

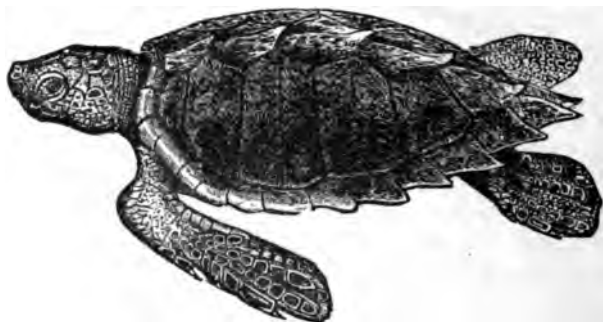


THE FRIGATE-BIRD—(*Tachypetes aquila*).

and remorselessly snatched away by this rapacious robber, who thus prostitutes his mighty pinions and powers to such base purposes. Truly, the bald eagle and the frigate-bird are feathered Pharisees, devouring the substance of ornithic widows and orphans while pretending to foster the interests, commercial and marine, of a great nation.

Strolling along the beach one day I found where the 'coons had been digging the eggs out of a turtle nest, and had left nothing

but the empty shells. This was unusually early, as the turtles do not begin laying before the latter part of May—the full moon in May as the natives say—and in June and July. At this season the loggerhead turtle crawls out upon the beach, above high-water mark, and excavates a hole—using its hind flippers—about a foot in diameter and two feet deep. In this it lays from seventy-five to a hundred and fifty spherical eggs, nearly one and a half inches in diameter, with a thin, white, parchment-like skin or shell. After covering the eggs with sand, it endeavors to conceal the exact location of the nest by



THE LOGGERHEAD TURTLE—(*Chelonia caretta*).

disturbing the sand for a distance of twelve or fifteen feet around it.

The eggs are gathered by the settlers and used in making custards, flapjacks, etc., but it is love's labor lost to boil them in the shell, as the whites do not harden. Bears are very fond of turtle eggs, and many are shot on the beaches during the "turtle egg season" by the settlers, who watch for them on moonlight nights. Very few of the nests on the mainland escape the depredations of bears, 'coons, 'possums, and foxes,

whose keen organs of scent locate the position of the nests, "eggs-actly," and whose exploits in the art of sucking eggs far excel those of the famous "Jemmy Twitcher;" they are even wiser in their own generation, in this particular, than the oldest grandmother in the land.

The beaches of the Gasparilla islands are rich in stores of sea-shells, sea-fans, star-fishes, sea-urchins, shark's eggs, etc. While busily engaged in picking up the treasures one day, two deer came out of the scrub about fifty yards from us, and stood for several minutes gazing at the unusual sight. After satisfying their curiosity, they scampered off with their white flags flying in the rear. We did not molest them, for we were already supplied with venison.

Charlotte Harbor is one of the best points on the Gulf coast for the sportsman. It is a fine body of water, with numerous keys and islands, and nowhere will game or fish be found more abundant, while there is plenty of oysters, clams, crabs, and turtles. The shores of the inlets swarm with thousands of small fiddler crabs, just the size for bait, of a red color with delicate pencillings of purple, causing the shore to assume a bright red appearance from a distance.

The mainland can be penetrated by several rivers, Alligator River in the west, Pease Creek in the north-east, and Myakka River in the north-west portion of the bay. By sailing or rowing up any of these streams, deer, turkeys, and, if he wants them, alligators, will be found in numbers to satisfy the greediest hunter, while ducks, snipe, quail, and shore birds are, to say the least, multitudinous. The passes between the islands abound in fishes of endless variety, and the sea-beaches are,

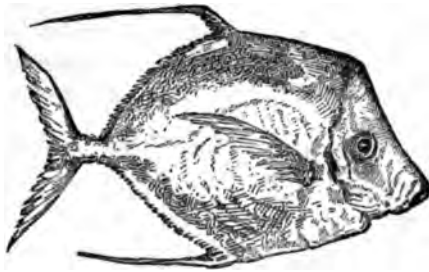
as just stated, strewed with marine curiosities. An entire winter can be passed here, and new delights and new pleasures will be developed each day to a party possessed of a small yacht. And if of an adventurous turn, they can sail up the Caloosahatchee to Fort Thompson, and then proceed in canoes to Lake Okechobee.

We went outside at Little Gasparilla Pass with a south wind, about noon, and at four o'clock entered Casey's Pass. Here I captured a large white shark, single-handed, and removed his formidable jaws as a trophy and memento of the event. From Casey's Pass we sailed next morning with a south-west wind. In passing Little Sarasota Inlet we saw the U. S. Coast Survey schooner moored inside, and the men at work surveying the inlet. We continued northward until we reached Big Sarasota Pass, through which we entered Sarasota Bay. This is a fine body of water, though shallow, and the mainland is dotted with the homes of settlers.

The drought still continued and water was scarce. At the fisheries on Lacosta and Gasparilla there were good wells, where we procured water, but we were now about out of that necessary article. We sailed across the bay to a house, but found no one at home; but as necessity knows no law, we filled our casks at the cistern and proceeded on our way, camping near the head of the bay. There is not much game in this vicinity, for being somewhat thickly settled, the deer keep well back from the bay, nor did we see much smaller game, consequently our stay was short. On one of the islands shutting in the harbor is another fishery, and likewise one on Palma Sola Point on the mainland at the head of the bay. There are many small keys and some larger islands, as Chaise's, Long, and Anna Maria Keys, and

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Sarasota Island. All of these we left to port as we sailed up the harbor. Rounding Palma Sola Point, we entered Tampa Bay, with the light-house on Egmont Key to the north-west.



THE MOON-FISH—(*Sciaenops ocellatus*).

## CHAPTER XVII.

Tampa.—Papys Bayou.—Squally weather.—Point Pinellas.—Burial and domiciliary mounds.—Boca Ceiga Bay.—Duplication of names.—John's Pass.—Becalmed on the Gulf.—A golden sunset.—Jack's illumination.—A midnight gale.—Longing for daylight.—Safe at last.—Clearwater Harbor.—Dunedin.—Anclote River.—Railroad "boom."—'Cootie River.—Bayport.—Up the Weckawachee.—White Mountain Spring.—Chessowiskee River.—"Nigger heads."—Homosassa.—A pleasant resort.—My last deer.—Music on the water.—Jolly raftsmen.—Proteus and Triton.



As we sailed into Tampa Bay, we saw the steamer from Key West sail in through the main pass, near the light-house on Egmont Key, and proceed across the lower end of the bay to a small village near the mouth of Manatee River, and then, continuing up the bay, she met the steamer from Tampa, where we left them transferring passengers and cargo. We anchored at sundown near the mouth of Little Manatee River, and the next morning sailed up to the old town of Tampa, which we found rather a neat village, with some pretty residences, surrounded by orange groves. The barracks consist of a number of well-arranged and commodious buildings, models of neatness and good order. The grounds are tastefully laid out, with well-kept parade ground, lawns, and drives, and magnificent water-oaks and other shade trees, rivaling our best parks in beauty and attractiveness. Several companies of artillery are stationed here. There is not much attrac-

tion for the sportsman about Tampa, on account of the scarcity of game. For the invalid and tourist, however, it is a pleasant place. Hillsboro' River, the third of that name I have seen in Florida, empties into the bay at Tampa—a small and uninteresting stream.

Tampa Bay is a large body of water, some forty miles long and ten miles wide, and is often rougher than the Gulf itself. We experienced several days of squally weather there, with the wind continually shifting, so that we were obliged to skip from one lee to another in quick succession. We lost our large anchor on the east side, but found it again the next day, during a lull in the wind; but a violent rain squall coming on, we put across to Paps Bayou, near the mouth of Old Tampa Bay, where we remained a day or two. The usual varieties of aquatic birds were here; and one day I grained a sting ray in shallow water, while in the canvas boat, and had quite a tussle with it. There were great quantities of horse-shoe or king crabs (*Limulus*) in the shallow water of this bayou. It seemed to be their breeding season. They were of all sizes, from an inch in diameter to two feet. This curious crustacean, which both walks and eats with its legs, is interesting as being closely allied to the extinct trilobites. We sailed down the bay to Point Pinellas, anchoring in Big Bayou. Here was plenty of fine oysters and fish.

The peninsula lying between Old Tampa Bay and the Gulf, and ending in Point Pinellas, is high and healthful, clothed with pine woods and a few hamaks. Quail are quite plentiful, and fine sport may be had, with the dog and gun, in the open pine woods. Mr. W. P. Neild has a fine orange grove near Big Bayou. The trees are eight years old, in bearing, and look remarkably healthy and vigorous. There are a number of mango



and alligator-pear trees in the grove, with limes, lemons, guavas, shaddocks, etc. I judge Point Pinellas to be one of the most salubrious and healthful locations on the west coast. There are a number of ancient burial and domiciliary mounds on the peninsula, and it seems to have been a favorite resort or dwelling place for the prehistoric tribes. A lake near the point is famous for its large and numerous alligators. On some of the keys near Point Pinellas are deer and other game.

Rounding the point, we left to port several large keys, as Mullet, Arenosa, Pine, and a number of smaller ones, and stopped at Boca Ceiga Pass. It will be observed that this is the third or fourth pass of that name, Boca Ceiga (meaning Blind Pass), that we visited on the west coast. This duplication of names in Florida is often annoying and confusing. The early Spanish explorers seem to have been remarkable for their paucity of names. There are several Boca Ratones, Boca Grandes, Boca Secas, Boca Chicas, etc., while contiguous keys are big and little Gasparilla, big and little Sarasota, upper and lower Mattacombe, etc. And the English settlers are not far behind in this respect; for I know of at least twenty Bird keys, several Alligator keys, a dozen Pelican islands, three Hillsboro' rivers, several Salt lakes, with Alligator creeks, Gull islands, and Raccoon keys innumerable. At this Boca Ceiga Pass there is a fine beach, thickly strewed with shells, sponges, sea-fans, etc., and frequented by pelicans, herons, cormorants, etc. We also saw here a few flamingoes and roseate spoonbills.

Proceeding up Boca Ceiga Bay, we went out at John's Pass into the Gulf with a light breeze. When within a few miles of Little Clearwater Pass, we experienced a dead calm. The boundless Gulf became as smooth as a sea of molten glass, while

the setting sun loomed up, a huge red disk, in the soft yellow haze. It was such a calm as is invariably the forerunner of a storm, and we resolved to reach Little Clearwater Pass, if possible, that night. Putting Jack ashore, to walk up the beach to discover the inlet, we poled slowly along in two fathoms of water, not far from the shore. The sun then sunk into the bosom of the sleeping sea like a great globe of fire, sending up to the zenith broad, fanlike rays of molten gold, diffusing tints of amber and saffron through the dense and heavy atmosphere, while a deathlike stillness pervaded the scene. The broad leaves of the palms fringing the shore were in quiet repose, and nowhere over land or sea could be seen the tremor of a wing or the ripple of a fin; not the slightest movement was discernible. Even the pelicans, gulls, and gannets had ceased fishing, and sat quiescent on the white beach. All nature had been seemingly struck motionless, as though by an enchanter's wand. The swish of the poles as they were withdrawn, and the water dripping and tinkling from them like drops of amber, were the only sounds to be heard. Finally the yellow twilight seemed to sink into the sea, the stars began to twinkle through the haze, and the murky night closed around us.

Jack, returning toward the schooner from an unsuccessful search for the inlet, set fire to the beach scrub as he walked along, causing a long line of flame to shoot straight up into the still night, casting a broad red glare far out upon the unruffled waters. After supper we put out a second anchor, lengthened the cables, took in a double reef all 'round, furled and stoppered the sails, made every thing snug, and turned in. About two o'clock I was awakened by the main-boom lashing around furiously, and found the *Rambler* pitching, rolling, and straining

at the cables like an untamed steed. I turned out to secure the boom, and groping around in the darkness for the main halyard cleat, I caught hold of Skipper's hand intent on the same office; it was so dark I could not see him. We lowered the boom and furled sail to the deck and secured it, and then looked out at the night.

What a contrast to the calm, serene, and beautiful sunset of a few hours before! Then all nature seemed asleep—now she was raging in a perfect frenzy. The waters were tossed tumultuously, seething and hissing before a gale from the south-west, drenching us to the skin with spray. The swell was tremendous. It whirled and tossed the *Rambler* like a cockle-shell, the cordage creaking, the shrouds shrieking, and the halyards rattling madly against the masts. The sky was black, the waters black, and the shore line still blacker. Inky scuds flew across the sky, northward, at a furious rate. The somber sea heaved and rolled as in agony, with a sickly pallor of phosphorescence that only rendered the darkness more visible. The breakers roared and thundered on the beach but two hundred yards away.

Oh, how we longed for daylight! We were bound for an inlet the exact whereabouts of which we did not know, and were ignorant how to enter it, if found, in the darkness. Skipper was for scudding before the gale under the double-reefed fore-sail, but, as the anchors were still holding, I counseled waiting for daylight, or so long as the anchors continued to hold. After paying out more cable we waited and watched the eastern sky for the first glimmer of the dawn.

It seemed as though the night would never pass away, but grew even blacker, were that possible, while the gale increased in violence. Squire and Jack were sleeping peacefully and

calmly, perhaps dreaming of loved ones at home. We did not wake them; we only marveled how they could sleep so soundly with the elements at war around them. But men can sleep tranquilly on the battle field. Skipper and I sat in the cockpit, watching the east with eyes of faith; but, oh! would the day never come. We could not see each other, but our pipes glowed fiercely red in the black night—sparks of comfort, indeed. At last I saw a suspicion of dim light paling the eastern heavens, causing the flying scuds to assume a shade less black. Then I heard a shore bird twitter.

“Skipper,” said I, “the day is coming!”

Soon the eastern sky showed a faint change, like the passing away of a dense mist, disclosing a heavy dark curtain, against which could be indistinctly outlined the palmettos on shore. Then a slight rosy tinge, like the delicate blush of a sea-shell, was perceived along the edge of the horizon—a narrow pink border to the dark gray curtain—and at last came the glorious day. We roused Squire and Jack, hoisted the reefed foresail, hauled up the anchors, and fairly flew before the fierce gale. It was but a few minutes ere we sighted the inlet, the breakers dashing furiously over the bar. As we neared it the day broke brighter. Then we rushed in between the lines of breakers, and over the narrow bar, and through the narrow inlet, and a hundred yards farther we reached a shelter and a harbor with the water scarcely ruffled, under the lee of the beach ridge, while outside the storm demons still raged and howled.

After breakfast, a schooner came flying in the pass under a small sail rigged on a jury-mast, her foremast having gone by the board. We sailed across to Dunedin and anchored. Clear-

water Harbor has a number of settlers, their houses appearing to good advantage on the bluffs, surrounded by young orange groves. This is one of the few desirable points on the west coast. The banks are higher than any place we had seen. The bay is a fine body of water, shut out from the Gulf by several large islands, Clearwater, St. Joseph's, Hog, and others, with passes between. Fish and small game are abundant. At Dunedin is a store and post-office.

The next day we sailed for Anclote River, fifteen miles above. Near the mouth of this river are two stores and a post-office, and close by is an old Spanish well, where good water can be obtained. They were expecting a railroad at this place, and we found this same railroad expectancy and consequent "boom" at nearly every place on the Florida coast; though what benefit would accrue to the railroads was not apparent, for the transportation by sail boats seemed to be amply sufficient for the produce of the country. A few miles up Anclote River is a large bayou, where good fishing may be had. Still farther up the stream will be found Salt Lake, and a salt spring, and near the source of the river a sulphur spring. Off the mouth of the river lie the Anclote Keys, behind which is a safe and deep anchorage, and where we found a fleet of fishing smacks driven in by the gale. On the fishing banks, some twenty miles off shore, these smacks take red snappers for the Havana market.

From Anclote we proceeded ten miles northward, to Pithlachestico River, called "Cootie" for short, a small stream, with its mouth completely blocked by oyster reefs; and ten miles farther north we came to Bayport, at the mouth of Weckawachee River. The channels from the Gulf to the mouths of these rivers, and those above, are staked. Near the wharf at Bayport

we ran on the broken mast of a sunken blockade runner, but got off without sustaining any damage. Bayport is an old place of some note, formerly quite important as a shipping point for cedar. It consists of a store, post-office, and a few pleasant residences. It is a pretty place, with some of the largest orange and lemon trees I saw in Florida. Mr. Parsons is proprietor of the store, and will be found an agreeable and intelligent gentleman.

We went up the river some two miles with the schooner, and then proceeded to the head of the stream, about ten miles farther, in the small boats. The source of the river is a large spring, in a basin of an acre in extent, surrounded by a rim or ridge of considerable elevation. This "White Mountain Spring," as it is called, is a subterranean river bursting out at this point with great force, giving to the river below a very strong current until tide-water is reached. The spring is fifty feet in depth, and so clear that one's boat seems like Mahomet's coffin, suspended in mid-air. Great numbers of sheepshead and gars can be seen swimming near the bottom, but, as might be expected, refuse to take a bait in water so clear. The smallest object can be clearly defined on the bottom of pure white sand. The water boils up through great rents in the coralline rocks at the bottom, the bubbling being plainly seen at the surface. It is said that with a heavy cannon-shot the largest rent has been sounded to a depth of ninety feet. At the bottom of the spring, and for a short distance down the stream, are growing curious water plants, whose small elliptic leaves exhibit tints of red, purple, and blue, which are reflected through the crystal waters with a strange and pleasing effect. We were well repaid for our row up the river against the strong current, in viewing the wonders of this spring.

There is a store and a dwelling on its banks, and a large schooner was resting on its bosom, which had been built, and was being rigged, at this place. In the pine woods near the spring, deer are numerous, and turkeys are plentiful in the hamaks.

Our return down stream with the current was an easy task, and very enjoyable, for most of the way is through dense, low, and rich hamaks, abounding in semi-tropical scenery. Tall cypresses and palmettos, swamp-maples and Spanish ash, nod to each other across the narrow stream, while the great white blossoms of the sweet-bay and magnolia gleam like stars amid the dark and glossy leaves, and fill the air with delicious perfume. The osprey hovers, screaming, over its huge nest on some blasted cypress; the swallow-tailed kite soars gracefully overhead; the great blue heron starts suddenly, with hoarse cry, from a secluded nook by the water's side, and lazily flaps away, with its long legs sticking straight out behind; and the ungainly water-turkey, or snake-bird, sits awkwardly on a limb projecting over the stream, tilting back and forth in vain efforts to balance itself, its long neck twisting and poking about in every direction, seemingly undecided whether to drop to the water or take flight. Black bass, sunfish, sheepshead and gar-pikes, with an occasional alligator, can be plainly seen swimming along in the clear white water.

Returning to the *Rambler* we put back to Bayport, and up the coast, ten miles, to Chessowiskee River. This part of the coast abounds in masses of black rock, called "nigger heads," for which the cruiser must keep a sharp lookout, or he may come to grief, as they crop up to within a few inches of the surface. This river, as do most of the streams in this section, rises from a large spring. Some of the rivers of the interior suddenly dis-

appear under ground, and most probably they reappear at the surface through these springs. At the mouths of the rivers are numerous oyster banks, where sheephead and drum do mostly congregate.

Ten miles farther north we came to Homosassa River, and, following the tortuous channel at its mouth, we anchored a mile from the Gulf. The Homosassa is a beautiful stream, unlike most others on the west coast. It rises from two large springs, and seems to have forced its way suddenly, and with great violence, toward the Gulf, cutting its way through the rocky soil by numerous channels, leaving many islands of coralline rocks, crowned by cabbage-palms, for the last four miles of its course.

The next morning we sailed up to the charming resort of Capt. A. E. Jones, four miles from the mouth of the river. This is the most home-like hotel in Florida, and, under the able management of Capt. and Mrs. Jones, has become a favorite winter resort for many northern sportsmen and their families. There are two long buildings, with spacious and comfortable rooms, all on the first floor, shaded by verandas, and facing each other, with a beautiful lawn between, adorned by orange, lemon, and fig trees, with the beautiful river in front, and orange groves in the rear. It was formerly the home of U. S. Senator Yulee, but was abandoned and burnt during the war; the large sugar plantation adjoining, with its mills and machinery, being also deserted and destroyed, and permitted to lapse into a state of tropical wildness.

The fine fishing and hunting at this place is so well known, that it is only necessary to mention it here *en passant*. We went out one day with Mr. Giles and Mr. Curtis, both of New York,



and hunted a strip of hamak but a mile from the hotel, where I killed my last deer in Florida, before a young deerhound belonging to Mr. Giles. We went to the springs at the head of the river in the schooner, without difficulty, under the pilotage of Mr. Curtis. They are similar to the other river springs of this section, but the river itself, I think, is by far the most beautiful.

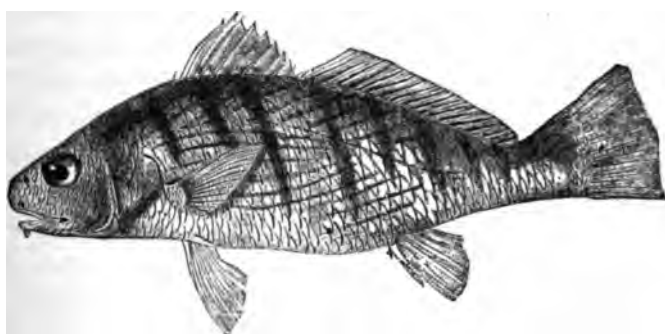
To those wishing the comforts of a home, while enjoying the fishing, shooting, boating, sub-tropical scenery, and climatic salubrity of the Gulf Coast, I would say, by all means, go to Homosassa, and put yourself under the hospitable roof of Capt. and Mrs. A. E. Jones, whose efforts to secure the comfort and well-being of their guests are untiring and proverbial, and, moreover, you will there meet with some of the best people of the north, to associate with whom will be one of your greatest pleasures.

One night, while anchored off the wharf of Capt. Jones, I was awakened by strains of melody floating over the water, and, turning out, I beheld several large lights floating down the stream above us. Soon I discovered it to be a long raft of cedar logs, being poled along by negroes, whose dusky forms were brought out in strong relief by the blazing fires of pine knots, in hoop-iron baskets, and whose clear and musical voices, singing their boating refrains, had been softened by distance, and borne alone the surface of the water in the still night.

The next day we were anchored near the mouth of the river, laying in supplies. Skipper was in the dingy tonging oysters, Squire was standing on the cabin roof, watching for ducks and shore birds. Jack had gone ashore, in the canvas boat, to shoot snipe, while I was catching sheepshead. A sudden flaw of wind

sent the foresail sweeping over the cabin roof, the boom striking Squire amidships, and sent him sprawling into the river. I seized the conch-horn and blew a terrific blast to attract the attention of the boys, for the scene was too good to enjoy alone. Jack and Skipper looked over just as Squire emerged upright, with the water up to his shoulders. Jack, taking in the situation at a glance, shouted:

"Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."



WEST INDIA BARB—(*Umbrina broussoneti*).

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Song of the raftsmen.—Crystal River.—Withlacoochee River.—Canoeist's happy land.—Wonderful springs.—Subterranean rivers.—The Gulf Hamak.—Jack's bouquet.—He comes to grief.—Cedar Key.—Saw-mills.—Commerce and manufactories.—Cedar pencil mills.—Fish trade.—Cruising on the Gulf coast.—Route for canoeists.—The wonders of Florida.—The ubiquitous and indispensable palmetto.—Southern Florida for invalids.—Advice to cruisers.—Farewell to Florida.



As we passed out into the Gulf, from the mouth of the Homosassa, the negro boatmen were mooring the raft of cedar logs under the lee of an island, to await the arrival of the little steamer that was to tow it up to Cedar Key. While thus employed, they sang one of their peculiar and pleasing melodies, the burden or refrain "O-h-o-o!" and "A-h-a-a!" being caught up in full chorus in a wild chromatic intonation, which floated out to us over the water in harmonious bursts and prolonged minor cadences:

I pole dis raft way down de ribber,  
 O-h-o! O-h-o-o! A-h-a! A-h-a-a!  
 De sharks and saw-fish make me shibber,  
 O-h-o! O-h-o-o! A-h-a! A-h-a-a!

You thought you heard a 'gator beller  
 O-h-o! O-h-o-o! A-h-a! A-h-a-a!  
 'T was only dis brack buckra feller,  
 O-h-o! O-h-o-o! A-h-a! A-h-a-a!



NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.





Do fish-hawk kotch'd a big fat mullet,  
O-h-o! O-h-o-o! A-h-a! A-h-a-a!  
But it foun' its way down de eagle's gullet,  
O-h-o! O-h-o-o! A-h-a! A-h-a-a!

De tarpon chased a great big jew-fish,  
O-h-o! O-h-o-o! A-h-a! A-h-a-a!  
Oh, sez de shark, why did you do dis?  
O-h-o! O-h-o-o! A-h-a! A-h-a-a!

We put out into the Gulf some five miles beyond the group of Martin's Keys, and, ten miles northward, came to the Sweet-water Keys, off the mouth of Crystal River. The mouth of this river is beset with oyster banks; but above it is a fine, clear stream, navigable to its source, some twelve miles, where it arises from several springs, near which is the village of Crystal River. Along this pure and beautiful stream, the usual fishing, game, and oysters are to be obtained.

Ten miles farther northward, we came to the sand banks off the mouth of Withlacoochee River—called "Coochee," for short. This is a narrow, deep river, more than a hundred miles long, arising in Polk county, to the eastward of Tampa, and flows northward along the eastern border of Hernando county, and thence westward to the Gulf. It is navigable for some twenty-five miles.

As this river penetrates so far into the mainland, and flows through so extensive and varied a range of country, where the finest hunting, shooting, and black bass fishing can be enjoyed, it is a desirable stream for the sportsman with a small boat. An entire winter could be profitably spent on this river. Connected with it is Panasofkee Lake, a large body of water, but twelve

miles from Lake Harris, at the head of Ocklawaha River, and, during high water, a still larger lake, to the westward of the river, Lake Trati or Charliepopka, can be entered. To the canoeist, a delightful and interesting trip would be from Jacksonville up the sluggish St. Johns and Ocklawaha Rivers to Lake Harris, thence, by a portage of twelve miles (by wagon) to Lake Panasofkee and the Withlacoochee. From the mouth of the latter river, it is but twenty miles to Cedar Key, inside the Keys of Waccasassa Bay, where the water is shallow and smooth.

Along the Withlachoochee the sportsman will find forests of pines, with deer and quail; broad savannas and cypress swamps abounding in herons, cranes, egrets, water-turkeys, ospreys, eagles, etc.; and ponds, lakes, and bayous, the resort of innumerable flocks of ducks, coots, plover, snipe, and curlew; while in the swamps and low hamaks can be found panthers, bears, wild cattle, and hogs; and in the high hamaks, squirrels and turkeys. In fact, the whole of Hernando county will prove of the greatest interest to the sportsman, canoeist, or tourist. On the coast, between the mouths of the Withlacoochee and Anclote rivers, are numerous keys and many harbors, the rivers and creeks being only from five to ten miles apart, while lying outside, and parallel with the coast, and some ten miles distant, is St. Martin's Reef, breaking off the force of the sea, and rendering this portion of the coast as smooth as a mill pond, and, in consequence, the shores are green to the water's edge.

The rivers emptying into the Gulf between the "Coochee" and the Anclote have their sources in beautiful and wonderful springs, which burst out from the base of a high sand ridge running parallel with the coast, and distant from it some twelve

miles. This ridge is covered by open pine forests, and eastward of it lie extensive hamaks of tropical luxuriance. In the edge of this hamak Jack and I were standing one day, feasting our eyes upon its strange and wondrous beauties. Maple and mulberry, myrtle and magnolia, cedar and cypress, willow and water-oak, mastic and acacia, palmetto and dogwood, red-bay and live-oak, elm and sea-ash, gum and hickory were thickly crowded together, interlaced, intertwined, and overrun by grape-vines, morning-glories, climbing-jack, and other creepers, and their trunks beset and hidden by thickets of Spanish bayonet, satin-wood, paw-paw, Indian fig, and cacti. Flowers of every hue greeted the eye from tree, shrub, and vine. The great snowy blossoms of sweet-bay and magnolia, the tall white racemes of Spanish bayonet, and morning-glories of every tint, and the gorgeous scarlet and yellow flowers of the cacti mingled their fragrance with odors from spicy shrubs and aromatic leaves.

Jack essayed to cull a bouquet of the choicest bloom, but, his feet becoming entangled in the meshes of a "climbing-jack," he fell full length, and was lost to sight among the bushes and vines. He came floundering out again, with a yell of anguish, and danced around, rubbing his legs where the acuminate, ensiform leaves of the Spanish bayonet had pierced them, and picking out the minute prickles of the cactus from his hands and face.

"Ah, Jack!" said I, commiseratively,

"The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,  
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns."

"Yes," answered he ruefully,

"Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!"



These lines of Tom Moore, as applied to Jack's case, embodied more truth than poetry, but they are worthy of being recorded, for it was the last poetry indulged in on the voyage, for, from the mouth of the Withlacoochee we took our course northwest, direct for Cedar Key, where we arrived in the afternoon, on the first day of May, and the "Cruise of the Rambler" was ended.

Cedar Key is now a thriving and flourishing city of several thousand inhabitants, situated on Way and Atsena Otie keys. Its principal industries are cedar and pine saw-mills, fishing, and turtling. It is the shipping point for the produce, and the commercial emporium, of the west coast, being the western terminus of the Florida Transit Railroad, running across the state from Fernandina, and connecting the Gulf with the Atlantic. Lines of steamers connect it with Tampa, Manatee, Key West, Havana, Mobile, New Orleans, and Galveston. There are several hotels: the Suwanee, the Gulf, and Bettelini's and many good stores. The sportsman can be fitted out with every thing needful for camping and cruising, except fine fishing tackle, fixed ammunition, and cartridge shells.

The visitor can not fail to be interested in the cedar mills of the Faber and Eagle Pencil Companies. The logs are here run through saw after saw, until finally reduced to pencil stocks and pen-holders, when they are packed in boxes and shipped east to the pencil factories, to be filled and polished. Even the cedar saw-dust is utilized, being packed in casks and sent to New York. Some of the machinery is very ingenious and interesting, and will well repay a visit. Cedar is becoming scarce, even in Florida, and what we will do for pencil stocks when this is exhausted,

is hard to tell, for no other wood will answer, and Florida cedar is the best in the world for the purpose.

There are several fish houses where great quantities of fresh fish are packed in ice, and shipped north during the winter. Thousands of green turtles are also shipped from this point. They are taken in gill-nets with a mesh of eighteen inches. These nets are not staked down, as on Indian River, on the east coast, but are anchored on the grassy banks and shoals, wherever the turtles are found, sometimes many miles from shore.

The Gulf coast of Florida is, perhaps, the finest cruising ground for small yachts in the world. The water is shallow, and seldom rough, for it takes a gale of wind to kick up much of a sea, and harbors lie plentifully all along the coast. Small boats can find an inside passage from Cedar Key to Cape Sable, almost the entire distance. The principal passes and inlets are short and usually straight, with plenty of water and easily entered. Generally there are long sand spits and shoals making out from them for a long distance, between which the cruiser must proceed, though usually there are swash channels along the shores by which very light draught boats may enter. The rise and fall of the tides is greater than on the south-east coast. A harbor for small boats can be found at any time behind the numerous keys and islands.

The sportsman or canoeist can ship his canoe or small boat to Cedar Key by rail or steamer, or having no boat can procure one of the sharpie-built boats much used by the fisherman at that place, being a flat-bottomed, centerboard boat, some fifteen feet long and three feet beam, for from fifteen to twenty dollars. This can be fitted with jib and mainsail, or cat-rigged, low hoist

and broad head, and with oars, row-locks and a twelve-foot pole, the entire coast can be safely navigated.

From Cedar Key he can follow the shore of Wacassassa Bay, inside the keys if necessary, to Withlacoochee River. Thence along shore, and inside the keys and islands if he wishes, to Crystal, Homosassa, Chessowiskee, and Wechawachee Rivers to Bayport. The reef before mentioned lies off shore, some ten miles, rendering this portion of the route usually very smooth. From Bayport he can coast along inside Helley's Keys to the "Cootie" River, and thence inside Anclote Keys to Anclote River. From here to Hog Island, at the head of Clearwater Harbor, there is another long outlying reef. Sailing down Clearwater Harbor and through Boca Ceiga Bay, he will reach Tampa Bay, where he can proceed up to Old Tampa and Hillsboro Bays, or keeping to the southward inside the keys, across the mouth of Tampa Bay, he will enter Big Sarasota and Little Sarasota Bays, and proceed to Casey's Pass, at the southerly end of the latter bay. From here he can await a favorable opportunity and a fair wind to run outside for a dozen miles to Kettle Harbor, which connects with Charlotte Harbor.

If he wishes to go below this point, he will sail inside to Punta Rassa, and a few miles below, in sight, enter Mantanzas Pass, sailing down Estero Bay to Estero Pass, where a dozen miles again of outside work will take him to Gordon's Pass, from whence he can follow the channels along the inside keys and Marco and Horr's islands to Cocoonut Key, behind Cape Romano. From here to Cape Sable there are outlying banks and reefs which render this portion of the route smooth, the water being quite shallow anywhere within three miles of the shore, and a

harbor can be found at any time behind one of the "Ten Thousand Islands."

This would be a delightful trip in a boat drawing less than a foot of water, for it is in shallow water, and in the neighborhood of mud flats, oyster reefs, and sand banks that game, fish, clams, and oysters are found in their greatest abundance. The cruise could, of course, be varied by passing up the numerous rivers and creeks to the mainland, and once in the "piney woods" venison, turkey, and quail could be added to the larder.

In the *Rambler* most of our sailing was, from choice, outside, with an offing of from two to ten miles from the shore line; but I hope, some day, to make such a cruise as outlined above, in a canoe, or a small boat drawing not more than six inches. In this event I will thoroughly explore Chatham and Whitewater Bays and the Western Everglades.

So far as the east coast of Florida is concerned, none but thoroughly good sea-going craft and experienced sailors should attempt its navigation below Jupiter Inlet, or above that point if the outside route is taken, for the harbors are few and far between, and difficult to enter, some of them only at high water, and with wind and tide favorable. The coast is a dangerous one, and subject to severe storms, fierce gales, and heavy seas. From Halifax River to Jupiter the inside route can be safely navigated in small weatherly craft via Mosquito Lagoon and Indian River, and with the tributaries of the latter river, and the contiguous coast, it is preferable, in my opinion, to the west coast for a winter's sojourn, though in the eye of the sportsman each coast has its special advantages.

My pen is inadequate to describe the pleasures to be enjoyed, and the beauties and wonders of nature to be observed, during a

winter spent on the southern coasts of Florida. The wealth and glory of the vegetable kingdom, the varied and curious forms of animated nature, and the balmy atmosphere and sunny skies of the southern seas must be realized by appreciative senses to do them justice.

And of all the pleasing objects of that perpetual summer clime, the ever-present palmetto, with its beauty and freshness, will strike the eye of the beholder as the grandest and most graceful, and the most characteristic and picturesque feature of those sub-tropical shores. To the camper it is house, food, and raiment. A good shelter can be thatched with its broad leaves; its berries are palatable, nutritious, and healing to the diseased lung, and furnish a good wine; the embryonic leaf-bud of the young tree provides a good "cabbage;" two of its broad fronds hung over the shoulders, in front and behind, form a water-proof garment in a shower; its leaves provide a carpet, a bed, a table-cloth, plates, and platters, and their mid-ribs, forks; its dry foot-stalk furnishes fuel, and its fan, a torch; its green leaf stem, a fishing-rod, or a spear; its bleached green leaves, cordage, hats, mats, fans, and baskets. But do n't sit on its trunk, for its brittle and sharp fiber is nearly as bad as cactus prickles.

To the invalid afflicted with such diseases as are only or best cured by an out-door life, and Nature's potent and pleasant remedies, air, sunshine, exercise, nutritious food, and good water—as pulmonary consumption, chronic bronchitis, dyspepsia, neuralgia, nervous exhaustion, etc., I can confidently and conscientiously recommend the south-east or south-west coast, and the keys of Southern Florida.

At last, on the morning of the tenth day of May, I stepped aboard the train of the Transit Railroad, and was soon rattling

over the keys to the mainland, leaving behind the broad bay, the white sails, the skimming gulls, and the mangroves. As we were whirled into the pine woods and hamaks, I caught the last, grand, and glorious view of the boundless, blue Gulf, sleeping and shimmering in the bright morning sun.

Farewell, Florida!

Thy stately palms and whisp'ring pines,  
Thy silent cypress, clamb'ring vines,  
Thy orange groves and flowers rare,  
Thy spicy shrubs and scented air,  
Farewell!

Farewell, Florida!

Thy Everglades, savannas green,  
Thy crystal streams and lakes serene,  
Thy coral reefs, thy sunny keys,  
Thy mangrove isles, thy summer breeze,  
Farewell!

Farewell, Florida!

Thy starry nights, thy balmy days,  
Thy azure skies, thy sun's bright rays,  
Thy ocean blue, thy land-lock'd bays,  
Thy silver sheen, thy golden haze,  
Farewell!





## APPENDIX.

### A LIST OF FISHES

OBSERVED BY THE AUTHOR IN FLORIDA.

[Among the specimens collected, those marked with an asterisk (\*) are types of new species. Those marked with a dagger (†) were not previously recorded from the United States' Coast.

The arrangement of the families, and the nomenclature, is that of Jordan and Gilbert's "Synopsis of the Fishes of North America" (1882).

The species marked "E" were observed on the east coast; those marked "W" on the west coast; and those marked "S" along the keys of the Strait of Florida.]

#### 1. SCYLLIDÆ.

1. *Ginglymostoma cirratum* (Gmel.) M.&H.—*Nurse Shark*. E.W.

#### 2. CARCHARIIDÆ.

2. *Carcharias cœruleus* De Kay.—*Blue Shark*. E.W.  
3. *Carcharias platyodon* (Poey.) J.&G.—*White Shark*. E.W.  
4. *Hypoprion brevirostris* Poey.—*Man-eater*. S.  
5. *Scoliodon terræ-novæ* (Rich.) Gill.—*Sharp-nosed Shark*. E.W.S.

#### 3. SPHYRNIDÆ.

6. *Sphyrna zyggæna* (Linn.) M.&H.—*Hammer-headed Shark*. E.  
7. *Sphyrna tiburo* (Linn.) Raf.—*Shovel-headed Shark*. E.W.

#### 4. PRISTIDÆ.

8. *Pristis pectinatus* Latham.—*Saw-fish*. E.W.S.

#### 5. TRYGONIDÆ.

9. *Trygon centrura* (Mitch.) Linsley.—*Stingaree*. E.W.  
10. *Trygon sabina* Le Sueur.—*Sting Ray*. E.W.



## 6. MYLIOBATIDÆ.

11. *Myliobatis freminvillei* Le Sueur.—*Eagle Ray*. W.  
12. *Rhinoptera quadriloba* (Le Sueur) Cuv.—*Cow-nosed Ray*. W.

## 7. CEPHALOPTERIDÆ.

13. *Manta birostris* (Wulb.) J.&G.—*Devil Fish*. W.

## 8. LEPIDOSTEIDÆ.

14. *Lepidosteus osseus* (L.) Agassiz.—*Gar-fish*. W.  
15. *Lepidosteus platystomus* Raf.—*Short-nosed Gar*. E.W.

## 9. AMIIDÆ.

16. *Amia calva* Linn.—*Mud-fish*. E.W.

## 10. SILURIDÆ.

17. *Amiurus brunneus* Jordan.—*Green Mud Cat*. E.  
18. *Ictalurus nigricans* (Le S.) Jordan.—*Fork-tailed Cat*. E.  
19. *Ictalurus punctatus* (Raf.) Jordan. *Channel Cat*. E.  
20. *Arius felis* (Linn.) J.&G.—*Sea Cat-fish*. E.W.S.  
21. *Ælurichthys marinus* (Mitch.) B.&G.—*Marine Cat-fish*. E.W.S.

## 11. CATOSTOMIDÆ.

22. *Erimyzon goodei* Jordan.—*Goode's Sucker*. E.

## 12. CYPRINIDÆ.

23. *Notemigonus americanus* (L.) Jordan.—*Golden Shiner*. E.W.

## 13. ALBULIDÆ.

24. *Albula vulpes* (L.) Goode.—*Bone-fish*. E.W.

## 14. ELOPIDÆ.

25. *Megalops atlanticus* C.&V.—*Tarpon*. E.W.S.

## 15. CLUPEIDÆ.

26. *Brevoortia tyrannus* (Latrobe) Goode.—*Menhaden*. W.

## 16. ENGRAULIDIDÆ.

27. *Stolephorus browni* (Gmel.) J.&G.—*Anchoovy*. W.

## 17. SCOPELIDÆ.

28. *Synodus foetens* (L.) Gill.—*Lizard-fish*. W.

## 18. CYPRINODONTIDÆ.

29. *Jordanella floridæ* Goode & Bean.—*Jordan's Minnow*. E.  
 30. *Cyprinodon variegatus* Lac.—*Variegated Minnow*. E.  
 31. *Fundulus confluentus* Goode & Bean.—*Yellow Minnow*. E.  
 32.\**Zygonectes rubrifrons* Jordan.—*Red faced Minnow*. E.  
 33.\**Zygonectes henshelli* Jordan.—*Henshall's Minnow*. E.  
 34.\**Zygonectes craticula* Goode & Bean.—*Striped Minnow*. E.  
 35. *Gambusia patruelis* (B.&G.) Girard.—*Black Minnow*. E.W.  
 36. *Mollienesia latipinna* Le Sueur.—*Big finned Minnow*. E.W.

## 19. ESOCIDÆ.

37. *Esox americanus* Gmelin.—*Green Pike*. E.

## 20. MURÆNIDÆ.

38. *Muraena moringa* Cuvier.—*Muray*. S.

## 21. ANGUILLIDÆ.

39. *Anguilla rostrata* (Le Sueur) De Kay.—*Common Eel*. E.

## 22. SCOMBERESOCIDÆ.

40. *Tylosurus marinus* (Bl.&Sch.) J.&G.—*Bill-fish*. E.  
 41. *Tylosurus notatus* (Poey) J.&G.—*Gar-fish*. E.W.  
 42. *Hemirhamphus unifasciatus* Ranzani.—*Needle-fish*. E.W.  
 43. *Halocypselus* sps.—*Flying-fish* (Seen from a distance).  
 44. *Exocoetus* sps.—*Flying fish* (Seen from a distance).

## 23. SYNGNATHIDÆ.

45. *Siphostoma floridæ* J.&G.—*Florida Pipe fish*. W.

## 24. HIPPOCAMPIDÆ.

46. *Hippocampus heptagonus* Raf.—*Sea-Horse*. E.

## 25. MUGILIDÆ.

47. *Mugil albula* Linn.—*Striped Mullet*. E.W.S.  
 48. *Mugil brasiliensis* Agassiz.—*White Mullet*. E.W.S.

## 26. ATHERINIDÆ.

49. *Menidia peninsulæ* (Goode & Bean) J.&G.—*Silversides*. E.

## 27. SPHYRÆNIDÆ.

50. *Sphyræna picuda* Block & Schneider.—*Barracuda*. E.S.

## 28. POLYNEMIDÆ.

51. *Polynemus octonemus* Girard.—*Thread-fin*. W.

## 29. ECHENEIDIDÆ.

52. *Echeneis naucrates* Linn.—*Shark Sucker*. E.W.S.

53. *Remora squalipeta* (Daldorf) J.&G.—*Remora*. E.W.S.

## 30. ELACATIDÆ.

54. *Elacate canada* (Linn.) Gill.—*Snook*. E.W.

## 31. SCOMBRIDÆ.

55. *Scomberomorus maculatus* (Mitch.) J.&G.—*Spanish Mackerel*. E.W.

56. *Scomberomorus regalis* (Bloch) J.&G.—*King-fish*. E.W.S.

57. *Sarda mediterranea* (Bl.&Sch.) J.&G.—*Bonito*. E.W.S.

## 32. CARANGIDÆ.

58. *Caranx pisquetus* Cuv.&Val.—*Crevallé*. E.W.S.

59. *Caranx hippos* (L.) Günther.—*Jack*. E.W.S.

60. *Selene vomer* (L.) Lütken.—*Moon-fish*. E.W.

- 60a. *Chloroscombrus chrysurus* (Linn.) Gill.—*Yellow-tail*. E.S.

61. *Trachynotus carolinus* (L.) Gill.—*Pompano*. E.W.

62. *Trachynotus rhomboides* (Bloch) C.&V.—*Round Pompano*. E.

63. *Oligoplites saurus* (Bl.&Sch.) J.&G.—*Leather-jacket*. S.

## 33. POMATOMIDÆ.

64. *Pomatomus saltatrix* (L.) Gill.—*Blue fish*. E.

## 34. STROMATEIDÆ.

65. *Stromateus paru* Linn.—*Harvest fish*. E.

## 35. CENTRARCHIDÆ.

66. *Chænobryttus gulosus* (C.&V.) Jordan.—*War-mouth*. E.  
 67. *Enneacanthus obesus* (Baird) Gill.—*Sun-fish*. E.W.  
 68. *Lepomis punctatus* (C.&V.) Jordan.—*Spotted Bream*. E.W.  
 69. *Lepomis pallidus* (Mitch.) Gill & Jor.—*Blue Bream*. E.W.  
 70. *Micropterus salmoides* (Lac.) Henshall.—*Large-mouthed Black Bass*. E.W.

## 36. SERRANIDÆ.

71. *Centropomus undecimalis* (Bloch) C.&V.—*Robalo*. W.  
 72. *Serranus atrarius* (Linn.) J.&G.—*Black-fish*. E.  
 73. *Serranus formosus* (Linn.) J.&G.—*Squirrel-fish*. S.  
 74. *Trisotropis stomias* Goode & Bean.—*Black Grouper*. E.W.S.  
 75. *Trisotropis falcatus* Poey.—*Scamp*. E.W.  
 76. *Epinephelus drummond-hayi* G.&B.—*Hind*. E.W.  
 77. *Epinephelus morio* (Cuv.) Gill.—*Red Grouper*. E.W.S.  
 78. *Epinephelus nigritus* (Holb.) Gill.—*Jew-fish*. E.W.S.  
 79. *Bodianus punctatus* (Linn.) J.&G.—*Butter-fish*. S.  
 80. *Rhypticus pituitosus* Goode & Bean.—*Soap-fish*. S.

## 37. SPARIDÆ.

81. *Lutjanus caxis* (Bl.&Sch.) Poey.—*Gray Snapper*. E.W.S.  
 82. *Lutjanus blackfordi* Goode & Bean.—*Red Snapper*. W.  
 82a.†*Lutjanus synagris* (Linn.) Poey.—*Lane Snapper*. W.S.  
 83. *Lutjanus aurorubens* (C.&V.) Vaillant.—*Mangrove Snapper*. E.W.  
 84. *Pomadasys fulvomaculatus* (Mitch.) J.&G.—*Sailor's Choice*. E.W.S.  
 85. *Pomadasys virginicus* (Linn.) J.&G.—*Pork-fish*. S.  
 86.†*Pomadasys bilineatus* (C.&V.) J.&G. E.W.  
 87. *Diabasis plumieri* (Lac.) J.&G.—*Sow Grunt*. S.W.  
 88.†*Diabasis elegans* (C.&V.) J.&G.—*Boar Grunt*. S.  
 89. *Diabasis fremebundus* (Goode & Bean) J.&G. W.S.  
 90.†*Diabasis chromis* (Brouss.) J.&G. W.S.  
 91. *Sparus chrysops* Linn.—*Porgie*. E.  
 92. *Lagodon rhomboides* (Linn.) Holb.—*Bream*. E.W.S.  
 93. *Diplodus probatocephalus* (Walb.) J.&G.—*Sheepshead*. E.W.S.

## 38. SCIÆNIDÆ.

94. *Pogonias chromis* (Linn.) C.&V.—*Drum.* E.W.  
 95. *Sciæna chrysura* (Lac.) J.&G.—*Yellow-tail.* E.  
 96. *Sciæna ocellata* (L.) Günth.—*Red-fish.* E.W.S.  
 97. *Liostomus xanthurus* Lac.—*Spot.* E.  
 98. *Micropogon undulatus* (L.) C.&V.—*Croaker.* E.  
 99.† *Umbrina broussoneti* Cuv.&Val. E.  
 100. *Menticirrus alburnus* (L.) Gill.—*Whiting.* E.  
 101. *Cynoscion maculatum* (Mitch.) Gill.—*Salt-water Trout.* E.W.

## 39. GERRIDÆ.

- 102.† *Gerres plumieri* Cuv.&Val. E.  
 103. *Gerres gula* Cuv.&Val. E.

## 40. LABRIDÆ.

104. *Lachnolæmus falcatus* (L.) C.&V. *Hog-fish.* E.

## 41. EPHIPPIDÆ.

105. *Chætodipterus faber* (Brouss.) J.&G.—*Angel-fish.* E.

## 42. URANOSCOPIDÆ.

106. *Astroscopus y-græcum* (C.&V.) Gill.—*Mexican Star-gazer.* E.

## 43. GOBIIDÆ.

107. *Gobius soporator* Cuv.&Val. E.

## 44. TRIGLIDÆ.

108. *Prionotus tribulus* Cuv.&Val.—*Sea-robin.* E.

## 45. BATRACHIDÆ.

109. *Batrachus tau* (Linn.) C.&V.—*Oyster-fish.* E.W.

## 46. PLEURONECTIDÆ.

110. *Paralichthys dentatus* (Linn.) J.&G.—*Flounder.* E.  
 111. *Achirus lineatus* (Linn.) Cuv.—*Sole.* E.

## 47. ANTENNARIIDÆ.

112. *Pterophrynoides histrio* (Linn.) J.&G.—*Mouse-fish.* W.

## 48. MALTHIDÆ.

113. *Malthe vespertilio* (Linn.) Cuv.—*Bat-fish*. E.

## 49. OSTRACIDÆ.

114. *Ostracium quadricorne* Linn.—*Cow-fish*. E.

## 50. BALISTIDÆ.

115. *Balistes caprisus* Gmelin.—*Trigger-fish*. W.  
116. *Alutera schœpfi* (Walb.) Goode.—*File-fish*. S.

## 51. TETRODONTIDÆ.

117. *Lagocephalus lævigatus* (Linn.) Gill.—*Smooth Puffer*. E.W.  
118. *Tetrodon testudineus* Linn.—*Puffer*. E.  
119. *Tetrodon turgidus* Mitch.—*Swell Toad*. E.W.S.  
120. *Chilomycterus geometricus* (Bl.&Sch.) Kaup.—*Balloon-fish*.  
E.W.S.

## A LIST OF BIRDS

OBSERVED BY THE AUTHOR IN FLORIDA.

[This list is only a partial one, as many small species, not recognized by the writer, and not familiar to him by sight, were not secured for identification, as it was not his intention, at the time, to make a complete list.

The arrangement of the families, and the nomenclature, is that of Ridgway's "Catalogue of the Birds of North America" (1880).]

## 1. TURDIDÆ.

1. *Hylocichla fuscescens* (Steph.) Baird.—*Wilson's Thrush*.
2. *Merula migratoria* (Linn.) Sw.&Rich.—*Robin*.
3. *Mimus polyglottus* (Linn.) Boie.—*Mocking-bird*.
4. *Galeoscoptes carolinensis* (Linn.) Caban.—*Cat-bird*.
5. *Harporhynchus rufus* (Linn.) Caban.—*Brown Thrasher*.

## 2. SAXICOLIDÆ.

6. *Sialia sialis* (Linn.) Haldem.—*Blue-bird*.

## 3. SYLVIIDÆ.

7. *Poliophtila cærulea* (Linn.) Sel.—*Blue-gray Gnatcatcher*.

## 4. TROGLODYTIDÆ.

8. *Thryothorus ludovicianus miamensis* Ridg.—*Florida Wren*.
9. *Troglodytes ædon* (Vieill).—*House Wren*.

## 5. MNIOTILTIDÆ.

10. *Dendrocæa æstiva* (Gmel.) Baird.—*Summer Yellow-bird*.
11. *Dendrocæa coronata* (Linn.) Gray.—*Yellow-rump Warbler*.
12. *Dendrocæa palmarum* (Gmel.) Baird.—*Red-poll Warbler*.
13. *Siurus nævius* (Bodd.) Coues.—*Small-billed Water Thrush*.
14. *Geothlypis trichas* (Linn.) Caban.—*Maryland Yellow-throat*.

## 6. HIRUNDINIDÆ.

15. *Progne subis* (Linn.) Baird.—*Purple Martin*.  
16. *Tachycineta bicolor* (Vieill.) Caban.—*White-bellied Swallow*.

## 7. TANAGRIDÆ.

17. *Pyrrhuloxia sylvia* (Linn.) Vieill.—*Summer Red-bird*.

## 8. FRINGILLIDÆ.

18. *Astragalinus tristis* (Linn.) Cab.—*American Goldfinch*.  
19. *Passerculus sandwichensis savanna* (Wils.) Ridg.—*Savanna Sparrow*.  
20. *Pipilo erythrophthalmus* (Linn.) Vieill.—*Chewink*.  
21. *Cardinalis virginianus* (Briss.) Bp.—*Cardinal Grosbeak*.

## 9. ICTERIDÆ.

22. *Dolichonyx oryzivorus* (Linn.) Sw.—*Bobolink*.  
23. *Molothrus ater* (Bodd.) Gray.—*Cow-bird*.  
24. *Agelaius phoeniceus* (Linn.) Vieill.—*Red-shouldered Black-bird*.  
25. *Sturnella magna* (Linn.) Sw.—*Meadow Lark*.  
26. *Icterus galbula* (Linn.) Coues.—*Baltimore Oriole*.  
27. *Quiscalus major* Vieill.—*Boat-tailed Grackle*.  
28. *Quiscalus purpureus* (Bartr.) Leicht.—*Purple Grackle*.

## 10. CORVIDÆ.

29. *Corvus frugivorus floridanus* (Baird) Ridg.—*Florida Crow*.  
30. *Corvus ossifragus* Wils.—*Fish Crow*.  
31. *Cyanocitta cristata* (Linn.) Strickl.—*Blue Jay*.  
32. *Aphelocoma floridana* (Bartr.) Cab.—*Florida Jay*.

## 11. TYRANNIDÆ.

33. *Tyrannus dominicensis* (Gm.) Reich.—*Gray King-bird*.  
34. *Sayornis fuscus* (Gmel.) Baird.—*Phoebe-bird*.

## 12. TROCHILIDÆ.

35. *Trochilus colubris* Linn.—*Ruby-throated Humming-bird*.

## 13. CAPRIMULGIDÆ.

36. *Antrostomus carolinensis* (Gm.) Gould.—*Chuck-will's-widow*.



## 14. PICIDÆ.

37. *Campephilus principalis* (Linn.) Gray.—*Ivory-billed Wood pecker*.  
38. *Picus querulus* Wils.—*Red-cockaded Woodpecker*.  
39. *Hylotomus pileatus* (Linn.) Baird.—*Pileated Woodpecker*.  
40. *Centurus carolinus* (Linn.) Bp.—*Red-bellied Woodpecker*.  
41. *Colaptes auratus* (Linn.) Sw.—*Yellow-shafted Flicker*.

## 15. ALCEDINIDÆ.

42. *Ceryle alcyon* (Linn.) Boie.—*Kingfisher*.

## 16. CUCULIDÆ.

43. *Coccyzus seniculus* (Lath.) Vieill.—*Mangrove Cuckoo*.

## 17. PSITTACIDÆ.

44. *Conurus carolinensis* (Linn.) Kuhl.—*Carolina Parakeet*.

## 18. STRIGIDÆ.

45. *Strix nebulosa* Forst.—*Barred Owl*.  
46. *Scops asio floridanus* Ridg.—*Florida Screech Owl*.  
47. *Bubo virginianus* (Gm.) Bp.—*Great Horned Owl*.

## 19. FALCONIDÆ.

48. *Tinnunculus sparverius* (Linn.) Vieill.—*Sparrow Hawk*.  
49. *Polyborus cheriway* (Jacq.) Cab.—*Caracara Eagle*.  
50. *Pandion haliaetus carolinensis* (Gm.) Ridg.—*Osprey*.  
51. *Elanoides forficatus* (Linn.) Ridg.—*Swallow-tailed Kite*.  
52. *Rostrhamus sociabilis plumbeus* Ridg.—*Everglade Kite*.  
53. *Buteo lineatus* (Gm.) Jard.—*Red-shouldered Hawk*.  
54. *Haliaeetus leucocephalus* (Linn.) Savig.—*Bald Eagle*.

## 20. CATHARTIDÆ.

55. *Cathartes aura* (Linn.) Illig.—*Turkey Buzzard*.  
56. *Catharista atrata* (Wils.) Less.—*Black Vulture*.

## 21. COLUMBIDÆ.

57. *Chamæpelis passerina* (Linn.) Sw.—*Ground Dove*.

## 22. MELEAGRIDÆ.

58. *Meleagris gallopavo americana* (Bartr.) Coues.—*Wild Turkey*.

## 23. PERDICIDÆ.

59. *Ortyx virginiana floridana* Coues.—*Florida Quail*.

## 24. ARDEIDÆ.

60. *Ardea occidentalis* Aud.—*Great White Heron*.  
 61. *Ardea herodias* Linn.—*Great Blue Heron*.  
 62. *Herodias alba egretta* (Gm.) Ridg.—*American Egret*.  
 63. *Garzetta candidissima* (Gm.) Bp.—*Snowy Heron*.  
 64. *Hydranassa tricolor ludoviciana* (Wils.) Ridg.—*Louisiana Heron*.  
 65. *Florida cærulea* (Linn.) Baird.—*Little Blue Heron*.  
 66. *Butorides virescens* (Linn.) Bp.—*Green Heron*.  
 67. *Nyctiardea grisea nævia* (Bodd.) Allen.—*Black-crowned Night Heron*.  
 68. *Ardetta exilis* (Gm.) Gray.—*Least Bittern*.

## 25. CICONIIDÆ.

69. *Tantalus loculator* Linn.—*Wood Ibis*.

## 26. IBIDIDÆ.

70. *Eudocimus albus* (Linn.) Wagl.—*White Ibis*.

## 27. PLATALEIDÆ.

71. *Ajaja rosea* (Briss.) Ridg.—*Roseate Spoonbill*.

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[From Forest and Stream.]

Dr. Henshall has given the angler a book which, as the oystermen say, is full "measure and solid meat."

It is a large 12mo., of 460 pages, all of which are filled with both scientific and practical information, and none are given to fancy writing or the poetry of the art. Part I. includes the terminology, morphology, and physiology of the species; Part II., tools, tackle, and implements; and Part III., angling and fly-fishing. In the first part a change is made in the nomenclature. The small mouthed bass is called *Micropterus dolomieu*, instead of *M. salmonides*, and the latter name is transferred to the big mouth, which has been recently called *pallidus*. This raises questions of priority which we had hoped were definitely settled, but it need not affect the angler in the least. The names of "big mouth" and "small mouth," which are so descriptive, will stand for ages, while the learned men wrangle about which fish Lacépède, Cuvier, and Valenciennes intended the name for half a century and more ago. The reasons for these changes are too long to give here, and we will carefully watch to see what naturalists say on this subject, and who are inclined to follow the Doctor.

This book will have a large sale in all parts of the country, and will help to kill off those abominable local misnomers which obtain in some parts for these fishes, as "trout," "chub," "Oswego bass," etc., as well as that other notion that one is a "true" black bass and the other a false or fraudulent one. These things are dying out among the better informed anglers, but still feebly live in isolated sections. Two original figures are given, by which any observant angler can distinguish which species he has caught, if he will notice the relative extension of the mouth to or beyond a line dropped from the posterior portion of the eye. As an angler, Dr. Henshall is enthusiastic on the subject of his favorite fishes, and regards them as the great fresh water game fishes of the future, after the trout streams are depopulated, which he thinks will be before long. He gives as a reason for the black bass having been ignored so long, the fact that we have derived our notions of game fish and fishing from British writers, who, not having the subject of our story in their land, naturally class the salmon and the trout as the best of game. Dr. Henshall boldly proclaims the bass to be the peer of any fish for game qualities, and whether one agree with him or not, he can not help admiring the manner of his entering the lists as a champion of the one on whom he pins his faith.

The angling portion of the book is, without doubt, the best thing ever written upon these fishes, for there are two distinct fishes, although the Doctor usually speaks of them as "black bass," without distinguishing them. It is clear, and covers the whole ground of the different modes of fishing, and is accompanied by cuts of the manner of holding the rod, castings, and diagrams of the mode of throwing

the fly, that it seems to us as if the merest tyro could soon become an expert by carefully reading this book and following its instructions. Not only is it a book for the beginner, but it is one that no angler can afford to do without. It fills a place too long vacant, and one that we would not allow to remain vacant long on our own shelves.

[From *Turf, Field and Farm.*]

Dr. J. A. Henshall's "Book of the Black Bass" will doubtless, meet the highest expectations of those who have so long and anxiously waited its appearance. It is a work evidently written *con amore*, by one who has made black bass a special study for many years, and the ripe fruits of his research are displayed in the volume just issued. It will take rank as the undisputed authority on the subject of which it treats, and fills a niche too long vacant in the literature of field and flood. As a practical treatise on black bass, and the mode of capture, style of tackle, and all that pertains to the subject, the book may be safely recommended to the angling fraternity of America. Under the *nom de plume* of "Oconomowoc," the author has for several years been recognized as the most eminently practical writer in the land on black bass and bass fishing, which has led to the preparation of the work in question as a labor of love. It is a volume of nearly 500 pages, embellished with portrait of the author and numerous illustrations, to exemplify the several branches of the subject; treating *seriatim* of scientific history, nomenclature, geographical distribution, habits, etc., of the black bass, in Part I., followed by description of tools, tackle, angling, fly-fishing, and other things relating to the angler's craft.

[From the *New York Nation.*]

The book is by far the best of any recent American publication on fishing; it supplies a great want, and is the only one we know which gives full and reliable information on the habits and the pursuits of one of the finest of American fresh-water fish.

[From *American Field.*]

But very little practical information has been published concerning the black bass, a game fish of the highest order, pre-eminently American in its habitat and characteristics, its range now embracing the entire waters east of the Rocky Mountains. Dr. James A. Henshall, the author of the "Book of the Black Bass," has come to be recognized as authority upon this fish, and also as an expert angler. This work is entirely practical and instructive in its scope and style, and will meet the wants and requirements of those in search of information concerning black bass, and furnish, as well, instruction to the general angler. Several chapters of this work are devoted to the mode and methods of handling the rod in casting, striking, and playing the bass, in fly and bait-fishing, and the illustrations taken from life, which accompany these instructions, will assist the tyro in mastering the art, and add to

the knowledge of the expert as well. The author, being a life-long angler, has written from his own personal experiences and observations, and his treatment of the subject is entirely original, purely American, and different from any other work hitherto published on practical angling.

[*From Philadelphia Times.*]

James A. Henshall, M.D., of Cincinnati, has produced a very unusual work, a really good and sensible book about fishing. Because Izaak Walton, who was a genius in his way, and an artist besides, embodied his practical experience in angling in a series of delightful conversations touching upon all kinds of topics, every "disciple of Walton," as amateur fishermen are fond of calling themselves, who has undertaken to write a book, has felt inhibited from dealing with his subject in a straightforward manner, but has concealed what little he had to say in efforts to be poetical or witty. The result is, that most modern books about fishing, being written by people who have neither genius nor art, are nine-tenths rubbish. Dr. Henshall has avoided this pitfall, because he is evidently a true sportsman and a man of scientific knowledge, and understands what it is worth while to write. His "Book of the Black Bass" is an exhaustive monograph on one of the finest of all of our game fish. It is peculiarly an American fish, and is widely diffused over the whole country east of the Rocky Mountains; and yet it has been little written about—for the reason, no doubt, that observations on the trout and salmon can be copied in plenty out of English books, while observations on the bass must be original. Dr. Henshall, who has made this fish his special pursuit, devotes the first part of his book to an elaborate description of the two species of the bass, their features, habits, and so forth; the second part to a description of tools, tackle, and implements for bass-fishing; and the third to the methods and details of angling and fly-fishing. The text is illustrated with numerous cuts, and if the author has left any thing unsaid, it must be something of small importance. With all its practical, matter-of-fact style, the book is interesting, and to sportsmen must prove really valuable.

[*From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*]

This is a fascinating book, on a subject dear to the heart of every amateur fisherman in the United States. The author quotes Izaak Walton, and declares himself "a brother of the angle," and proceeds to discourse to his brethren on the idol of his piscatorial soul, the black bass, and the way to catch him. He follows this with several chapters on tackle and instruments, and about the same amount of space is devoted to angling and fly-fishing. The whole book is written in a familiar, chatty style, that will be appreciated by the angling reader, and there are one or two of the earlier chapters that entitle the work to substantial recognition on account of its scientific merit.





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